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THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

VI.

THREE sides of the blacksmith-shop, the door, and the window were in full view from the little hamlet; the blank wall of the rear was close to a sheer precipice. The door was locked, and the key was in the sheriff's pocket. The prisoner, bound with cords around his ankles and limbs, and with his wrists manacled, was gone!

Every detail was as it had been left, except that at the rear, the only point secure from observation, there were traces of burrowing in the earth. In the cavity thus made between the lowest log and the dirt floor a man's body might with difficulty have been compressed, — but a man so shackled! Undoubtedly he had had assistance. This was a rescue.

Only a moment elapsed before the great barn-like doors were widely flaring and the anxious care of the officers and the eager curiosity of the crowd had explored every nook and cranny within. The ground was dry, and there was not even a footprint to betoken the movements of the fugitive and his rescuers; only in the freshly upturned earth where he effected escape were the distinct marks of the palms of his hands, significantly close together. Evidently he was still handcuffed when he had crawled through.

"He's a-wearin' my bracelets yit!" exclaimed the sheriff, excitedly. "Him an' his friends warn't able ter cut them off, like they done the ropes."

A search was organized in hot haste. Every cabin, the corn-fields, the woods near at hand, were ransacked. Parties went beating about through the dense undergrowth. They climbed the ledges of great crags. They hovered with keen eyes above dark abysses. They pursued for hours a tortuous course down a deep gorge, strewn with gigantic boulders, washed by the wintry torrents into divers channelings, overhung by cliffs hundreds of feet high, honeycombed with fantastic niches and rifts. What futile quest! What vastness of mountain wilderness!

The great sun went down in a splendid suffusion of crimson color and a translucent golden haze, with a purple garb for the mountains and a glamorous dream for the sky, and bestowing far and near the gilded license of imagination.

The searchers were hard at it until late into the night; never a clue to encourage them, never a hope to lure them on. More than once they flagged, these sluggish mountaineers, who had passed the day in unwonted excitement, and had earned their night's rest. But the penalties of refusing to aid the officer of the law spurred them on. Even old

Hoodendin — not so old as to be exempt from this duty, for the sheriff had summoned every available man at the Settlement to his assistance — hobbled from stone to stone, from one rotting log to another, where he sat down to recuperate from his exertions. The search degenerated into a mere form, an aimless beating about in the brush, before Micajah Green could be induced to relinquish the hope of capture, and blow the horn as a signal for reassembling. The bands of fagged-out men, straggling back to the Settlement toward dawn, found reciprocal satisfaction in expressing the opinion that 'Cajah Green had "keerlessly let Rick git away, an' warn't a-goin' ter mend the matter by incitin' the mounting ter bust 'round the woods like a lot o' crazy deer all night, ter find a man ez warn't nowhar."

They wore surly enough faces as they gathered about the door of the store, or lounged on the stumps and the few chairs, waiting for a mounted party that had been ordered to extend the search down in the adjacent coves and along the spurs. The agile Jer'miah scudded about, furnishing such consolation as can be contained in a jug. Had the quest resulted differently, they would have laughed and joked and caroused till daybreak. As it was, their talk was fragmentary; slight and innuendo were in every word. The sheriff had supplemented his own negligence by a grievous disregard of their comfort, and the sense of defeat, so bitter to an American citizen, completed the æsthetic misery of the situation.

The wagons still stood about in the clearing; here and there the burly dark steers lay ruminant and half asleep among the stumps. Among them, too, were the cattle of the place; the cows, milked late the evening before, had not yet roamed away. Against a dark background of blackberry bushes a white bull stood in the moonlight, motionless, the lustre gilding his horns and touch-

ing his great sullen eyes with a spark of amber light. In his imperious stillness he looked like a statue of a masquerading Jupiter.

A sound. "Hist!" said the sheriff.

The moon, low in the west, was drawing a seine of fine-spun gold across the dark depths of the valley. In that enchanted enmeshment were tangled all the fancies of the night; the vague magic of dreams; vagrant romances, dumb but for the pulses; the gleams of a poetry, too delicately pellucid to be focused by a pen. The mountains maintained a majesty of silence. All the world beneath was still. The wind was laid. Far, far away, once again, a sound.

So indistinct, so undistinguishable, — they hardly knew if they had heard aright. There was a sudden scuffle near at hand. Over one of the rail fences, gleaming wet with dew, and rich with the loan of a silver beam, there climbed a long, lean old hound; with an anxious aspect he ran to the verge of the crag. Once more that sound, alien alike to the mountain solitudes and the lonely sky; then the deep-mouthed baying broke forth, waking all the echoes, and rousing all the dogs in the cove as well as the canine visitors and residents at the Settlement.

"Dod-rot that critter!" exclaimed the sheriff, angrily. "We can't hear nothin' now but his long jaw."

"Jes' say 'Silence in court!'" suggested Amos James from where he lay at length in the grass.

The sheriff nimbly kicked the dog instead, and the night was filled with wild shrieks of pain and anger. When the cur's barking was renewed it was punctuated with sharp, reminiscent yelps, as the injustice of his treatment ever and anon recurred to his mind. The sound of human voices grew very distinct when it could be heard at all, and the tramp of approaching horses shook the ground.

Every eye was turned toward the point at which the road came into the Settlement, between the densities of the forest and the gleaming array of shining, curved blades and tossing plumes, where the corn-field spread its martial suggestions. When an equestrian shadow suddenly appeared, the sheriff saluted it in a tremor of excitement.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Did ye ketch him?"

The foremost of the party rode slowly forward: the horse was jaded; the rider slouched in the saddle with an aspect of surly exhaustion.

"Ketch him!" thundered out Gid Fletcher's gruff voice. "Ketch the devil!"

The bold-faced deputy was brazening it out. He rode up with as dapper a style as a man may well maintain who has been in the saddle ten hours without food, sustained only by the strength of a "tickler" in his pocket, whose prospects are jeopardized and whose official prestige is ruined. The demeanor of the other riders expressed varying degrees of injured disaffection as they threw themselves from their horses.

The blacksmith dismounted in front of the cumbersome doors of his shop, on which still hung the sheriff's padlock, and with the stiff gait of one who has ridden long and hard he strode across the clearing, and stopped before the group in front of the store.

He looked infuriated. It might have been a matter of wonder that so tired a man could nourish so strong and active a passion.

"Look a hyar, 'Cajah Green!" he exclaimed, with an oath, "folks 'low ter me ez I ain't got no right ter my reward fur ketchin' that thar greased peeg, — ez ye hed ter leave go of, — kase he warn't landed in jail or bailed. That air the law, they tells me."

"That's the law," replied the sheriff. His chair was tilted back against the wall of the store, his hat drawn over his

brow. He spoke with the calmness of desperation.

"Then 'pears-like ter me ez I hev hed all my trouble fur nuthin', an' all the resk I hev tuk," said the blacksmith, coming close, and mechanically rolling up the sleeve of his hammer-arm.

"Edzac'ly."

The blacksmith turned on him a look like that of a wounded bear. "An' ye sit thar ez peaceful ez skim-milk, an' 'low ez ye hev let my two hunderd dollars slip away?" he demanded. "Dad-burn yer greasy soul!"

"I hopes it air all I hev let slip," said the sheriff quietly. There was so much besides which he had cause to fear that it did not occur to him to be afraid of the blacksmith.

Perhaps it was the subacute perception that he shared the officer's attention with more engrossing subjects which had the effect of tempering Gid Fletcher's anger.

The rim of the moon was slipping behind the purple heights of Chilhowee. Day was suddenly upon them, though the sun had not yet risen, — when did the darkness flee? — the day, cool, with a freshness as of a new creation, and with an atmosphere so clear that one might know the ash from the oak in the deep green depths of the wooded valley. The hour had not yet done with witchery: the rose-red cloud was in the east, and the wild red rose had burst its bud; a mocking-bird sprung from its nest in a dogwood-tree, with a scintillating wing and a soaring song, and a ray of sunlight like a magic wand fell athwart the landscape.

Gid Fletcher sat vaguely staring. Presently he lifted his hand with a sudden gesture demanding attention.

"Ye ain't goin' ter be 'lected, air ye, 'Cajah Green?"

The sheriff stirred uneasily. His ambition, a little and a selfish thing, was the index to his soul. Without it he himself would not be able to find the

page whereon was writ all that there was of the spiritual within him. He writhed to forego it.

"Naw," he said desperately, "I s'pose I ain't." He pushed his hat back nervously.

He heard, without marking, the sudden rattling of one of the wagons that had left more than an hour ago: it was crossing a rickety bridge near the foot of the mountain; the hollow reverberations rose and fell, echoed and died away. One of the cabin doors opened, and a man came out upon the porch. He washed his face in a tin pan which stood on a bench for the public toilet, treated his head to a refreshing souse, and then, with the water dripping from his long locks upon the shoulders of his shirt, the bold-faced deputy, much refreshed by a snack and his recent abolutions, came lounging across the clearing to join them.

Suddenly Micajah Green noted that the blacksmith was looking at him, with a significant gleam in his black eye and a flush on his swarthy face.

"Who said ye warn't goin' ter be 'lected?"

"Why, this hyar prophet o' yourn on the Big Smoky."

"Why did he 'low ez that warn't ter kem ter pass?"

"He would n't give no reason."

"He lef' ye ter find that out. An' ye fund it out?"

The sheriff said nothing. He was breathlessly intent.

"An' he met me in the woods, an' 'lowed ez Rick Tyler oughtn't ter be tuk, an' he hed done no wrong; an' he called the gov'nor's reward blood money, an' worked hisself nigh up ter the shout-in' p'int; an' called me 'Judas' fur tak-in' the boy, sence me an' him hed been frien'ly, an' 'lowed ez them thar thirty pieces o' silver warn't out o' circulation yit."

"An' then," the bold-faced deputy struck in, "he rode up yestiddy, a-raisin'

a great myration over a gaynder-pullin', ez if thar 'd never been one before; pertendin' 't war wicked, like he 'd never killed an' eat a fowel, an' drawin' pistols, an' raisin' a great commotion an' excitement, an' destructin' the Settlement, so a man handcuffed, an' with a rope twisted round his arms an' legs, gits out of a house right under thar nose, an' runs away. Rick Tyler could n't hev done it 'thout them ropes war cut, an' he war giv a chance ter sneak out. Now, I ain't a prophet by natur, but I kin say who cut them ropes, an' who raised a disturbament outside ter give him a chance ter mosey."

"Whar's he now?" demanded the sheriff, rising from his chair and glancing about.

"He was a-huntin' with the posse, las' night," said the deputy. "He never lef' till 'bout an hour ago. He never wanted nobody ter 'spicion nuthin', I reckon. Mebbe that's him now."

He pointed to a road in the valley, a tawny streak elusively appearing upon a hilltop or skirting a rocky spur, soon lost in a sea of foliage. Beside a harvested wheat-field it was again visible, and a tiny moving object might be discerned by eyes trained to the long stretches of mountain landscape. The sun was higher, the dew exhaled in warm and languishing perfume, the mocking-bird filled the air with ecstasy. The men stood among their elongated shadows on the crag staring at the moving object until it reached the dense woods, and so passed out of sight.

VII.

Down a precipitous path, hardly more civilized of aspect than if it were trodden by the deer, filled with interlacing roots, barricaded by long briery tangles, overhung by brush and overshadowed by trees,—down this sylvan way Dorinda, followed by Jacob and one or

two of the companionable old hounds, was wont to go to the spring under the crag.

The spot had its fascinations. The great beetling cliff towered far above, the jagged line of its summit serrating the zenith. Its rugged face was seamed with many a fissure, and here and there were clumps of ferns, a swaying vine, a whortleberry bush that fed the birds of the air. Below surged the tops of the trees. There was a shelving descent from the base of the crag, and Jacob must needs have heed of the rocky depths in treading the narrow ledge that led to a great cavernous niche in the face of the rock. Here in a deep cleft welled the never-failing spring. It always reminded Dorinda of that rock which Moses smote; although, of course, when she thought of it, she said, she knew that Mount Horeb was in Jefferson County, because a man who had married her brother's wife's cousin had an aunt who lived there. And when she had abandoned that unconscious effort to bring the great things near, she would sit upon a rock and look with a sigh of pleasure at that pure, outgushing limpidity, unfailing and unchanging, and say it reminded her of the well-springs of pity.

One day, as she sat there, her dreaming head thrown back upon her hands clasped behind it, there sounded a sudden step close by. The old hounds, lying without the cavernous recess, could see along the upward vista of the path, and their low growl was rather in surly recognition than in active defiance. Dorinda and Jacob, within the great niche, beheld naught but the distant mountain landscape framed in the rugged arch above their heads. The step did not at once advance; it hesitated, and then Amos James came slowly into view. Dorinda looked up dubiously at him, and it occurred to him that this was the accepted moment to examine the lock of his gun.

"Howdy," he ventured, as he turned the rifle about.

She had assumed a more constrained attitude, and had unclasped her hands from behind her head. The seat was a low one, and the dark blue folds of her homespun dress fell about her with simple amplitude. Her pink calico sun-bonnet lay on the rock under her elbow. The figure of the pudgy Jacob in the foreground had a callow grotesqueness. He, too, undertook the demeanor he had learned to discriminate as "manners." Outside, the old dog snapped at the flies.

Amos James seemed to think an account of himself appropriate.

"I hev been a-huntin'," he said, his grave black eyes on the rifle and his face in the shadow of his big white hat. "I happened ter pass by the house, an' yer granny said ez ye hed kem down hyar arter a pail o' water, an' I 'lowed ez I 'd kem an' fetch it fur ye."

Dorinda murmured that she was "much obleeged," and relapsed into silent propriety.

Extraordinary gun! It really seemed as if Amos James would be compelled to take it to pieces then and there, so persistently did it require his attention.

Jacob, whose hearing was unimpaired, but whose education in the specious ways of those of a larger growth was as yet incomplete, got up briskly. Since Amos had come to fetch the pail he saw no reason in nature why the pail should not be fetched, and he imagined that the return was in order. He paused for a moment in surprise; then seeing that no one else moved, he sat down abruptly. But for her manners Dorinda could have laughed. Amos James's cheek flushed darkly as he still worked at the gun.

"I s'pose ez you-uns hev hearn the news?" he remarked presently. As he asked the question he quickly lifted his eyes.

Ah, what laughing lights in hers,—

what radiant joys! She did not look at him. Her gaze was turned far away to the soft horizon. Her delicate lips had such dainty curves. Her pale cheek flushed tumultuously. She leaned her head back against the rock, the tendrils of her dark hair spreading over the unyielding gray stone, which, weather-shielded, was almost white. In its dead, dumb finality — the memorial of seas ebbed long ago, of forms of life extinct — she bore it a buoyant contrast. She looked immortal!

"I hev hearn the news," she said, her long lashes falling, and with quiet circumspection, at variance with the triumph in her face.

He looked at her gravely, breathlessly. A sudden new idea had taken possession of him. The rescue, — it was a strange thing! Who in the Great Smoky Mountains had an adequate temptation to risk the penalty of ten years in the state-prison for rescuing Rick Tyler from the officers of the law? His brothers? — they were step-brothers. His father was dead. Affection could not be accounted a factor. Venom might do more. Some reckless enemy of the sheriff's might thus have craftily compassed his ruin. Then there suddenly came upon Amos James a recollection of the Cayces' grudge against Micajah Green, and of the fact that they had already actively bestirred themselves to electioneer against him. Once, before it all happened, Rick Tyler had hung persistently about Dorinda, and perhaps the "men-folks" approved him. Amos remembered too that a story was current at the gander-pulling that the reason the Cayces had absented themselves and were lying low was because a party of revenue raiders had been heard of on the Big Smoky. Who had heard of them, and when did they come, and where did they go? It seemed a fabrication, a cloak. And Dorinda, — she was the impersonation of delighted triumph.

"Agged the men-folks on, I reckon," he thought, — "agged 'em on, fur the sake o' Rick Tyler!"

A sense of despair, quiet, numbing, was creeping over him.

"I ain't no reg'lar ail, I know," he said to himself, "but I b'lieve it 'll kill me."

Conversation in the mountains is a leisurely procedure, time being of little value. The ensuing pause, however, was of abnormal duration, and at last Amos was fain to break it, albeit irrelevantly.

"This hyar weather is gittin' mighty hot," he observed, taking off his hat and fanning himself with it. "I feel like I hed been dragged bodaciously through the hopper."

From the shaded coolness of the grotto the girl admitted that it was "middlin' warm."

Despite the slumberous sunshine here, all the world was not so quiet. Over the valley a cloud was hovering, densely black, but with a gray nebulous margin; now and then it was rent by a flash of lightning in swift zigzag lines, yet the mountains beyond were a tender blue in the golden glow of a sunshine yet more tender.

"Pears like they air gittin' a shower over yander, at the funder eend o' the cove," Dorinda remarked, encouragingly. "Ef it war ter storm right smart, mebbe the thunder would cool the air some."

"Mebbe so," he assented.

Then he marked again the new beauty abloom in her face, and his heart sank within him. His pride was touched, too. He was a man well to do for the "mountings," with his own grist-mill, and a widowed mother whose plaint it was, night and day, that Amos was "sech a slowly boy ter git married, an' the Lord knows thar oughter be somebody roun' the house spry'r 'n a pore ole woman mighty nigh fifty year old, — yes, sir! a-goin' on fifty. An' I want ter

live down ter Emmert's Cove along o' Malviny, my merried darter," she would insist, "whar thar air chillen, an' babies ter look arter, an' not sech a everlastin' gang o' men, a-lopin' 'round the mill. But I dunno *what* Amos would do ef I lef' him."

Evidently it was a field for a daughter-in-law. Amos felt in his secret soul that this was not the only attraction. He was well favored and tall and straight, and had a good name in the county, despite his pranks, which were leniently regarded. He honestly thought that Dorinda might do worse. Whether it was tact or whether it was delicacy, he did not allude to the worldly contrast with the fugitive from justice.

"I s'pose they won't ketch Rick agin," he hazarded.

"I reckon not," she said, demurely, her long black lashes again falling.

He leaned uneasily on his gun, looked down at his great boots drawn over his brown jeans trousers to his knees, adjusted his leathern belt, and pulled his hat a trifle further over his eyes.

"D'rindy," he said suddenly, "ye set a heap o' store on Rick Tyler."

Then he was doubtful, and feared he had offended her.

Her sapphire eyes, with their leaping blue lights and dark clear depths, all blended and commingled in the softest brilliancy, shone upon him. The bliss of the event was supreme.

"Mebbe I do," she said.

He turned and looked away at the storm, seeming ineffective as it surged in the distance. The trees in the cove were tossed by a wind that raged on a lower level, as if it issued from Æolian caverns in the depths of the range. It was a wild, aerial panorama, — the black clouds, and the rain, and the mist rolling through the deep gorge, veined with lightnings and vocal with thunder, and the thunderous echoes among the rocks.

Not a leaf stirred on the mountain's brow, and the great "bald" lifted its

majestic crest in a sunshine all unpaed, and against the upper regions of the air, splendidly blue. There was an analogy in the scene with his mood and hers.

A moment ago he had been saying to himself that he did not want to be "turned off" in favor of a man who was hunted like a wild animal through the woods; who, if his luck and his friends should hold out, and he could evade capture, might look forward to nought but uncertainty and a fearful life, like others in the Big Smoky, who dared not open their own doors to a summons from without, skulking in their homes like beasts in their den.

The dangers, misfortunes, and indignities suffered by his preferred rival were an added slur upon him, who had all the backing of propitious circumstance. Since there was nothing to gain, why humble himself in vain?

This was his logic, — sound, just, approved by his judgment; and as it arranged itself in his mind with all the lucidity of pure reason, he spoke from the complex foolish dictates of his unreasoning heart.

"I hev hoped ter marry you, D'rindy, like I hev hoped fur salvation," he said, abruptly.

He looked at her now, straight and earnestly, with his shaded, serious black eyes. Her rebuking glance slanted beyond him from under her half-lifted lashes.

"I thought ye war a good church member," she said, unexpectedly.

"I am. But that don't make me a liar ez I knows on. I'd ruther hear ye a-singin' 'roun' the house in Eskaqua Cove, an' a-callin' the chickens, an' sech, 'n ter hear all the angels in heaven a-quirin' tergether."

"That ain't religion, Amos Jeemes," she said, with cool disapproval.

"Waal," he rejoined, with low-spirited obstinacy, "mebbe 't ain't."

There was a delicate odor of ferns on the air; the cool, outgushing water

tinkled on the stones like a chime of silver bells; his shadow fell athwart the portal as he leaned on his rifle, and his wandering glance mechanically swept the landscape. The sudden storm had passed, the verge of the cloud hovering so near that they could hear the last heavy raindrops pattering on the tops of the trees in Eskaquia Cove. Vapors were rising from the ravine; the sun shone upon them, throwing a golden aureola about the opposite mountains, and all the wreathing mists that the wind whirled down the valley had elusive, opalescent effects. The thunder muttered in the distance; the sharp-bladed lightnings were sheathed; a rainbow girdled the world, that had sprung into a magic beauty as if cinctured by the zone of Venus. The arch spanned the blue sky, and on the dark mountains extended the polychromatic reflection. The freshened wind came rushing up the gorge, and the tree-tops bent.

"Look a hyar, D'rindy," said Amos James, sturdily, "I want ye ter promise me one thing."

Dorinda had risen in embarrassment. She looked down at Jacob.

"It air about time fur we-uns ter be a-goin' ter the house, I reckon," she said.

But Jacob sat still. He was apt in "takin' f'armin'," and he had begun to perceive that his elders did not always mean what they said. He was cool and comfortable, and content to remain.

"I want ye ter promise me that ef ever ye find ez ye hev thunk too well o' Rick Tyler, an' hev sot him up too high in yer mind over other folks, ye'll let me know."

Her cheek dimpled; her rare laughter fell on the air; a fervid faith glowed in her deep, bright eyes.

"I promise ye!"

"Ye think Rick Tyler air mighty safe in that promise," he rejoined, crest-fallen.

But Dorinda would say no more.

VIII.

The disappointment which Amos James experienced found expression in much the same manner as that of many men of higher culture. He went down to his home in Eskaquia Cove, moody and morose. He replied to his chirping mother in discouraging monosyllables. In taciturn disaffection he sat on the step of the little porch, and watched absently a spider weaving her glittering gossamer maze about an overhanging mass of purple grapes, with great green leaves that were already edged with a rusty red and mottled with brown. A mocking-bird boldly perched among them, ever and anon, the airy grace of his pose hardly giving, in its exquisite lightness, the effect of a pause. The bird swallowed the grapes whole with a mighty gulp, and presently flew away with one in his bill for the refreshment of his family, whose vibratory clamor in an althea bush hard by mingled with the drone of the grasshoppers in the wet grass, louder than ever since the rain, and the persistent strophe and antistrophe of the frogs down on the bank of the mill-pond.

"Did they git enny shower up in the mounting, Amos?" demanded his mother, as she sat knitting on the porch,—a thin little woman, with a nervous, uncertain eye and a drawling, high-pitched voice.

"Naw 'm," said Amos, "not ez I knows on."

"I reckon ye'd hev knowed ef ye hed got wet," she said, with asperity. "Ye hain't got much feelin', no ways,—yer manners shows it,—but I 'low ye *would* feel the rain ef it kem down right smart, or ef ye war streck by lightnin'."

There was no retort, and from the subtle disappointment in the little woman's eye it might have seemed that to inaugurate a controversy would have

been more filial, so bereft of conversational opportunity was her lonely life, where only a "gang o' men loped 'round the mill."

She knitted on with a sharp clicking of the needles for a time, carrying the thread on a gnarled fourth finger, which seemed unnaturally active for that member, and somehow officious.

"I'll be bound ye went ter Cayce's house," she said, aggressively.

There was another long pause. The empty dwelling behind them was so still that one could hear the footsteps of an intruding rooster, as he furtively entered at the back door.

"Shoo!" she said, shaking her needles at him, as she bent forward and saw him standing in the slant of the sunshine, all his red and yellow feathers burnished. He had one foot poised motionless, and looked at her with a reproving side-glance, as if he could not believe he had caught the drift of her remarks. Another gesture, more pronounced than the first, and he went scuttling out, his wings half spread and his toe-nails clattering on the puncheon floor. "Ye went ter Cayce's, I'll be bound, and hyar ye be, with nuthin' ter tell. Ef I war free ter jounce 'round the mountings same ez the idle, shif'less men-folks, who hev got nuthin' ter do but eye a mill ez the water works, I'd hev so much ter tell whenst I got home that ye'd hev ter tie me in a cheer ter keep me from talkin' myself away, like somebody happy with religion. An' hyar ye be, actin' like ye hed no mo' gift o' speech 'n the rooster. Shoo! Shoo! Whar did ye go, ennyhow, when ye war on the mounting?"

"A-huntin'," said Amos.

"Huntin' D'rindy Cayce, I reckon. An' ye never got her, ter jedge from yer looks. Au' I hain't got the heart ter blame the gal. Sech a lonesome, say-nuthin' husband ye'd make!"

The sharp click of her knitting-needles filled the pause. But her counte-

nance had relaxed. She was in a measure enjoying the conversation, since the spice of her own share atoned for the lack of news or satisfactory response.

"Air old Mis' Cayce's gyarden-truck suff'rin' fur rain?"

There was a gleam of hopeful expectation behind her spectacles. With her reeking "gyarden-spot" dripping with raindrops, and the smell of thyme and sage and the damp mould on the air, she could afford some pity as an added flavor for her pride.

"Never looked ter see," murmured her son, between two long whiffs from his pipe.

His mother laid her knitting on her lap. "I'll be bound, Amos Jeemes, ez ye never tole her how 'special our'n war a-thrivin' this season."

"Naw 'm," said Amos, a trifle more promptly than usual, "I never. 'Fore I'd go a-crowin' over old Mis' Cayce 'bout'n our gyarden-truck I'd see it withered in a night, like Jonah's gourd."

"It's the Lord's han'," said his mother quickly, in self-justification. "I ain't been prayin' fur no drought in Mis' Cayce's gyarden-spot."

Another long pause ensued. The sun shining through a bunch of grapes made them seem pellucid globes of gold and amber and crimson among others darkly purple in the shadow. The mocking-bird came once more a-foraging. A yellow and red butterfly flickered around in the air, as if one of the tiger-lilies there by the porch had taken wings and was wantoning about in the wind. On the towering bald of the mountain a cloud rested, obscuring the dome, — a cloud of dazzling whiteness, — and it seemed as if the mountain had been admitted to some close communion with the heavens. Below, the color was intense, so deeply green were the trees, so clear and sharp a gray were the crags, so blue were the shadows in the ravines. Amos was looking upward. He looked upward much of the time.

"See old Groundhog?" inquired his mother, suddenly.

"Whar?" he demanded with a start, breaking from his reverie.

"Laws a massy, boy!" she exclaimed, in exasperation. "Whenst ye war up ter the Cayces', this mornin'."

"Naw'm," said Amos. He had never admitted, save by indirection, that he had been to the Cayces'.

"War he gone ter the still?"

"I never axed."

"I s'pose not, bein' ez ye never drinks nuthin' but buttermilk,"—this with a scathing inflection.

She presently sighed deeply. "Waal, waal. The millinium an' the revenue will git thar rights one of these days, I hopes an' prays. I'm a favorin' of ennythin' ez 'll storp sin an' a-swillin' o' liquor. Tax 'em all, I say! Tax the sinners!"

She had assumed a pious aspect, and spoke in a tone of drawling solemnity, with a vague idea that the whisky tax was in the interest of temperance, and the revenue department was a religious institution. The delusions of ignorance!

"Thar ain't ez much drunk nohow now ez thar useter war. I 'members when I war a gal whisky war so cheap that up to the store at the Settlemint they'd hev a bucket set full o' whisky an' a gourd, free fur all comers, an' another bucket alongside with water ter season it. An' the way that thar water lasted war surprisin'—that it war! Nowadays ye ain't goin' ter find liquor so plenty nowhar, 'cept mebbe at old Groundhog's still."

Amos made no reply. His eyes were fixed on the road. A man on an old white horse had emerged from the woods, and was slowly ambling toward the mill. The crazy old structure was like a caricature; it seemed that only by a lapse of all the rules of interdependent timbers did it hang together, with such oblique disregard of rectan-

gles. Its doors and windows were rhomboidal; its supports tottered in the water. The gate was shut. The whirl was hushed. A sleep lay upon the pond, save where the water fell like a silver veil over the dam. Even this motion was dreamy and somnambulistic. On the other side of the stream the great sandstone walls of the channel showed here and there the water-marks of flood and fall of past years, cut in sharp levels and registered in the rock. They beetled sometimes, and the verdure on the summits looked over and gave the deep waters below the grace of a dense and shady reflection. Above the dark old roof on every hand the majestic encompassing mountains rose against the sky, and the cove nestled sequestered from the world in this environment.

The man on the gaunt white horse suddenly paused, seeing the mill silent and lonely; his eyes turned to the little house further down the stream.

"Hello!" he yelled. "I hev kem ter git some gris' groun'."

"Grin' yer gris' yerse'f," vociferated the miller, cavalierly renouncing his vocation. "I hev no mind ter go a-med-jurin o' toll."

Thus privileged, the stranger dismounted, went into the old mill, himself lifted the gate, and presently the musical whirl broke forth. It summoned an echo from the mountain that was hardly like a reflection of its simple, industrial sound, so elfin, so romantically faint, so fitful and far, it seemed! The pond awoke, the water gurgled about the wheel, the tail-race was billowy with foam.

Presently there was silence. The gate had fallen; the farmer had measured the toll, and was riding away. As he vanished Amos James rose slowly, and began to stretch his stalwart limbs.

"I'm glad ye ain't palsied with settin' so long, Amos," said his mother. "Ye seem ter hev los' interes' in everythink 'ceptin' the doorstep. Lord A'mighty! I never thunk ez ye'd grow

up ter be sech pore comp'ny. No wonder ez D'rindy hardens her heart! An' when ye war a baby, — my sakes! I could set an' list'n ter yer jowin' all day. An' sech comp'ny ye war, when ye could n't say a word an' hed n't a tooth in yer head!"

He lived in continual rivalry with this younger self in his mother's affections. She was one of those women whose maternal love is expressed in an idolatry of infancy. She could not forgive him for outgrowing his babyhood, and regarded every added year upon his head as a sort of affront and a sorrow.

He strode away, still gloomily down-cast, and when the woman next looked up she saw him mounted on his bay horse, and riding toward the base of the mountain.

"Waal, sir!" she exclaimed, taking off her spectacles and rubbing the glasses on her blue-checked apron, "D'rindy Cayce 'll hev ter marry that thar boy ter git shet o' him. I hev never hearn o' nobody ridin' up that thar mounting twict in one day 'thout they hed suthin' 'special ter boost 'em, — a-runnin' from the sher'ff, or sech."

But Amos James soon turned from the road, that wound in long, serpentine undulations to the mountain's brow, and pursued a narrow bridle-path, leading deep into the dense forests. It might have seemed that he was losing his way altogether when the path disappeared among the boulders of a stream, half dry. He followed the channel up the rugged, rock-girt gorge for perhaps a mile, emerging at length upon a slope of outcropping ledges, where his horse left no hoof-print. Soon he struck into the

laurel, and pressed on, guided by signs distinguishable only to the initiated: some grotesque gnarling of limbs, perhaps, of the great trees that stretched above the almost impenetrable undergrowth; some projecting crag, visible at long intervals, high up and cut sharply against the sky. All at once, in the midst of the dense laurel, he came upon a cavity in the side of the mountain. The irregularly shaped fissure was more than tall enough to admit a man. He stood still for a moment, and called his own name. There was no response save the echoes, and, dismounting, he took the bridle and began to lead the horse into the cave. The animal shied dubiously, protesting against this unique translation to vague subterranean spheres. The shadow of the fissured portal fell upon them; the light began to grow dim; the dust thickened. As he glanced over his shoulder he could see the woods without as if suffused with a golden radiance, and there was a freshness on the intensely green foliage as if it were newly washed with rain. The world seemed suddenly clarified, and tiny objects stood out with strange distinctness; he saw the twigs on the great trees and the white tips of the tail-feathers of a fluttering bluejay. Far down the aisles of the forest the enchantment held its wonderful sway, and he felt in his own ignorant fashion how beautiful is the accustomed light. When the horse's stumbling feet had ceased to sound among the stones, the wilderness without was as lonely and as unsuggestive of human occupation or human existence as when the Great Smoky Mountains first rose from the sea.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND THE CIVIL WAR.

IN some parts of our country there is a current maxim among the old-fashioned gardeners to the effect that "a wind-shaken tree will bear much fruit." There is some subtle force in it. In fact, it is an expression which may be regarded as finding its parallel in individual and social life. As individuals, we know that there is no real growth of character except by a conquest over opposing difficulties; the doing right when it is against our inclinations and prejudices. And in a social organism we seem to see a moral law of conservation of energy by which a sacrifice is the parent of some gain,—a thing which evidently underlies the movements attending many great convulsions in political life. We saw armies go out of our sight during the civil war, only to come back thinned, injured by disease, with half their number left dead on the field. Death meant bitter, indescribable sorrow in all our homes. The experiences of the war were felt to be pitiless, inexplicable, and hard. And yet, perhaps, a subtle suggestion may have come into our minds that it was not simply by dying, or in living, that the best law of our being was enforced; that there was, in truth, some Power behind it all; that some purpose was being worked out through each one of us, just as each leaf on the tree, for example, is necessary to the completed organism of the whole tree, and ceases to be when it is separated from the stem. Now, perhaps, even at this short distance from the struggle, we can begin to see some of the effects of that social and political upheaval, the greatest since the foundation of our government. It is worth while to examine whether the wind-shaken tree has borne much fruit.

The process by which citizens from the secluded districts and remote towns

were sent through new cities to opposite parts of the Union, exchanging ideas with men of different habits of thought, was a marked feature of the war period, and leavened the mental life of the American people in a way hitherto little suspected. It was something like sending a country boy to college, only the effect was multiplied a million times. The rural population came into a knowledge of our cities, while the urban classes were carried out into new climates and into unvisited parts of our vast domain. New sights, new methods of cultivation, different habits of living, stimulated the dull and fired the active and enterprising men in the ranks. The life of the farm and the village was widened to an interest in the nation. About the same time, moreover, came a vast increase in easy means of communication by railways and a greater extension of the use of the newspaper and telegraph, by which provincial towns were brought into direct connection with the outside world. Even oddities of customs and dress began to disappear, in the process of comparison with the more attractive ways of the dwellers in the great cities and towns. In this fashion, the thinking horizon was extended. Dull intellects learned the presence of complicated problems, and brighter minds found new spurs to ambition in the questions of larger interest. On all sides men felt themselves coming daily into contact with new difficulties, under a dim consciousness of their bigness, but with a strong belief that the knowledge how to deal with them was inadequate. In short, the tremendous crisis through which we passed, apart from its effect on the preservation of the Union, has been subtly at work in moral and intellectual directions. The working of these new forces on a quick and susceptible

race can easily be imagined. They have, in fact, under somewhat similar conditions, had a distinct influence on a more phlegmatic people than ours. Old students at Göttingen, who have returned to the university since the late wars in which Germany has been engaged, have been amazed to find the old-fashioned spot — where the customs, habits, and naïve simplicity of one hundred years ago had prevailed until quite recently — now wholly changed. The commercial spirit has seized the formerly simple-minded peasants, and the quiet town now hears the heavy march of cosmopolitanism in its streets.

Like Germany, the United States had new problems to solve. While the conflict closed the long slavery struggle, it brought with it intricate questions, but of a character very different from those which had gone before. Without warning, and consequently without the ability to get due preparation or acquire proper training, our public men were confronted, as the war progressed, with matters of vital importance in international and constitutional law, in taxation, and in every form of administration and finance. The demand for men who had given themselves more particularly to the province of governmental science was an imperative one; but it was, generally speaking, met in a way which showed that there existed in the community a class from whom these necessary men could be recruited. That class was the legal profession of the country. The questions of reconstruction, the relation of the general government to the States, the civil rights of the negro, our relations with foreign powers during the blockade of Southern ports, were not abandoned to men who had never habituated themselves to discussions such as were involved in their settlement. There were differences of opinion, of course; but inasmuch as these differences of opinion were produced by different political theories, this

proved that attention had been given to such subjects to the extent that a crystallized system of thought, formulated in dogmas, had been created by the various parties.

But, as has been suggested, new considerations arose. The magnitude of the military operations involved an enormous expenditure of money by the state, and made a demand upon our statesmen for financial skill of an almost unparalleled kind. To meet these extended questions of taxation, finance, and currency, what body of men could be called upon? To this, answer must be made that the war overtook us without a supply — or even a few — of trained economists and financiers. The economic part in the equipment of a public official had been wholly neglected. In fact, political economy and finance had never been seriously studied in the schools; but, if studied, they were classed in the old-fashioned required curriculum with Butler's Analogy and the Evidences of Christianity. Although Adam Smith wrote his *Wealth of Nations* in 1776, political economy was an unknown science to the American people before 1860. It is an interesting study to examine the manner in which our people went under the burdens and tasks of our great civil conflict. There was the quick adaptability of Americans to start with; there was plenty of patriotism and goodwill, and no lack of those high qualities of self-sacrifice and heroism which are still fragrant to us; but lawyers, such as Chase and Fessenden, were practically our only financiers. Early in the war they were required to consider a scheme — for the right settlement of which a vast experience is necessary — of raising loans, and adjusting a plan of taxation corresponding to the extraordinary war expenses. Without considering alternatives, in a few years they created a debt as great as that incurred by old despotisms of Europe in centuries; without foresight, they drifted into

a ruinous issue of irredeemable paper money; without intending it as the object of a definite policy, but through a desire simply to gain a war revenue, they established an extended system of "protection to home industries" by levying duties on imports, which has brought into existence business interests largely dependent on the continuance of these temporary war measures. When it is realized that principles of taxation are to-day probably less understood than any other branch of economics, it is not surprising to find that in 1864 Congress was occupied only five days in passing the most gigantic taxation measure of the war. The National Bank Act, which has given us the best system of banking ever enjoyed by the country, was, however, in reality passed as an act to facilitate the sale of our bonds and aid our tottering credit. We blundered egregiously, but we were capable of learning by experience. Yet it was from these very blunders, from this revelation of inexperience made evident by the demands of a great emergency period, that the community received an impetus toward the study of economic questions which was certain to result in good fruit.

In fact, it is now clear that a new interest in economics and finance has already arisen. The civil war was, so to speak, the creation of economic study in the United States. The war did for this country — in a different way, of course — even more than the corn-law agitation did for England. It actually gave birth to new motives for study. There never was a time in our history when there was so evident a desire to get light on the economic problems of the day as now. There is a new stir among the ranks of the young men at college; and the printing-press sends forth an increasing stream of new books upon subjects which are constantly discussed in the daily newspapers. There is unquestionably a new-born, slowly growing attention by the younger men

of our land to the necessity (as well as the duty) of fitting themselves properly for the responsibilities of citizenship. If the war has given us this, — the absence of which used to be so often lamented a few years ago, — then may some of our sacrifices not have been in vain. The wind-shaking has resulted in abundant fruit.

In the present awakening in educational discussion, one phase of which has been called the "Greek Question," it is worth while to notice the influence of the war period on the college curriculum. In most of our schools and universities, on the breaking out of the war (and even to the present day), the pecuniary resources and endowments had been tied down, under the force of old traditions, to supply instruction in the customary Greek, Latin, mathematics, and philosophy, which were then considered the only essentials of a liberal education. But when the rude shock of the war awakened us to our ignorance, and we looked around for the schools where the new studies could best be followed, it was discovered that the college curriculum made practically no provision for such instruction. In the old days when sailing vessels alone entered Boston harbor, only one channel was practicable, and all the fortifications were placed in a way to command it; but when steam took the place of sails, another channel was adopted, but it is now wholly undefended. The old ship channel must be defended, but so must the new one. So, in the collegiate studies, the old subjects are necessary, of course, but they are not the only necessary ones. The new demands, due to the progress of the age, must also be met. In fact, the response of the schools to these new demands is at once the evidence and result of the quickening and stimulating forces so briefly sketched in these pages. A comparison of the amount of instruction in political economy given by the principal institutions

of the land in the years 1860, 1870, and 1884 will furnish us new proof that the wind-shaken tree is yielding full fruit.

Nothing could show more distinctly than the accompanying table how young any real systematic study of political economy is in this country, and it accounts for the lack of any number of trained economists among us. But the younger generation are happily recruiting their ranks, now that these better opportunities are open to them.

At no time, however, have public affairs demanded unpartisan study in economics more than to-day. In past

centuries governments were supposed to labor, in an unsettled state of society, for the protection of life and property. Now that the general progress of civilization and Christianity has made life and liberty more secure, legislation in later years has concerned itself rather with property than life. In the Middle Ages trade was considered plebeian; to fight or to oppress was regarded as more noble. Now the chief solicitude of the modern state is the increase of wealth: the castles have become mills; retainers, productive laborers; and arms, the hammers and tools of the artisan.

Consider the character of the questions

	1860.	1870.	1884.
Yale College.	One third of Senior Year.	One third of Senior Year.	1. Elementary Course. — Fawcett. — Discussions on currency, banking, and taxation. 3 hours a week for 13 weeks. 2. Elementary Course. — Mill. — Currency, banking, and taxation. 2 hours a week for a year. 3. Advanced Course. — Discussion of economic problems and fallacies, with selections from leading treatises. 2 hours a week for 20 weeks. 4. Graduate Course. — Finance and the Art of Politics, as illustrated in the History of the United States. 2 hours a week for 2 years. 5. Graduate Course (in alternate years.) — In 1883-4, Sociology. In 1884-5, Industrial History, History of Political Economy, Finance, and Theory of Rights. 1 hour a week for each year. 6. History, business methods, and social problems, of Railroads. 2 hours a week for a year. [A Course about equal to Courses 1 and 2 is given in the Sheffield Scientific School.]
Cornell University.	[Institution not founded.]	One third of Junior Year.	1. Elementary Course. — Lectures and Recitations. 2 hours a week $\frac{3}{4}$ of a year. 2. Lectures on Political Economy. 5 hours a week $\frac{1}{4}$ of a year. 3. Lectures on Finance.
University of Michigan.	Not in the Course of Study.	One Term of Senior Year.	1. Elementary Course. — Lectures. 3 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. 2. Advanced Course. — Competition, Free Trade and Protection, Commercial Depressions, Transportation, etc. 3 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. 3. Principles and Methods of Finance. — Banking, National Debts, etc. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. 4. History of Industrial Society [not given in 1883-4]. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. 5. Financial Seminary. — History of American Finance. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. [Not given 1883-4.]

	1860.	1870.	1884.
Columbia College.	Elective in one part of Senior Year.	One Term of Senior Year.	1. Principles of Political Economy. — Elementary Course. Rogers' Manual. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. 2. History of Politico-Economic Institutions. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. 3. Finance and Taxation. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. 4. Statistical Science, Methods and Results. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ a year. 5. Communistic and Socialistic Theories. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ a year. [Topics like railways, banks, etc., are placed under Administrative Law.]
Harvard University.	One half of Senior Year.	1. Rogers' Manual. One half of Junior Year. 2. Elective Course for Seniors: Adam Smith, Mill, Bowen. 3 hours a week for a year.	1. Elementary Course. — Mill's Political Economy. Lectures on Banking and the Financial Legislation of the United States. 3 hours a week for a year. 2. Advanced Course. — History of Political Economy. Cairnes, Carey, George, and recent literature. 3 hours a week for a year. 3. Investigation of Practical Questions of the Day. — Banking, Money, Bimetallism, American Shipping, Note Issues, etc. 3 hours a week for a year. 4. Economic History since the Seven Years' War. 3 hours a week for a year. 5. Land Tenures in England, Ireland, France, and Germany. 1 hour a week for a year. 6. History of Tariff Legislation in the United States. 1 hour a week for a year. 7. Comparison of the Financial Systems of France, England, Germany, and the United States. 1 hour a week for a year. 8. History of Financial Legislation in the United States. 1 hour a week for a year.

at this time pressing upon Congress for immediate attention. If we omit the administrative and political legislation on the civil service, the succession to the presidency, and a national bankruptcy law, the remaining questions before Congress to-day are almost entirely economic. (1.) There is, in the first place, the false silver dollar, masquerading in sheep's clothing, and waiting to catch the unwary business world napping, when it will suddenly assume its true depreciated character, and devour fifteen or eighteen per cent. of all creditor's dues estimated at present prices. What is Congress doing here? Just what it did in the last months of 1861, when it let the country drift on to the

shoals of depreciated paper. Monometallists and bimetallists, business men and bankers, are assaulting the dangerous silver legislation, and yet Congress is a very Gibraltar in which the silver owners are intrenched. (2.) Next, there is the banking question. Nothing can be more delicate and sensitive than the machinery of credit and banking in a great commercial country such as this; and yet men, to satisfy the prejudices of constituents, handle this mechanism with about the same air of cheerful indifference as that of a child who drags a ragdoll round by the heels. The present national bank notes give a stability to trade in separate parts of the Union, by means of a currency equally good in

Maine and Texas, never reached in the days of the vicious and changing state banks; and yet the present system is gradually vanishing before our very eyes, as calls are made for government bonds. (3.) Again, Congress is struggling with the most difficult of all problems, — national taxation. It means a reëxamination of our whole scheme of taxation, the retention of internal taxes on distilled spirits and tobacco, the management of our surplus revenue, the whole sub-treasury system; while the situation inevitably requires a readjustment of our customs duties. Duties needed in order to procure a large revenue in time of war are no longer necessary when the war is ended, and the national debt is reduced one half. (4.) There are the barbarous and mediæval navigation laws, to which we cling with a curious indifference to the influence of all progress and liberal ideas. The problem of our shipping and merchant marine needs the touchstone of some wider training than is furnished by selfish individual interests. (5.) Our public lands and the settlement of our vast Western domain are important matters of land tenures, and yet they are abandoned to accident, while the possibilities of good disappear under the cloud of accomplished facts, where nothing can be done. It will not be long before all the public lands will be gone, and yet no notice is taken of existing evils. (6.) Then, again, one has but to mention the word "railway," and there arises to the mind a congeries of difficult questions dealing with Western "grangers," the ability of the state to regulate freight and passenger charges, and in fact the whole vexed discussion of state interference. Here is a field by itself, to which a man may well give his whole life-work. (7.) It would be wearisome to more than mention the topics of Postal Telegraph, Chinese Labor, Strikes, Trades Unions, and Communism, which attract our instant attention. (8.) Then again the unfortunate legal-tender

decision of Judge Gray has brought back to us all the troublesome and intricate discussions on the currency which we once thought had been forever settled. As matters now stand, power is given to Congress, if it chooses, to repeat all the errors of Continental currency policy, and we are put back a century in our paper money teaching. (9.) To pass from merely internal matters, so long as we were the only civilized people on the western continent, our relations with our neighbors gave us little thought. The growth of commerce, the expansion of populous areas north and south of us, the discovery of mineral wealth outside our own limits, which invites our capital, has forced on us the consideration of reciprocity with Canada and Mexico. We have refused reciprocity to Canada; but to-day we are considering the desirability of granting closer commercial relations with Mexico, while Cuba and Porto Rico have asked the same advantages by a new treaty.

Such, in brief, are some of the subjects which must be made matter of instruction in our schools and universities. It will be observed how overwhelming a proportion of public measures at present are economic, and what a heavy responsibility lies upon our institutions of learning, if they are to meet the new demands in a fitting manner. But there is a still stronger reason for strengthening our educational forces on the economic side. This is to be found in what may be called the "economic portents." To the present time we have been properly called a "young country," which to the economist means an abundance of unoccupied land, a scanty population, large returns to capital, and high wages. A full knowledge of our resources has not practically been reached as yet, and will not be, probably, for a considerable time to come. These resources and the lusty health of our young country have made it possible heretofore for legislators to

blunder with impunity. Constantly receiving large returns, labor and capital would not naturally be over-critical and hostile to each other. The young-country theory has also led to the encouragement of unlimited immigration, with which to settle our prairies and build up our towns. These new-comers do not, in fact, all go upon the land; but, arriving on our seaboard, instead of being drawn off entirely, they remain in the cities, like dirty pools of water in the streets. Indeed, the importation of uneducated, un-American, un-republican workmen from foreign lauds is a problem in itself, and makes a strong demand upon all who can possibly do so to educate these masses, both economically and politically. Lawless communism, it is said advisedly, feeds on bad workmen. A saving mechanic is never a communist. To-day these men mean little to us; but when, by an increasing population and a denser settlement of the country, land becomes more scarce and valuable, profits on capital lower, and wages less, then even honest men, finding themselves pinched by a barrier of their own creation, brought into operation by natural laws, unless economically trained, will not know what is happening, and may in entire ignorance fly in the face of the law, and do in the United States somewhat of the things they are now doing in Europe. The day is more or less distant when this may happen, but it is coming nearer in

proportion as the methods of men accustomed to conditions in old and crowded countries are brought here by a never-ending stream of immigration.

The war has plunged us into the consideration of gigantic questions of an economic character, and the growth of our country in numbers and wealth is making a true understanding of them more necessary than ever to the prosperity of the nation, and a rising tide of interest in such studies is unmistakably evident. But these new and increasing demands are met by meagre and inadequate means in the great schools. It is a surprising fact that in some of the most important institutions there is no separate provision for such studies, and not even one settled instructor. Above all, we must educate in an intelligent manner, by stimulating investigation into home problems, and by encouraging the preparations of monographs on some out of the multitude of our economic questions. The best of the men in the university cannot now find a career in economic teaching, because few positions exist in this country as an object for honorable and ambitious students. Men find a profession in teaching Greek and Latin, but not Political Economy. When the community wakes up to a realization of this gap in the instruction of the land, and the importance of filling it, we may hope to see a more correct relation between means and needs than now exists.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

FIAMMETTA.

In dream I passed the Gate that bears in black,
 "Here lies dead Hope." The ineffable gold sky
 I saw between the pillars, looking back,
 And one young cloud, that slowly wandered by
 As though it wondered. Downward, all was dark,
 And through the dark I heard the sad souls cry.

Anon, although alone, I whispered, "Hark!
 What lifeless laughter, crackling thorny-thin?"
 Then grew to sight what first I failed to mark
 When from the accustomed light I entered in, —
 A group that pleased by that barren wall
 As Hell some delicate-blossomed close had been:
 One, gesturing, spake; the rest attended all.
 "Declare, ye circled shades, your home on earth!
 Declare the names your kindred used to call!"
 I cried, much marveling at their mirthless mirth.
 A woman wavered to the space half lit
 By that lost sky: "In Florence had we birth;
 That company thou seest, who chose to sit
 Ten sunny days, a fountain's flight beside,
 Scattering the rose, and weaving tales of wit,
 What time by Arno many cursing died.
 Yes, Fiammetta am I. *Thou little flame*
 (Thus the grave Angel, to this Gate my guide),
With what vain flickering hast thou proved thy name!
Hast given to no chilled spirit aught of cheer;
Shalt now be fed and kept alight with shame,
And flicker evermore."

Then did appear
 Her set smile's irony, and I discerned
 Through those her long dark languid eyes, right clear,
 How far below her soul forever burned.
 Her sleeves of scarlet hung in many a shred;
 Her silver chains were all to tarnish turned,
 And crisped were the laurels on her head.
 "Alas! why camest thou to this place of pain, —
 Why, Pampinea, Lauretta, why?" I said,
 "Since many souls that bore the selfsame stain
 Tread the last ledge of Purgatory mount,
 And trust, made pure, sweet Paradise to gain,
 Where sings the grove, where flows the twofold fount.
 Those, angels aid on fair green rustling wings;
 Why then are these thus held to hard account?"

"Not such, O questioner, was the sin that brings
 Us hither; but on earth so weak a part
 We chose that now no part in heavenly things
 Is granted us, nor yet will Hell's deep heart
 Receive us, but in this dim borderland
 We dwell, and follow here our hollow art
 Of weaving tales, and are in semblance gay,
 Moved by a might we never may withstand.
 To our own dear delights we turned away;
 Forgot the city full of tears, forgot
 The tolling bells, abandoned even to pray;
 But couched in some delectable safe spot

Saw breezy olives whiten like the sea,
 And babbled, fools, of Love, and knew him not,
 Who else had set us from the grim Gate free,
 Being giant-strong to save the souls of men.
 But Hate came to us, richly masked, and we
 Esteemed him Love; and now among us ten
 Sits very Hate. The life we prized is ours
 For aye! Yet not so far, I deem, this den
 From sound of suffering as our fields of flowers."
 With that weird smile, she turned as if to go.
 Loud groaned the lurid City, the sullen fen
 Of Styx, and all that grief that lies below.
 "Farewell," I sighed, "Fiammetta!" But she, "Not so!
 What life is thine? Perchance we meet again!"

Helen Gray Cone.

A MARSH ISLAND.

XI.

DORIS's mother stood in the yard at least two minutes, in the bright sunlight, shading her eyes with her hand, and watching the young people drive away together. She was evidently much gratified with the sight, and nodded her head soberly as if in acquiescence, as she returned to the house. Temperance Kipp glanced at her superior officer once or twice with some curiosity, but said nothing.

The two women resumed their work, and the kitchen soon gave evidence of unusual industry. Israel Owen and Jim Fales, with the man called Allen, who had again been hired for a week, were to be away all day finishing a piece of ditching which the farmer had planned in anticipation of the spring freshets. This was likely to be an undisturbed morning, and the good women had begun various enterprises, chiefly because they were sure of having the house to themselves.

If an outsider could have observed Temperance's honest countenance, he would have quickly understood that she

was waiting for a good chance to say something to her companion. The relation between Mrs. Owen and herself was not recognized as that of mistress and servant except upon rare and inharmonious occasions. Ordinarily they looked upon each other as colleagues, and, to do her justice, the dependent was as heartily interested in the welfare of the Marsh Island and its inhabitants as any member of the family. Temperance was busy just now scrubbing some tin ware, of which she had brought a pile from the pantry, and worked away busily with soap and sand, sometimes holding off a big pan at arm's length to detect its imperfections. She watched Martha Owen cautiously, listening eagerly every time she spoke, but for some time answering her questions or remarks with a shade of disappointment or lack of interest. It was evident that she hoped to discern a frame of mind hospitable to some information she was ready to impart, or wished Mrs. Owen herself to introduce the subject of which her own mind was full.

But Mrs. Owen seemed preoccupied, and not so ready to discuss men and

things as usual; she was busy now with her rolling-pin and flour-board at the farther end of the pantry, next the narrow window, from whence one could look across the flagstoned court and up the hillside. This window opened only a little way; the two upper panes of glass were but half as tall as the rest, and the framework was absurdly heavy. The mistress had often threatened to have such a piece of antiquity replaced, though Dale had lately taken the trouble to make a sketch of it, with the curious outside coping or cornice. There were no two of the windows alike in that row at the back of the house, and some quaint, short curtains of old East Indian cottons were put here, where they would not often be seen and mocked. Dick had extorted a confession that there had once been a voluminous drapery of that really beautiful material for the best four-posted bedstead, and his hostess remembered now that she had promised to look among her possessions to see if there were not still a good piece of it. She smiled again at his admiration of the ugly old stuff that was so aggravatingly durable, and gave a more indulgent look than usual to the small curtain near by. "'T is pretty colored," she meditated, "but such a dreadful homely pattern. I do believe, if he had his way, he'd set the old house back to just where 't was when I come here; old-fashioned as a dry-land ark."

Temperance saw the smile that followed this thought, and grew hopeful. "I expect they'll find it pleasant getting to Sussex this forenoon," she ventured. "'T ain't so sightly along the ma'shes unless the tide is full." The whole family liked to have their country appear its best, and had constantly apologized to Dick for any defect in the weather.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Owen, thumping away at her pie crust, "they'll have it pleasant, certain. Temperance," with renewed importance of tone, — "Tem-

perance, why would n't it be a good plan to have up the stone jars, — the lard pots that 's empt'ed, and all them? We may not have such another good day, and 't is well to sun 'em out while we git a chance. Land, what a little while 't will be before we kill again! I never hear a squeal out o' the sty except I think what a piece o' work I've got afore me."

"Well," said Temperance, gathering up her shining pans to carry them out to the yard, "I did think of sweepin', but there 's no haste, and these tins were n't so bad as I thought for. I'll take the stone ware next. I don' know, 'f I was you, as I would cross that bridge afore I come to it, about the hogs. 'T is a good three months yet." But Mrs. Owen responded with a somewhat ostentatious sigh, and abandoned herself to further reflection.

It was not until Miss Kipp had paraded her pots and pans in a beaming row along the garden fence that her opportunity arrived. "I declare, I never set out them lard and butter pots without thinking of pore Isr'el, that time he caught all the cats and kittens about the place, and shut one into each, and set the tops on, and I went and found 'em when I was going to take 'em in on account of a shower. I was dreadful put out, and I had to laugh, too. There he was a-watching of me from the wood-house, and never dared to come in to his supper till going on eight o'clock. He wa'n't over six year old."

"I declare, I'd forgotten about that," said the mother. "I know one spell he used to play us plenty o' tricks," and she laughed a little, "him and Dan Lester. Do you know how they got some old clothes and things once, that was up garrit, and dressed themselves up, and come knocking to the door?"

"They'd made themselves to look like the minister and his wife," responded Temperance, with alacrity, "and I declare, you'd known they meant them anywhere. I'd no idea, though, when

I see them first standin' on the doorstep, and I let 'em right in, for the joke of it, to where Parson Nash and his wife was setting, going to stop an' take tea. Land, how he laughed; but she was put out. Isr'el looked too much like her, and had just her walk and the way she held her head stepping up the aisle Sunday mornings. He said he did n't see who she was through them great spectacles. She went and got her a new buunit afore the week was out. She was dreadful close. I don't think there ever was an amiabler man than the minister, though."

"I believe she's alive yet," said Mrs. Owen. "She had some money left her, you recollect, and I expect she'll live as long as she can, for fear o' somebody else getting it."

"There, now!" said Temperance Kipp, seizing this first chance and quite inadequate excuse for telling her secret, "I know I'm a-breakin' trust so to do, but when I was out last night I stopped in to Mrs. Lester's, and she let on that they'd got expectations o' means above what she ever counted on. There was some land out West that old Lawton bought with some o' Dan's money. You know folks was always bejugglin' him into things. They've always paid taxes on it, no great till last year, and then it was ris', and Dan was awful pleased, but she expected him to be put out, and did n't dare show him the bill for quite a spell. He had sense to see 't was ris' in value, and now they've got word of the growth o' the place, and he's had an offer o' six thousand dollars down for it. She read the letter to me; it come day before yesterday, and she's been wantin' a chance to send it over. If Doris had been going by, I should have told her to call an' see if there was anything. But now don't you say a word, even to the 'Square. She made me give my pledge I would n't hint a word of it to nobody, but I thought I should bu'st if I had to keep it all to myself."

"I won't tell no secrets," said Martha Owen doggedly, her black eyes shining, but not with pleasure. "I expect Dan'll be the big man o' the town yet. I hope he ain't one that's sp'iled if they get nine shillin's ahead. I used to like Dan when he was growing up, and him and Isr'el was so much together, too; but last time he come here I hoped 't would be some time before he favored us again."

"You had your wish, then," suggested Temperance good-naturedly. She had always liked Dan, and meant to do him a kindness in telling his good fortune. "I have a kind of notion that him and Doris have had a quarrel, and that she's going to make it up with him this morning over to Sussex;" and the adventurous handmaiden gave a sly glance across the kitchen.

Mrs. Owen never had openly declared her opposition. There were many reasons before Mr. Dale's arrival upon the scene why she had not cared to do so, and she restrained herself with a great effort now, though her face flushed, and the very expression of her broad back as she bent over the table was vindictive. "I don't know 's Doris need be in any hurry; she's well provided for as she is. And I want her to marry well when she does marry; but I expect she'll have her own way, and other folks must make the best of it."

"She'll never want to leave the farm, I don't believe," ventured Temperance. "I never see anybody have such a passion for anything as she has for the old place. Her father don't hold a candle to her, when all 's said and done. Dan's wonted here, too, and would seem sort o' natural. I guess they'll make it up, fast enough," and she disappeared with another jar, while the mistress of the house wheeled about just too late, looking more angry than can be described; but when the placid countenance of Miss Kipp reappeared, Martha Owen had turned to the table again, and made no comment.

"I guess there's enough would snap at him if Doris lets him go for good and all." But this was putting patience to too great a strain.

"There, don't run on no longer, Temperance," said the mistress, contemptuously; "you wear me out. There's plenty besides to concern ourselves with. I'm glad Dan's property is prospering," she added, generously; "but like's not some starvin' lawyer out there wants a bid to do some work, and then 't will turn out to be a mistake."

Temperance held her peace. She would have liked to say more, but there was a decided barrier for the time being. She believed, herself, that Dan Lester was masterful enough to secure Doris, and it seemed an inevitable and proper thing that he should be the next owner of the farm. She was aware of the present mistress's fancies and ambitions, but she did not respect them much; they appeared to her unworthy of the judgment and experience of so sensible a woman. We have more patience with our friends' wickedness than with their foolishness, in this world; and for her part, Temperance thought the marriage of Doris and Dan Lester had been already too long delayed. She felt sure that a little encouragement and out-and-out talk about it were all that was necessary to precipitate so desirable a conclusion. But the mother, mindful of her daughter's beauty, though she had always striven, on fancied moral grounds, to betray no consciousness of it, and mindful more than most countrywomen of the great world outside her own narrow horizons, was eager through Doris to come into connection with other society. She had always looked forward to a relation with better things, but she had made a common mistake in thinking these were wholly outward, and dependent upon anything but her own growth and development. The Martha Owen of the Marsh Island would be the same in whatever scenes or circumstances

she found herself, and not transformed to match her new vicinity. A good soul, but stationary, it was a great pity she had not been wise enough to love the place where she had been kindly planted.

The morning went by. The pies were baked, and the pots and pans still a-sunning, and once or twice their guardian walked along the row, and tilted one more directly toward the sun, and gathered a few distracted grasshoppers from their prisons. She glanced down the road, and went to the outside of a window once to look in at the clock. The simple dinner was arranged for, and after this Martha Owen came out of the kitchen door for the first time since she had seen the wagon driven away, and went sauntering up the yard, much to the needless excitement of some idle hens, and finally, after a moment's hesitation and reflection, she climbed the short stairway to the spinning-room.

The little place looked very inviting; it was cool and quiet, and held an atmosphere of repose and reticence. The hot kitchen which she had just left kept too many associations with drudgery and monotony; and Temperance was in that mildly aggressive frame of mind which could not be too deeply resent-ed. She was a faithful creature, was Tempy, but full of the notion that it depended upon herself to set the world right.

The apple-trees seemed to grow closer than ever about the windows. Their boughs were bending low with a great weight of fruit, and made the good woman sigh to think of the apple paring and drying which was near at hand. Doris knew only the favorable side of farm life, after all; she had chosen her work almost always, and every day there was some task that was lighter, pleasanter, than the rest. The mother's heart grew heavy as she pictured her only child growing faded and changed year after year, tired and worried more

and more with the hard round and petty responsibility. Doris had it in her to grow beyond it all, as she herself had once; to do something else and something better; to be somebody, as she told herself with pathetic disappointment. Men folks were slow at understanding how a woman felt about such dull doings and lack of entertainment, the long winters and the endless, busy days of summer. She wished that Doris could be spared all this, even if Doris could grow fastest and be happiest in the very conditions which had fettered her own self.

The thought was suggested to her, as she surveyed the little room, that different uses might be made of the same materials. She could not help recognizing the charm of the place, although its furnishing was selected from her own disdained belongings. She left the three-cornered chair where she sat, and stepped about softly, glancing at the sketches which were displayed about the room. It was a strange thing to be looking at such familiar surroundings through another person's eyes, and she smiled at the likeness of one corner of the farm after another; the roofs and chimneys, the windows, the kitchen, the seldom-used front door, with the clustered rose-bushes almost blockading the way, and the row of bull's-eye panes of glass overhead. There was even the side of the little room where Mr. Dale still slept, with the sword over the narrow mantelpiece, and the table and chair near the window, and even the faint coloring of the landscape outside. She thought he must be some famous artist in disguise, as she saw the cleverness of the little pictures, all so amazing and impossible to a looker-on like herself. But most interesting of all was a quaint little looking-glass that hung on the yellow-washed wall, with a withered twig of cider-apples put into its frame. She had given him the mirror herself; the glass was spotted and dull,

and she had been amused with his satisfaction and gratitude. Doris had worn the little apples in her belt the very night before, and he must have picked them up from the grass beside the door as he went up to the spinning-room that morning. She recognized them with a thrill of hope and pleasure. Somehow, she never had taken so good a look at the studio; she was not embarrassed now by anybody's presence. The young man's possessions were scattered about in luxurious disorder. Here was a well-browned pipe on the window-sill beside her, and a handful of letters which he had received the night before were lying on the seat of the nearest chair. She took up a book and opened it at a fly leaf, to see *R. Dale* written there in odd twisted letters, and *Venice* underneath, with the date of a year or two before. He had lately been reading this foreign language, for one of his letters was between the pages, and Dick's new acquaintance looked at the strange words with distrust and suspicion. After all, how little they really knew about this stranger! He appeared to be a good fellow, but he might be poor and unsuccessful, — that is, poor for his station in life; and Mrs. Owen left the farm and the sketches far behind in her next adventurous reverie. Wonderful to relate, she thought with ever-growing interest of the news about Dan Lester's Western property. Temperance would have felt entirely rewarded if she had known how important her betrayed secret had become.

XII.

Dan Lester had gone back to his anvil, had drawn an almost melting piece of iron from the forge, and beaten it until the sparks had flown across the shop to where one of his fellow workmen stood, patiently filing and fitting a bit of steel. He called back angrily, and Dan did not notice him, but beat the

harder and looked the crosser; finally he laughed aloud at nothing at all, and then whistled in a shrill and aggravating manner.

"Was n't that old Isr'el Owen's girl?" asked the apprentice needlessly. "Who was that furriner she was drivin' out? Some o' their folks?"

"No," snapped Dan; "'t was a painter fellow they've taken to board."

"Kind of smilin'-lookin', 's if he was enjoyin' hisself this morning, wa'n't he? Pretty snug harbor there for one o' them swell gentlemen that lives by their wits," remarked the apprentice further, at the same time trying to shape a sharp jarring point of the steel with too coarse a file.

Lester dropped his own tools among the cinders, and strode across the shop to give the presumptuous youth a severe lesson in his trade; then he threw off his leather apron, and, taking some bolts as if he were going to the schooner, went out-of-doors. He felt as if the two or three men he passed on the bridge were laughing at his discomfiture, and grew more and more angry with Doris for having paraded her admirer through the town, and flaunted Dale in his very face. "I've made myself too cheap, that's a fact," growled Dan to himself. "I've waited on her year in and year out, and followed her about like a dog," and the tears filled the poor fellow's eyes. . . . He climbed to the schooner's deck presently, and was glad to find it deserted; he could not bear to be watched, and it was well that the workmen were down below, or out of sight caulking, or planing plank in the ship-yard.

Dan leaned over the rail, and looked down at the white chips that covered the bank of the tide river. The shop had been hot and close, but here there was a fine fresh breeze from across the marshes, and presently his quick temper had burnt itself out like a straw fire. He found himself more sorry than angry after a few minutes of silence, and

began to accuse himself of haste and unkindness. After all, what right had he to blame Doris Owen? She never had given a single sign that she loved or meant to marry him; she had never heard from his own lips that he loved her, though it was impossible to believe that she was anything but sure of that. How could she doubt it, when he had told her his love in every way that he knew beside speech! There might never be a chance to speak now, he told himself bitterly; he had been a fool all the time; but when you felt like a girl's brother and lover too, and had known her always, it was a great deal harder to begin your love-making. And then it might not have been Doris's fault that the artist came with her. Of course the fellow liked her, and was captured by her looks, and probably she had taken the first chance she could to come to Sussex, just as he hoped, though, after his fancied slight on that last evening, he had made up his mind to trouble her no further. The wrath that had been kindled then had been smouldering ever since, though only that morning he had made up his mind to go home to spend Sunday. Now the ashes had shown their hidden spark, and the fire of his jealousy and pain had blazed ungenerously, and burnt away Doris's dear efforts at reconciliation.

She was gentle and serene, and undisturbed by small disasters; but her lover had learned through long association that her anger and prejudice were as slow to disappear as they were difficult to arouse. He was farther away from his happiness than ever, and all through his own folly. He fancied that Mr. Dale had looked at him with wondering disdain, and struck his clenched fist fiercely on the ship's rail at the thought. Poor Dan! he was very unreasonable. He looked haggard and old as he turned, in answer to a call from the bewildered and curious apprentice, who had been waiting for work until he was

out of patience, in the middle of what had promised to be a busy morning.

Dan went on with his own work with less spirit than usual, though he joked and teased the undeceived stripling, for fear he should suspect there was any trouble. Once he leaned on his big hammer, and in the humility of his honest love reflected that Doris deserved a better man than himself. The stranger might be able to make her happier than any one else ever could. There was something very taking about Dale, though Dan himself never wanted anything to do with such a Miss Nancy. Old Mr. Owen thought he favored Isr'el, but Isr'el was worth two of that sort. 'T was n't likely he would marry Doris, — that was the worst of it; he only liked to play with her; and by and by everybody would say Dan Lester was glad to get another man's leavings. No, he would go off out West, and make his way alone. There was that piece of land that was rising in value every day. He always meant to farm it some day or other, and to give up this makeshift of a trade. He would rather handle a good smooth live field and make it do its best than a lump of dirty dead iron. And at this the great hammer was swung aside angrily, and the crooked bar went to the forge again.

Visions of his broken plans came flocking by to tease him; his whole life had brought him steadily toward a certain goal, only to show him something like the brink of a precipice instead. In spite of the attempted kindness of his thoughts toward Mr. Dale, he could have stamped him into the dust after the schoolmistress had told him blandly, with a sidewise glance, at dinner-time, that Doris Owen and the boarder had stopped and treated the children to apples at recess-time that day, and they seemed to be having a sight of fun together. "They were splendid pippins," she added, indiscreetly, a few minutes afterward, to increase the effect of her

first announcement. But Dan cast a contemptuous glance at her in return, and then felt shaky and accused himself afresh. Doris was bringing them to him. She always laughed because he liked them so much and hunted for them in the apple bins. Doris liked him now, if she had ever liked him, and he grew more eager to see her again, if only to know the width of the breach his ugly actions had put between them.

XIII.

Late Saturday evening, Mrs. Lawton, Dan's mother, heard with great joy the sound of wheels in her narrow yard, and quickly taking a light, though the moon was at its full, she went to the side door. Dan greeted her with unusual cheerfulness as she asked, in a worn and feeble voice that contrasted poorly with his own, if he had received the summons she had sent him in the morning.

"I suppose you've got a split shingle on the shed-roof, or some such heavy piece of work," he answered. "Mrs. Dennell said you were all right yourself, so far as she could see."

The wagon shafts fell to the ground, and Dan was already clattering at the stable door; then the horse stumbled up the single step, and his master spoke to him now and then in loud tones, as he moved about, impatient with the delay of his supper. Mrs. Lawton still stood at the door holding the lamp, though the wind had blown it out some minutes before, when her son came toward her, along the moonlighted path. He laughed at the useless lamp, and the eager woman was filled with confusion; then they went into the small house together.

Dan threw his hat on a side table, pushed up a window, and seated himself beside it; the old cat came crying to his side, and not receiving at once the desired recognition, jumped into his lap

and nestled down, purring loudly. Mrs. Lawton was busy trying to light the lamp again, but she let one match go out, and dropped another on the floor, and finally upset the match-box itself with a loud clatter. The moon shone into the room, and Dan looked round compassionately, and began to laugh at her disasters. She had not seen him in such good spirits for several weeks, and it was a great reward for her anxiety to have him at home again in such good trim. In her solitary, uneventful days she had plenty of time to worry about Dan. Her past experience of life had certainly given good cause for some fear of the future.

"Never mind the light," he said; "it's bright as day here. Come and sit down, and don't flit about so, mother; you make me think of a singed moth-miller. I've had my supper, you know. I didn't get away much before seven o'clock."

There was finally a successful attempt at illumination, and the little woman came toward her son and put her hand on his shoulder. "Now I've got something to tell you, Danny," she said, and her voice was shaking with excitement.

The man's mind was filled with one thought, and something made him fear to hear news of Doris Owen and another lover than himself.

"Is Doris?" — He spoke fiercely, but could not finish his sentence, and the mother's quick intuition possessed itself of his secret in that single moment.

"Doris?" she repeated, wonderingly; for why should he have thought of her then, even though he always thought of her most? "No. I had a letter from out West yesterday; that is, it came for you, and I did n't send it over. I was afraid something might happen; a letter is so easy to lose. That's why I sent word, to be sure you'd come home. It's about that property Simeon invested some of your father's means in; it's all of it yours, you know. They say

it's getting to have a great value. Poor Simeon, I always thought he meant to do for the best."

Dan stood up suddenly, and the cat fell to the floor, much to her surprise and discomfort. "Where is the letter?" he asked.

"I'll find it in a minute. I put it somewhere so I could lay my hand right on it the minute you got here," and she made a fruitless excursion to her bedroom, which was next the room where they were. "I've found it!" she exclaimed at last, delightedly. "Here's the lamp." She stood beside him, watching his face while he read.

The letter was not long, and the young man smiled as he gave it back to her. "I should like more of the same sort," he said. "I'm not going to sell it, either, until I know more than this. They'd try to get the land as low as they could, and most like take advantage, if the owner was as far off as I am. I may have to go out there," he added, with a tone of pride and determination.

"I should take advice of Israel Owen," said the mother gravely. "You have n't had much experience in such things."

"Don't be fearful," said Dan, wishing all the while it were not too late to go to the farm that very evening. "I'm equal to managing my own affairs," he added, with feigned disregard of any such desire.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lawton, "you're all I could ask, my son. I shall be pleased to see you a well-off man. I have n't anything to hope for myself. You've kept me better than you need this good while. But there, it's natural you should be thinking about somebody else besides me." She sighed somewhat wistfully, and wished for a moment that she could always know that her son was her very own, and see no other woman caring for him and taking the first place. It was not very often they felt so near each other as they did that night,

and she pushed back her chair to give him space, as he went walking to and fro, only a few steps each way, in the low room. He was a fine-looking fellow; any mother might be proud of him. Now he could live on his own place, and give up his trade, no matter if it were so enviable a place as master smith of the best ship-yard. Now he would be likely to marry. He was proud, Dan was, and had not meant, she was already sure, to speak to Doris Owen until he was independent.

"I wonder if Doris will feel pleased?" she said, almost unconsciously; and Dan stood still, with a smouldering light in his eyes, which looked black and stormy.

"I should have said so a month ago, mother," he answered defiantly; "but I don't know now. There's no telling about you women. I never have cared for nobody but her, though I've made no talk about it. I should n't to-night if you did n't speak first. If I can't marry her I shall live single, — that's all; and the harder I have to work, the better. I shall want something to make me forget I've lost what I've always wanted. I'll let the money go hang."

The troubled and startled woman rose, and went quickly to her son's side. Dan sat by the square table, and had dropped his head on his arms. She patted his shoulder with a light hand that trembled a little; somehow, her pleasures were apt to have a bitter ending and go wrong. She wondered if he were crying, — Dan never cried; but presently she heard a sob, and the broad shoulder shook under her touch. "Don't, dear, don't!" she whispered, anxiously; "'t will all come right. You're just like your father, and I could n't have said him nay. Girls will be girls, Dan, and she's waiting, most like, for you to speak. There ain't a thing that's unworthy about Doris. She favors the Owens, and I know 'em root an' branch."

Dan looked up presently. His eyes were blue again, now, and when his

mother's hand had stroked his hair, and he felt the worn, thin fingers touch his neck, it had sent a thrill of comfort to his very heart. Poor little mother! He stooped down and kissed her as tenderly as if she were Doris, before he went to bed. "Faint heart never won fair lady," he said, and tried to laugh; but her shock of delight and surprise at his unwonted caress reflected itself back to him, and as he stood looking down at her his own eyes were suddenly and provokingly blurred. She was so little and frail in her scant old dress, and had such a patient, hard-worked look; he remembered that people said she had been a pretty girl. He wondered if he had not been too rough for her sometimes; she was the kind of woman that cannot stand alone, and wants to be taken care of. Confound old Lawton, who made a drudge of her! But Dan all at once understood why the lonely woman had been persuaded to yoke herself to him. After all, this piece of land might serve a good turn. And Doris, — was she really waiting for him to speak, after all? What a fool he had been! Her eyes had sought his face pleadingly when he went snarling to the wagon to speak to her.

It was long to wait until the morrow; and the white, bright moonlight kept him awake, as if some fate insisted on prolonging the delay. The wind was blowing a little, and a lilac bush outside brushed against the clapboards just as it did when he was a boy. Sometimes, even then, he used to lie awake and think of Doris Owen, and he remembered a dream which had seemed very real: for the boy Israel, his dear playmate, had come to him, — not in his soldier clothes, but wearing his old school-boy jacket and boyish face, — and stood by the bedside, and begged him to go and live at the farm. Dan Lester had gone to the war, too; he had seen his playmate fall, and had dragged him back within the lines at the peril of his own life.

His thoughts were rarely so busy as in this still night, as he grew by turns hopeful and fearful of his fate.

XIV.

Early the next morning Dale disappeared from the farmhouse, meaning to spend most of the day out-of-doors. Doris's boat did not usually leave its anchorage on Sunday, so he borrowed it without hesitation, and drifted seaward with the ebbing tide along the winding highways of the marshes; changing his point of view just fast enough, and idly watching the clouds and the landscape in his slow progress. He was not uncomfortable, leaning back against an oar which he had put behind him across the boat, and he wielded the other oar skillfully to push the light craft off the shore, against which it not seldom came to a full stop. The country was brilliant with autumn tints, and often the glimpses of it were charming to his eyes; for the water was low in the creeks, and the black mud at the sides, topped by the still luxuriant bending grasses, made a pleasant framing. The day promised to be hot, but it was cool weather in the deep channels, and he had a sense of being sheltered and hidden securely. The great dragon-flies followed him, as if they had left everything in their surprise and excitement, and sometimes three or four alighted together, glistening against his dull-colored clothes like fairy marauders in full armor. As he leaned over the side of the boat, the small fishes and occasional crabs did not seem disturbed by the gliding shadow; they might have thought it a natural part of their calm existence, until the splash of an oar sent them off in alarm. After half the morning was spent, this leisurely navigator found himself fairly stranded at an absurdly short distance from the Marsh Island; but the tide being almost out, there was nothing to do but to go ashore

and wait for it to rise again. The bank sloped conveniently, and he scrambled up and providently pulled the light dory after him, and fastened the tiller to a bush. He had often looked across from the farm uplands to this smaller island in the salt grass; but it was larger than he had fancied it, and the beech and oak trees had reached a good size, and were dropping their ungathered nuts into the thickets and coarse grass beneath. Two or three squirrels scolded at him from a safe distance. He seated himself in the shade, and looked across the level reaches of the sea meadows, which had begun to shimmer in the summer-like heat. The small beech-trees that grew near, made the light purple and soft that fell on the frayed whitish carpeting of their last year's leaves, and presently he grew drowsy; and turned over to put his arm under his head, and there he lay, sound asleep, at his lazy length,—a fair, untroubled knight, one would say, though his mind had lately perplexed itself harshly enough.

The country wagons had just rattled churchward along the East Road, their two seats crowded full for the most part, with small children wedged between the grown people, much hotter than was comfortable already. For a wonder, Doris had pleaded fatigue, and announced her intention of staying at home. It was a long drive to the village, and Israel Owen and his wife decided to spend the noon at a cousin's, as was not infrequently their custom. Temperance Kipp always passed the day of rest with her sister, and Jim Fales had gone to his mother's, a mile or two away. Doris would keep house, she said. There was always a cold lunch at noon on Sundays at the farm. Nobody knew when Mr. Dale would be likely to return, and the unused horses had been led out early to join their four-footed companions in the pasture. There would really be nothing to do. Martha Owen looked over her shoulder once or twice at Doris, as she

drove away. The girl seemed unlike herself, and had been pale and intent ever since she came home from Sussex, though she answered her mother's questions about the expedition, and even her interview with Dan Lester, with her usual frankness. The more the elder woman revolved in her mind Temperance's bit of news, the more respect she was inclined to pay it. Dan Lester was almost like one of themselves already, though she had not been pleased with him of late; he would be very well off now. The castles in the air, of which she had fancied young Dale the ruler, began to betray their unsubstantial foundation, and Dan's cause ventured to assert a likeness to the bird in the hand which is valued by all persons of discretion. And when, at a cross-road, they met Dan in his shining new buggy, driving his mother to meeting, Mrs. Owen gave him a most friendly salutation.

Alas that Dan, disappointed at seeing the vacant place on the front seat beside the kind old farmer, should have fancied the greeting to be one of exultation and defiance, or approval of the fact that Doris had stayed at home, to enjoy the artist's company!

Doris had seen Dick Dale turn to the eastward as he went up through the orchard, and instinctively set her own face to the westward when she also wandered out-of-doors. The house had seemed hot, for a wonder, and the crickets and their relations of the harsh voices chirped and hissed with August-like fervor outside the windows. She tried to read, but presently the paper slid to the floor, and as she passed out of the door the old clock ticked louder than usual, as if it were calling her back. "Don't — Do — ris — don't — Do — ris," but she willfully went away, for all that. She did not like the stillness of the old place, — an empty house of that age grows full of the presences that are

felt, but not seen, — and she kept on her way steadily up the hill, and left the doors open behind her, so that whoever chose might go in and keep holiday.

This was true, that she felt the vague pain and sense of discomfort which are apt to foretell the great changes of our lives. She wished that her existence might have swept on in the familiar fashion of which she had never complained. Was love a happiness, or life a satisfaction, or friendship a certainty, if Dan Lester, whose affection had been so constant and so evident, could doubt her and shame her before a stranger? The gentleness and courtesy of Mr. Dale himself might be safer qualities to rely upon. She had neither promised Dan anything nor given him cause for jealousy. There was no need that he should call to her in the way he did before the haymakers, that night at the landing, but she had been sorry enough if she had shown unkind resentment. Indeed, she could think of a dozen times when she had spoken with more impatience, and even slighted him and teased him far more. Why could not people be more generous to you when they loved you than when they were simply friends? She could not forgive Dan's surliness. If she had cared less for him, she would not have gone to him there in Sussex; and the blood crimsoned her cheeks at the thought of such undeserved humiliation. The natural instinct that had waited and reached out unconsciously for a lover was wounded and thrust back, to be recognized with shame and sorrow. Doris Owen was a woman who would be comparatively useless in a solitary life. Hers was a nature incomplete without its mate, and incapable of reaching its possible successes alone. She had been more ready to make the great choice than she thought, and nearer the solution of the problem which now seemed entirely new and strange. Perhaps it was necessary that she should apparently

take a step backward and approach the crisis again before consenting irrevocably to her fate.

Doris felt rather than thought these things as she climbed the easy ascent; she would have been too much shocked if her true ideas had been put into words. Where the hill grew steeper she changed her direction, and left the shade of the great apple-trees to go through the peach orchard. Here the sunshine was steeping everything through and through; the fruits stored it away, and in return gave out into the air something of their fine fragrance and mellowness. The slender trees were filled with a rare vigor and elasticity, and held up their too heavy burden of half-faded leaves and delicate laden branches as if they were getting a new lease of life. The thick grass was spotted with brilliant windfalls, and bees went buzzing by, rich with their plunder from this late harvest. Doris walked lightly among the company of trees, and presently her drooped head was also lifted up, as if the kind sun had drawn and strengthened it, and her face began to free itself from clouds, like a clearing sky. A fair young girl of out-door growth and flower-like fashioning, a sweet-faced wife for any man to win and cherish, she passed fleet-footed over the autumn grass. Her light dress flitted between the peach-trees and hid itself behind the hedge-row of hazel-nut bushes and young wild-cherries. At last Doris stood on a high slope, a white figure against the blue sky, where the sea breeze found her; and since the inland country looked warm and inhospitable, this zephyr turned, and went no further.

There was no reason why she should go back to the house for a long time yet. Her half-outgrown childish love of wandering far and wide took possession of her, and remembering all in a moment that the beech-nuts on the small island nearest her must be nearly ripe, and that the tide was out, she went slowly down the pasture and across the

marsh. She had told Mr. Dale once that she thought the most beautiful time of the year was the late spring, when the marshes were growing green, but her own country-side never had seemed more delightful than it did that Sunday morning. She questioned, with pain and foreboding, if she must ever leave it. She put aside so needless a fear, and was grateful to the stranger within the gates for teaching her by his own delight to see the beauty that she had never half understood. Doris wondered where he had gone, — he was sure to be keeping one of the ten commandments and doing no work. . . . They could not be too thankful to so kind a friend, who valued their friendship and service beyond what it was worth, and returned it in every way thrice over. He was like the young men in the nicest stories that Doris knew, — she had often told herself that, — and her heart gave a little flutter of uncertainty. Poor Dan! he was really just as kind at heart and full of pleasant thoughts; but he was a country fellow, and lacked the ways of the world and the gift of ready speech. She could not think what had made him behave so strangely, and the recent hurt began to ache again.

The noonday sun was very hot, after all, and she was glad at last to reach the shelter of the spreading trees of the little island. The young beeches at the edge of the thicket were turning yellow, but inside they were untouched by frost or ripening. The oaks were dull red here and there on the outer branches, and Doris laughed at a squirrel which felt it necessary to perch on a fallen tree and menace her with whisking tail and indignant chatter. The squirrels had always acted as if this island were their own; it was a favorite trapping-ground of Israel's. She gathered some late blackberries, as she went pushing her way through the tangle; she well remembered a grassy place under the largest beech on the seaward side, where

the air might be cooler. Just as she could look out through the drooping boughs at the bright, hot levels beyond, she was startled at the sight of the bow of her own small white boat with the blue stripe, drawn up on the bank of the narrow creek, and here, almost at her feet, lay Mr. Richard Dale, sound asleep.

She turned instantly, but the rustle and cracking of the bushes had waked him. He sprang to his feet, looking quite stupid and amazed, and slowly caught a spider that was spinning down from his hair. Then he regained his wits entirely, and looked at his disturber with a laugh. "Where did you come from, Doris?" he asked. "You must have taken the hay-boat; the other was gone, so I had to steal yours. The tide must be quite out by this time."

"The tide is coming in," said the girl. "I must hurry back, or I cannot cross some of the low places. I walked over the marsh; it is n't very far, and easy enough if you only know the way. When the tide is half high you must take a longer way round."

"I should lose myself, at any rate," answered Dick; "at least I should never escape by land. There is something mysterious about the marshes to me. Sit down," he said, more gently. "How hot it has grown! Why not wait until the creek fills again, and we can go back in the boat together? I am by no means sure I know the way;" at which they both laughed, and felt more at ease. Dick shook himself like a wet dog; he was adorned with dead leaves and bits of twig, and sleepy yet, if the truth were told. Then he sat down on the grass, and Doris followed his example, and as she leaned back against the beech-tree's broad trunk she was not displeased with the unexpected turn of affairs. Dick picked up a sound beech-nut that some squirrel had dropped by mistake, and, cutting off one of the trig three-cornered sides, offered it to his guest.

"I wish I had brought some peaches," she said. "I just came through the orchard."

"It was very odd that we both should have come to this same spot of ground," the young man observed meditatively. "Sometimes I think there are all sorts of powers and forces doing what they please with us, for good or bad reasons of their own."

"We are taught to believe that one power is, are n't we?" asked Doris timidly. "But always for our own good."

"Yes," slowly assented Dick, as if the fact were not always so clear to him as he wished; and then, with renewed interest, "I always liked the notion of our having guardian angels. I should like to know if it is true?"

Doris flushed: she was not used to talking in a familiar way of such grave subjects, but she could not help answering. "I always have thought so ever since I was a little girl," she began hesitatingly. "It always seems as if there were one angel who follows me all the time, and tries to keep me back when I am going to do wrong, and is set to take care of me. Don't you know" — and she became very earnest — "that when you forget things, or can't remember where you leave things, something outside yourself reminds you? Not your memory or your conscience; something outside you," Doris repeated. "I wonder if we don't have friends in the unseen world?"

"Perhaps," the young man said gravely. "I really don't know why not." He was touched by the strange beauty of Doris's face now when she was deeply moved. She was paler than usual, even after her walk; she was like another creature from the busy week-day girl who went and came with the elder women at the farmhouse. She almost always had a grave sweetness. There was surely a most uncommon quality in both her nature and her father's.

"Doris," said Dick, in a brotherly way, "I think you did not like me when I first came to the farm."

Doris was silent. Then he glanced up, to find her looking at him with surprise and bewilderment; it might have been because she was called back unkindly from some reverie.

"I did not know you," she answered. "I hardly thought about you until you hurt your foot. But we are all so glad you came, now; it has been a great deal of company for father, and mother gets very tired of doing the same things over and over. I think she would like to live where there is more going on."

"Would you like that, too?" asked Dick softly, and then was persuaded that Doris's belief in a spiritual guardian was well founded; he felt such an unexpected sense of remonstrance.

"No, indeed," answered Doris simply. "I like home better every year;" and suddenly an invisible quality in the air, a subtle intoxication that had something to do with Dick's question, sent its influence into Doris's heart, and for the first time she could not look Dick in the face. She wondered how she might escape, not so much from him as from her appalling self. At the same moment a vision of Dan Lester's blue eyes came to blind and dazzle her own.

There was a terrible silence, and the longer it continued the more convicting it grew. Dick Dale did not speak again, — he did not know what hindered him; in that moment his heart beat very fast. Was Doris waiting to hear his voice? Was this his fate and happiness, and was his future in this woman's keeping?

The breath of enchantment was quickly gone, and they became their familiar selves again, yet with a difference. Dale, at any rate, felt a faint sense of mistake and disappointment, and went away without a word when Doris said that she thought they must go back now, if the boat would float in the creek. She looked at him appealingly as he helped

her to her place, and only smiled when he demanded the oars which she had taken.

"I have not rowed for a long time," she said in excuse, and pulled with strong, steady stroke, as if it were a relief and welcome defense against threatened discomfort. "You would not know the meadows in winter," she said once. "They look so dead and desolate, with great black cracks in the ice, like scars; and at night you can hear the creeks as if the tide were caught and trying to get itself free. I am always so glad when the gulls and crows are thick, and it is getting near to spring."

"No," said Dale to himself, "I don't believe I could stand the long winter. Town is the place when the snow comes." But he wished, none the less, that he could make the winter delay its coming. He did not like to have Doris row the boat, and a great insecurity and indecision took possession of him. Should he dare to speak to Doris? He wondered what he would think of it to-morrow; but he called himself a coward, as they landed a little later, and he walked back to the still-deserted farmhouse by her side. The old place had arrayed itself against him while he had been away. He felt curiously distinct and separate from his surroundings just then, and yet as if he must use all his powers of resistance if he would keep himself apart. Did fate mean to graft him to this strong old growth, and was the irresistible sap from that centre of life already making its way through his veins? Was an unlocalized, a disestablished human being at the mercy of a possible system of spiritual economies, so that he was to be held to a spot that was lacking in what he might supply? If a man did not see his duty and opportunity with his own eyes, must he be attracted by a magnet-like necessity? But what was this broken, nay, even mutilated, household to him, even though the strange suggestion of his likeness to the young soldier

who lay in the orchard burying-ground would flit through his bewildered mind? There was a new glamour over everything: at one moment he reveled in it, and then as suddenly feared and distrusted it, while a faint indignation returned again and again and troubled him because he had been thus taken by surprise.

All the time that Dale's thoughts were attacking him like an angry and desperate mob, Doris walked at his side, so sweet and self-possessed, so staid and Sunday-like, that her presence was the only thing that quieted the confusion she herself was making. Never before had this girl looked so slender and full of life, so kissable and dear. Presently she turned toward him with almost perfect composure; there was only a little look of affectionate solicitude to show that they had just come a long way nearer each other's consciousness.

"I will go up to the orchard and get some peaches for your lunch, Mr. Dale," she said. "The best ones are just getting ripe;" and Doris went away slowly up the hillside, through the long autumn grass, into the shadow of the fruit trees. Dick could not follow her, but for some minutes he stood still. What a picture for a man to paint! What a woman for a man to love! Ah, if Doris had looked over her shoulder in that minute! But the white dress was lost among the shady apple-trees, Dick sighed, and well he might; the enchantress had passed

by, and her spell had passed with her. An eager song-sparrow flew upward, singing bravely, and for once the blessed notes jarred upon the young man's ear.

He climbed the stairs to the spinning-room. The light southwesterly wind sent a cloud of cigar smoke through the northeasterly window after a few minutes, and as Doris came down the hill she saw this, and smiled. A little later she brought some bread and a blue plate full of great crimson and yellow peaches, and put them on the table. Dick, who held a book in his hand, nodded, and thanked Doris politely, but she had already turned away. She was hardly at the foot of the steep stairway before he had left his chair and dropped the book on the floor. He stood still, eager, irresolute. Was he a fool or a wise man?—but he saw her no more that afternoon. There was enough else to do. He had letters to answer, for one thing: but Dick could not write; he kept making dots and squares and curious little marks with his pen all over the blotting paper, instead. Neither could he read, for he heard the ripe apples fall to the ground, and saw a gray spider spin its web and lie in wait for flies. At last he heard the elder Owens drive into the yard, and bravely appeared as a listener to the news they had brought home from meeting. A strange pleasure filled his heart at the sight of Israel Owen's honest face. The good man seemed more familiar to him than he did to himself.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

AN UNCLASSIFIED PHILOSOPHER.

SKIRTING the northern limit of Manhattan Island lies a large tract of land, several miles in area; bounded on the north by Westchester County, and on the south, east, and west by the Bronx and Harlem rivers. This region is a

terra incognita to most New Yorkers, or only vaguely known to them as "over the bridge." It is popularly supposed to be given over to the ravages of malarial fevers and the mural advertising agent. Unfortunates to whom cheap

rents are an object reluctantly succumb to the necessity of residing there; and if of sanguine dispositions pretend to be interested in the cultivation of the small intervals of rock and rubbish which usually segregate their dwellings. Though incorporated by act of the legislature into the city, it is neither town nor country, and possesses the defects of both without the offsetting excellences of either. It has avenues and streets, of course; but the avenues are country roads, and the streets quagmires. These roadways, ungraded, unsewered, and unpaved, the ward statesman regards with tender solicitude as furnishing a large and lucrative field of operations in the line of contracts and "sessments;" which "sessments" the local lawyer, in turn, finds equal pleasure and profit in petitioning the courts to vacate. Having exhausted the possibilities of plunder in the city proper, the statesman turns with avidity to the wide expanses of the "Nexed Deestrick," there to make the wilderness blossom with drain-pipes and paving-stones at the expense of the taxpayer. Trains run through it to and from the city at infrequent intervals, with a maximum of noise and a minimum of convenience. In summer the mosquito is a burden, and in winter the ultrapontane enjoys his diurnal malaria in ever-recurring alternations.

But notwithstanding the manifold demerits of this suburban Nazareth, it bids fair to become celebrated in after ages as the home of a genius, whose researches and discoveries are destined to revolutionize the world of thought; to disprove the Mosaic cosmogony and the Darwinian hypothesis; to overthrow, in short, all former theories and speculations as to the nature and history of the planet on which we live, and generally, quoting his own language, "to prove that in the whole universe there is not a mystery which the free, untrammelled brain cannot cope with and master."

On Third, or, as it is named in high

latitudes, Fordham, Avenue, between 172d and 173d streets, surrounded by vacant lots of low-lying, marshy land, stands a small frame building, square, flat-roofed, and evidently of home construction. The ground floor is occupied as a store, and the remaining parts are used for dwelling purposes. The front of the house is decorated with sign-boards, large and small, announcing to all and sundry that building and carpentering in every branch are promptly attended to; that orders for coal and wood are taken; and that all persons desiring to buy or hire houses, or needing the services of a real-estate agent or auctioneer, can be accommodated on inquiry within. On the hall door, by the side of the store, is a modest nickel plate bearing the legend "Nichols."

This unpretending structure is, in fact, the residence of Professor Henry Nichols, the pioneer of the new departure in cosmic philosophy, whose life and opinions form the subject of this paper. On fine summer evenings, a short, strongly-built man may be seen busily engaged in repairing fences and outhouses, or adding contrivances for comfort and convenience to the lowly domicile just described. He has a fresh-colored face, steel-blue eyes, regular features, and a high forehead, rendered more noticeable by a slight baldness. The fringe of curly hair, tawny in color, and the full beard and mustaches of the same hue, which surround his face, unmistakably betoken a Saxon ancestry, while the rough shirt and overalls in which he is clad testify to narrow circumstances and a life of toil. That is the professor. The scene is strongly illustrative of the truth of the adage that a prophet is without honor in his own country. The professor, however, bears the *res angusta domi* with sufficient stoicism, and accepts poverty, neglect, and ridicule with equal fortitude, as the natural lot of one who has chosen to devote his life to the study of abstract

problems in the midst of a gainsaying and money-making generation.

As he justly remarks of himself and those whom he regards as his legitimate predecessors in the particular department of human knowledge to which his labors are directed, "There have been three stages in the line of planetary development. The first was ushered in by Galileo, who passes before us eyeless and with severed thumb; the second by Columbus, dishonored and in chains; the third by Professor Nichols, the White Slave. The first," he says, — and this brings us to what may be called the fundamental truth on which his system of philosophy is based, — "the first proved that the earth moves, the second that the earth is round, and the third that the earth *is alive*."

Alive, that is to say, not in the figurative sense in which we describe a street as being alive with people, but literally as being "a living, breathing creature, the same as ourselves and all animated nature:" subject, therefore, of course, to croup, the measles, and other infantile disorders in its tender years, and to rheumatism and paralysis, or their equivalent forms of cosmic decrepitude, in its senility.

Many years ago the professor's observation of certain natural phenomena led him to regard with suspicion the universally prevalent view that the earth is a sphere of inorganic matter, without life and without function. The more he pondered, the more decided became his belief that this theory was founded in crass ignorance, or willful blindness to the facts of the case. He finally settled down to the mature and unalterable conviction that our planet is not a mere insensate mass, kept in motion, if at all, by the operation of some extraneous force, but a living, sentient organism of flesh and blood, bone and sinew, nerve and brain, with respiratory organs and a digestive apparatus; entertaining likes and dislikes, governed

by principles and prejudices, exercising will power; and passing, or destined to pass, as do all other organisms, through the various stages of birth, growth, maturity, decadence, and death.

This important point settled to his own satisfaction, the professor, after the approved scientific method, began his lifelong quest of facts and arguments in support of his theory. These he found, and still finds, ready to his hand. Difficulties arise but to be met, and objections to be answered. The questions of shallow-minded critics serve only to elicit more irrefragable proofs of the truth of his momentous discovery. Stumbling-blocks become stepping-stones. Weapons of destruction are by him seized and transformed into elements of defense. The fact must be stubborn and unwieldy indeed that he cannot mould to fit some niche in the superstructure of his analogies and evidences.

Now when a man discovers, or thinks that he discovers, anything, the first impulse that seizes him is to write a book about it. If he be of more than ordinary strength of mind, he casts the thought behind him, as a suggestion of Satan. In most cases, alas, he weakly yields to the temptation, and becomes a man with a message. The world is usually tolerant of him, and consents to be button-holed with a sort of pitying resignation, allowing the strong extenuating circumstances to plead in mitigation of its otherwise sweeping sentence of condemnation.

It is greatly to the professor's credit that he has not written a book. The author of such a startling innovation on all preconceived views might well be excused for, and perhaps even justified in, writing not only a book, but a whole library. All the more is his abstinence in this respect worthy the highest commendation. He has, however, prepared a lecture; which lecture he has on more than one occasion delivered before favored audiences, with the most gratify-

ing results so far as regards the reception of his message, but, sad to say, with ridiculously inadequate pecuniary returns. Indeed, to the shame of science and civilization be it said, enough hearers at twenty-five cents a head could not be procured to pay expenses.

This fact does not trouble him. He was not even daunted by the lamentable deficit of thirty dollars which on one inauspicious night yawned between the receipts at the door and the rent of the hall. Some day the scientific men of the world will throw off the slumberous apathy which now dulls their mental vision, and awake to the importance of the professor's great discovery. Then fortunes will be made, and he will be at the making. Not that he longs for money itself. Far otherwise. He would even now willingly cede two thirds of the net profits derivable therefrom to any enterprising financial agent with foresight and capital enough to bring him properly before the public.

In truth, all he desires is \$20,000 as a fund for organizing an expedition to the North Pole, for the purpose of investigating some points respecting his theory, the importance of which will hereafter appear, and which, once settled, will remove it from the realm of speculation, and place it upon a basis of indubitable fact.

The professor is not an educated man, in the ordinary sense of the term. As he observes, "For thirty years I have studied but one book. It has one leaf and no cover. It is the Book of Nature."

Indeed, his active and adventurous career has precluded familiarity with the study and the class-room.

"At the age of thirteen years," he once said to me, "I sailed from New York city to London, England. From London I went round the Cape of Good Hope, and thence round Cape Horn to St. Catherine's, Brazil. Thus, before I reached my fifteenth year, I accom-

plished the feat of sailing clean around the world, having crossed the same meridian of longitude I started from. I returned into the Pacific Ocean by way of Cape Horn, and remained in the different whaling-grounds in the South Pacific for six years."

The professor subsequently served in the Union navy during the war. At its close he invested his prize money in some small building speculations in New York; bought a farm in the country with the proceeds; sold it at a loss; reduced his means still further by an unsuccessful attempt to establish a lucrative retail grocery business; and finally spent the remnant in eking out the scanty pittance he received from an up-town horse railroad as a car-conductor.

It will readily be conceived that he has had but little time to devote to studies, which are, after all, but the raw materials of education. He has reached a like, or even higher, level of culture by methods quite independent of the schools. When, therefore, he says "I prove" this or that fact connected with his theory, it will be understood that he ignores altogether the musty rules of logic formulated by Whately or Jevons. He knows and cares nothing for syllogisms in Barbara or Cesarea; nor do meaningless terms, such as "ambiguous middle," or "illicit process of the major," mar the serene confidence with which he asserts the absolute inexpugnability of his conclusions.

Hypercritics may cavil at the professor's diction (which the present writer has striven to preserve) as being archaic and even faulty in grammatical construction. But what it loses in polish it gains in homely vigor. One cannot have everything.

Some time ago the professor adopted the calling of a jobbing carpenter, in which capacity he has on several occasions visited me to execute needed repairs about the house.

"I have written a lecture," he re-

marked, on one of these occasions, "in which I prove that the astronomers, geologists, and other learned men of the day are all wrong."

"Indeed!" I said.

"I have stood on the back platform of my car," he continued, "and argued with lawyers, doctors, and other prominent men, until I've made them tremble like a leaf."

I could readily believe it. "What is the subject?" I ventured to ask.

"I prove by analogy," said he, "that the planet on which we live is an animal, — a living, breathing creature, the same as ourselves and all animated nature."

In answer, probably, to my surprised and incredulous stare, he went on, *ore rotundo*, and apparently quoting from the lecture in question: —

"My first proof is in breathing. I will commence with the smallest insect known to man of which the habits have been studied. It is called the minute insect. It is born, matures, bears young, and passes away in the space of one minute. It breathes so rapidly as to be past counting. A man breathes eighteen times in a minute. The smallest species of whale breathes five times in a minute. The largest species, known as the right whale of the Antarctic Ocean, breathes once in three minutes. The planet on which we live breathes twice in twenty-four hours, — which is proven by the rise and fall of the tides."

Now I never was strong on tides. Any schoolboy could rout me, horse, foot, and artillery, on the subject of tides. Still, I had some vague and shadowy notions that the moon, somehow or another, had entire charge of tidal routes and connections. But the professor undeceived me.

"Nonsense!" said he. "That the tides are not caused by the moon's attraction is plain. We see often both the sun and the moon on the same side of the earth, and at the same time a dead low tide."

I could not perceive the force of this argument, but, as I said before, I knew so little about tides, any way, that I felt sure he must be right.

"Then what does cause the tides?" I asked.

"The ebb and flow of the tides," answered the professor, sententiously, "is caused by expansion and contraction, by absorption and ejection, by the steady and regular breathing of the planet, in fact. We are taught by the philosophers," he added contemptuously, "that the tide commences at the equator, and flows north and south to the extreme turning-points twice a day. If this were the case, we could cast a ship loose from her moorings at high water, and by the turn of the tide she would be two thousand miles away."

Here again my lamentable ignorance of tidal matters moved me to take refuge in a hypocritical "Precisely."

"Now it is not so," said the professor, relentlessly pursuing the aforementioned philosophers.

I had feared it all along.

"The tide," he resumed, "rises on both and all sides of the earth at one and the same time. Muscat, near the northern extremity of the Arabian Sea, has high water at the same hour as Rio Janeiro, on the western shore of the Atlantic: the one being in a northern, the other in a southern latitude; the one in east, the other in west longitude. Refute it, if you can. You have the means at hand, — the ocean telegraph."

Here the professor looked at me as though he thought I had the ocean telegraph concealed somewhere about my person.

"Just so," I murmured, absently: "fifty cents a word, address included; words containing over ten letters charged as two."

"Which proves," said the professor triumphantly, "that the tide is caused by a regular contraction and expansion of the earth from a common centre."

"But why don't we feel it on the land also?" I inquired.

"If you look at the map," he replied, "you will see that on both sides of and below Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope this planet is all water as far down as the Antarctic Circle. This corresponds to the abdomen and flexible parts of our bodies; while the upper half of the planet is firmly knit together, and formed of hard, solid material, and corresponds in a wonderful degree with the upper and more bony parts of our bodies, which from the chest up are composed of compact, firm-set bones."

"What has all that to do with my question?" I meekly suggested.

"It has all to do with it," said the professor firmly. "When we breathe, the expanding and contracting motion is plainly seen and felt in the flexible part of the body, but in the upper, or fixed, bony part it is scarcely perceptible. It is so with the huge creature, called a planet, on which we live. The operation of respiration is clearly visible on the water, or flexible part of its body; but on the land, or bony part, not at all. Again, when we breathe, our lower rib bones contract and expand much more than do those higher up. So with the earth. Consequently, if the southern parts of Africa and South America and the islands of the South Pacific did not expand with the rise of the tide, they would be submerged and covered with water every time our planet breathed."

"But what does it breathe through?" I asked. "Has it a mouth?"

"Of course it has," retorted the professor testily, and as if losing patience at such senseless questions,—"at the North Pole. The great polar opening, or, as I will live to prove, the mouth of the earth, is at least one hundred miles in circumference. There is not in the whole universe any animate creature but has an opening near the top or upper end through which to breathe."

A light broke in on me.

"Oh! Symmes' Hole!" I exclaimed.

"What is that?" said the professor, but with no answering look of recognition on his face.

Then I perceived that he was unaware that on one point, at least, of his discovery he had been forestalled. I instantly thought of Adams and Leverrier, and of Wallace and Darwin, who, each unknown to the other, had reached similar conclusions from independent investigations. The professor, however, had the advantage over his illustrious predecessor in that his discovery was not of a mere isolated, unrelated fact, but of one link in a chain of analogies, reaching and affecting even the remotest members of the planetary and stellar systems.

"How do you account," said I, presently, returning to the professor's last proposition, "for the huge masses of ice accumulated in the vicinity of the Pole, or, as you would probably say, the throat of the earth? Would they not tend to produce bronchial affections?"

"How do you account," retorted the professor, using the Socratic method against me with crushing effect, "for the ice that clogs a man's beard on a cold winter's day? It is congealed breath, of course. There is not a phenomenon in nature," he continued, with the air of one defying contradiction, "which does not find a place in my theory, and prove the truth of it. Name one," he added, with a magnanimous flourish.

"The aurora borealis," I suggested at a venture, prompted probably by its connection with the immediate subject of his remarks,—the polar regions.

"I have stood on my car," answered the professor, speaking in parables, "and have seen an angry dog following it for blocks, his eyes emitting sparks of fire."

"Then the aurora borealis is"—

"The flashing of the eyes of the planet in moments of anger or excitement."

"And pray, what are the eyes of the planet?"

"The magnetic pole."

"But did not Ross, or McClintock, or some one, discover and locate the magnetic pole?" I inquired, helplessly.

"They did nothing of the sort," returned the professor, with indignant emphasis. And then he went on, and attacked their statements and demolished their conclusions with such vigor that I began to doubt whether those hardy navigators had ever been inside the Arctic Circle at all.

"Thunder and lightning!" I exclaimed.

The professor regarded me dubiously for a moment, but becoming satisfied that my remark was the indication of a genuine desire for further information, and not a mere frivolous exclamation of surprise or incredulity, he resumed with zest his expository labors, — "tracing out the analogies," as he termed it.

"I have stroked the back of a cat in the dark," said he, adopting his favorite method of teaching by similitudes, "and it crackled and sparkled like thorns on a fire. Now what caused that?"

"Electricity, I suppose."

"Exactly; which proves to a certainty that thunder and lightning are the latent electricity of the earth's living body developed by friction."

And so on, through the whole constitution and course of nature, the professor traveled, marshaling every conceivable terrestrial phenomenon into line, to add its mite of testimony to the infallibility of his system.

Cast into the alembic of his philosophy, Hecla, Etna, and Vesuvius were, of course, transmuted into running sores, through which the earth's bad humors and waste tissues were discharged. Earthquakes reappeared as stomachic or intestinal commotions attendant upon the outbreak of more or less violent choleraic symptoms. Trees and other vegetation became invested with new interest as the hair of the planet. Tornadoes and wind storms revealed their

real character as neuralgic affections, — a sort of jumping toothache, as it were. Changes in the weather reflected the varying moods and caprices of the planet, or its hygienic condition, as, for instance, a cold summer indicated that the earth was suffering from dumb ague or defective circulation, or was passing through a fit of the blues by reason of the coldness or unfriendliness on the part of the sun or some one of the other planets whose friendship or good opinion the earth values. Fog and rain were perspiration, and quicksands and other like spots the pores of the earth, through which even nourishment could be administered by absorption, should it at any time, by reason of extreme debility or from any other cause, be incapacitated from taking food in the normal way.

It may be here remarked that the professor prefers to wait until he shall have visited the North Pole before pronouncing definitely upon the nature of the earth's food supply and its manner of feeding. He is inclined to think, however, judging from the habits of the whale in this respect, that the earth is constantly taking in food in large quantities by suction, — star dust, gases, clouds, and any stray meteorites that may happen athwart Symmes' Hole in the course of their wanderings through immensity.

"I suppose," observed the professor, regarding me with indulgent pity, — "I suppose you don't know what causes the extreme high tides and the tidal wave."

He did not even condescend to await my reply.

"Let any sensitive person walk from Harlem Bridge to the City Hall," he went on, preserving, as he did on all occasions, the manner of one delivering a set oration, and never permitting the dignity of his theme to suffer by lapses into mere colloquial talk, "and there is not a feeling to which the human breast is heir that is not called

in play: compassion, veneration, fear, wonder at the many works of art which meet the eye in every direction. But of all emotions, the deepest and most powerful is that roused by the sight of a beautiful woman. The beholder, were it not ill-mannered, would be riveted to the spot he stands upon. He instinctively heaves a long deep-drawn sigh, which penetrates to his utmost being. This is love and veneration that needs no prompting. It is a worship which comes unbidden and spontaneous."

The illustration was somewhat obscure, and I failed to see the drift of it.

The professor at once proceeded to illumine me.

"It is so with the planet on which we live. Astronomers know by the planets when the tidal wave is about to be raised, and they foretell its coming in time to warn us. They see the effect, but look not deep enough to discover the cause. If they could but grasp the fact that these planets are living creatures, the same as ourselves, they would at once perceive that they were drawn towards each other by affinity, — by feelings of mutual affection and desire; and that when the emotions of the earth, approaching another planet, are so stirred, this great long-drawn breath upheaves the mighty deep and causes the tidal wave."

This was, to use the language of the late lamented Dominie Sampson, *prodigious*. The earth, careering through the illimitable ether in the rôle of a love-lorn suitor, its midriff heaving with amorous sighs, is, truly, a stupendous spectacle, wonderful to gods and men. Perhaps, even, were our gross ears attuned to sphere harmonies, we might hear it (or him) pouring out a woful ballad to its (or his) mistress' eyebrow, — "Thou art so near and yet so far," or words to that effect.

The conception, taken merely as a flight of fancy, is not unworthy of Rabelais or Swift. But when we consider

that the professor has unearthed a natural phenomenon on which the further claim, "founded on fact," may fairly stand, then only do its true dimensions become discernible. It stands alone in the annals of speculation.

But the professor goes further. Aided by the touchstone of his great discovery, he assigns to man a place in the economy of nature lowlier even than the very modest one accorded to him by Mr. Darwin and the evolutionists.

"What are the human race, viewed in the light of your theory?" I asked.

"Parasites, insects, diseases of the planet," answered the professor. "There is not an animal in existence, be it large or small, that does not breed and sustain swarms of parasitic insects."

"Larger fleas have little fleas
Upon their legs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so *ad infinitum*,"

I quoted.

"That's the point," said the professor, "and it proves what I say beyond a doubt. Men and women, as well as all other animals, were generated in the first instance by the heat of the sun from the decomposing gases of the earth's body, just the same as maggots, worms, flies, and such-like truck. When I was in the South Pacific, I there discovered floating worlds. In other words, I learned the fact that some of the whales of the Pacific Ocean have inhabitants on them. I saw one whale, in particular, which had its back entirely covered with little shell huts and carbuncles, covered all round about and filled with millions of small insects of as great a variety as there are of animals on this earth. As we killed this whale, we had a good opportunity of observing these island insects, which were of so many varieties of form that it is needless to enter into details. But I trace the analogy farther. You must know that the whale goes down and stays beneath the surface of the water fifteen minutes. During the

time it is down in the deep, dark water, away from the sun, it is a change in the insects' lives equal to a night-time; being day-time with them while above the water in full view of the sun. At night when the sun is set, it amounts to a change of season in their short lives, equal to a winter in our much longer lives. But," continued the professor, with the manner of one having vast reserves to draw upon, "the proof by analogy in breathing is not the only one I have. My second proof is in ages. Thus:—

"The minute insect lives one minute.

"A man lives from sixty to seventy years.

"An elephant lives three hundred years, — which is known to be a fact.

"The large arctic whale lives from one thousand to fifteen hundred years, — which is not known, and never will be. For if you should fence in a whale in order to find out his age, it would be like fencing in a planet or boxing up a man where he could not breathe. The whale would cease to exist for want of breathing-room."

I was ready, if necessary, to assure him that I had no such intention.

"But I can prove by analogy," said he, "by the large trees of California, which are known to be over three thousand years old, that it must take ages for so large a monster as a whale to mature. Such a vast mass of flesh and blood could not accumulate in less than several hundred years."

"By the way, professor," said I, deferentially breaking the thread of his discourse, "I see that you include the elephant in this second scale of comparison, and not in the first. How often does it breathe per minute?"

"I do not know," said the professor sadly. "I once applied for the post of lecturer in Barnum's show, solely for the purpose of studying the habits of the elephant, and more particularly with

reference to its breathing. But influence was brought to bear against me, and some one else got the place.

"Through this analogy in ages," resumed the professor, continuing his exposition, "I prove by an easy process that our planet is in the decline of life. In this way: A child when first born is little more than flesh, the bones being so soft and moist that the body can be twisted into almost any shape. As it advances in life, it expands and enlarges until it reaches its prime. In the decline of life the flesh becomes drier and drier, and the skin recedes and contracts, and the bones project, until there is nothing left of the once beautiful creature but withered parchment and sapless bone. Now, the flesh of the planet upon which we live is water. It is a well-established fact that slowly and by degrees the water upon the earth is drying up. Rivers at the present day, with hardly an exception, are much lower than they used to be in days gone by; and history shows that all ancient cities whereof a record has been kept, which were built close to the sea, are now a long way from it. The city of Rome was built at the water's edge, but is now some three miles distant from it. The conclusion is irresistible that the flesh of the earth is gradually withering, and that it is surely nearing a fleshless and sapless old age. My next proof is in heat."

"How many proofs have you in all?" I inquired anxiously.

"Eight," returned the professor solemnly, "and they are all equally conclusive."

I was paying him by the hour, — but no matter.

"My third proof," he went on, "is in heat. The heat in the minute insect is hardly perceptible. A man's blood is warm. The blood of the smallest species of whale is very hot. The blood of the large arctic whale is liquid fire. It may not be out of place here to give

some proof as to how I came by this knowledge."

He then proceeded to describe the capture of a large whale in the South Pacific, at which he assisted; relating with great circumstantiality the various incidents of the chase, and how, when the harpooner struck the *coup de grace*, "the blood spirted forth with such force as to wet all hands to the skin."

"The men," added the professor, with some pardonable pride, "immediately washed the blood off their faces, advising me to do the same. But this was too good a chance to let go by. I had been told that it would burn my skin, and I was determined on proving it."

He succeeded.

"In three minutes the blood was so hot that it began to peel up like a thousand wafers, burning my face as if a mustard-plaster had been applied to it for half an hour, so that I really thought the skin would come off. The red spots were on my face for days.

"The blood of the planet," said the professor, resuming the orderly statement of his argument, "is fire, so dense as to melt the solid rocks, which is proven by rocks of fire being thrown from volcanoes, which are found in all latitudes, ejecting from time to time streams of red-hot lava. There is a river of fire in the Sandwich Islands, flowing from an immense gaping chasm, or hideous fire-pit, twelve hundred feet deep and fifteen miles in circumference, and containing more than 328,000 square yards of convulsed torrents of matter in igneous fusion, constantly boiling and spouting, rolling in all directions, like waves of a disturbed sea; this cauldron has been in an active state as far back as the memory of man reaches. Some time ago, it took to running a river of fire thirty miles long, two hundred yards wide, and from ten to twenty feet deep, the end of the river emptying into the sea. I hold that this is the place where the earth's waste and burnt-out

tissues are discharged. It is in exact proportion, as regards time, quantity, quality, and consequences. During seasons of what may be called choleraic activity, our stomachs shake and our breathing is affected. So with the earth. While the river of fire was running most violently, the whole of the Mediterranean Sea was shaken throughout its length and breadth, and on some of the islands cities and villages were entirely destroyed. The Mediterranean Sea is almost on the opposite side of the earth from where the river of fire was."

"Then you claim that the earth has organs and members the same as other animals?" I asked, again interrupting the current of his remarks. "Has it a brain?"

"Certainly it has."

"Where is it located?"

"Ask the parasite on the whale's body where the whale's brain is. Of course it cannot tell you."

"But how do you reconcile the earth's unchanging orbit round the sun with that exercise of will power and freedom of choice which seems to be inseparable from the idea of a being possessing a brain?"

"Easily," said the professor. "Some men are steady and homelike in their habits. So methodical are they in their goings and comings that they are as regular as clockwork. Other men are wild and roving in their natures. They are born travelers, and are just as likely to be seen in the middle of Africa as on Broadway. Just so it is with the planets. Some are steady-going, quiet, and domesticated, like our own. Others are wild and erratic, like the comets, coming and going no man knows whence or whither."

But space forbids that I should so much as enumerate the professor's other proofs, to say nothing of giving detailed statements of them, even though they be, as he asserted, "equally conclusive" with those cited.

Enough has been shown, albeit in a fragmentary and imperfect manner, to indicate the existence of a mine of scientific treasure, of untold richness and of unknown extent. If the professor's conclusions be correct, startling — nay, appalling — contingencies may at any moment arise, the outcome of which it is impossible even to conjecture. Suppose, for instance, the earth should suddenly, in a fit of pique, sever its connection with the solar system, and, running amuck through the abyss of space, come to an untimely and violent end, in a disgraceful affray with some disreputable gang of planetary marauders infesting the far outskirts of stellar civilization.

But the imagination shrinks back aghast from the awful possibilities indicated by the professor's revelations. That way madness lies.

Questions, too, nearer home may be raised, which, though now apparently

remote, may at any time become urgent and burning ones. Take, for example, the case of coal mines and other subterranean excavations. If it should hereafter appear that they penetrate beyond the callous epidermis, and enter the sensitive regions of the terrene ganglia, would not the intervention of Mr. Bergh and the S. P. C. A. become imperatively necessary?

But it is needless to multiply instances. At all events, the duty of the scientific world is clear. It should at once organize another expedition to the North Pole for the purpose of discovering the mouth, and if possible the ears, of the earth. That accomplished, communications might be opened, a conference arranged, and such assurances extracted from the earth as would serve to quiet the apprehensions and relieve the suspense created by the contemplation of the fathomless abyss over which we hang, helpless and blindfold.

Frederick D. Storey.

CRESSID.

Has any one seen my Fair,
Has any one seen my Dear?
Could any one tell me where
And whither she went from here?

The road is winding and long,
With many a turn and twist,
And one could easy go wrong,
Or ever one thought or list.

How should one know my Fair,
And how should one know my Dear?
By the dazzle of sunlight hair
That smites like a golden spear,

By the eyes that say "Beware,"
By the smile that beckons you near,—
This is to know my Fair,
This is to know my Dear.

Rough and bitter as gall,
The voice that suddenly comes
Over the windy wall
Where the fishermen have their homes:

“ Ay, ay, we know full well
The way your fair one went :
She led by the ways of Hell,
And into its torments sent

“ The boldest and bravest here,
Who knew nor guilt nor guile,
Who knew not shadow of fear,
Till he followed that beckoning smile.

“ Now would you find your Fair,
Now would you find your Dear ?
Go turn and follow her where
And whither she went from here,

“ Along by the winding path
That leads by the old sea-wall :
The wind blows wild with wrath,
And one could easily fall

“ From over the rampart there,
If one should lean too near,
To look for the sunlight hair
That smites like a golden spear ! ”

Nora Perry.

MADAME MOHL, HER SALON AND HER FRIENDS.

FOURTH PAPER.

It is curious that Madame Mohl's *salon* should have attained such notoriety and become such a distinguished intellectual centre without having had any particular ideas or crotchets, religious, political, or literary, to propagate. It differed in this, as in so many other notable points, from the salons of the eighteenth century, which, one and all, were tribunes or schools, leading, or trying to lead, the intellectual movement of the day. Indeed, this pretension

did not vanish with the century. From Madame de Rambouillet down even to Madame du Cayla, there was a *canapé doctrinaire*, on which the lady of the house sat : one while legislating with the *puristes* and deciding the gender of a noun ; another while “ making philosophy ” with the encyclopædists, playing at diplomacy, giving an impulse to religion or unbelief, directing the political current towards revolution or restoration. No such vexing problems or am-

bitious aims troubled the tenor of Madame Mohl's pleasant way. She had no doctrines of any sort to preach. Opinions she had, and she "stuck to them" like grim death, but she never attempted to force them on others. All her friends render this testimony to her.

The Duc de Broglie, than whom there are few more experienced and competent judges on the point, gives me the following sympathetic appreciation of Madame Mohl and her salon: "It presented a most original character; one which, I fear, no other will ever reproduce. If she succeeded in bringing together without collision, and even without *gêne*, persons who did not habitually seek one another, and that nothing drew naturally together, it was no doubt because she did not attempt to impose any systematic opinions on them. I don't believe that her mind had formed any definite ideas on any subject; but her true instincts and generous sentiments, expressed in a most piquant manner, gave to her conversation, whatever turn it took, a charm peculiarly her own. What might have wounded, coming from another, pleased and amused in her. Her extreme kindness, her *total* absence of pretension, a forgetfulness of herself that was visible even in the neglect of her personal appearance, made it impossible to take amiss anything she said. It is exceedingly difficult to appreciate Madame Mohl's peculiar kind of merit without having known her, and it is still more difficult to describe it."

The foreign element which formed a distinct attraction in this interesting salon was one of the conspicuous reasons for its being regarded as neutral ground, where enemies met under a flag of truce. Frenchmen whom, as the Duc de Broglie observes, nothing drew naturally together, and who would never have gone to meet one another, went without scruple or reluctance to meet Tourguenieff, Ranke, Dean Stanley, and other remarkable men of various nationalities. Dean

Stanley was Madame Mohl's chief friend in England. They first met in a thunderstorm on the Lake of Como, where M. and Madame Mohl were staying with the Marquis d'Areonati. The Dean and Mrs. Stanley, his mother, sought refuge at the hospitable Italian villa, and were there introduced to the Mohls. Madame Mohl used to say that it was a case of love at first sight between her and the Dean. It was a faithful love, on both sides, at any rate. Later, Mrs. Stanley was passing through Paris, and wrote to a friend, inviting her to come and spend the evening, "to meet" — so ran the note — "a most amusing woman, whom I am going to trot out this season in London." This amusing woman was Madame Mohl, and on this occasion she fully justified the designation. M. de Tocqueville, an old friend of hers, was there, and these two kept up a fire of wit and repartee that was almost bewildering from its brilliancy.

In the year 1856, as far as I can ascertain, Madame Mohl went to London, on her first visit to the Stanleys. The "trotting out" proved a great success. The popularity of the chaperon and the position her family occupied in London society must have secured a gracious reception to any one she presented; but this in itself would not have made Madame Mohl personally popular, nor created for her the warm and admiring friends whom she then gained, and ever afterwards kept, in the Stanleys' circle.

Some years later,¹ Madame Mohl had the good fortune to be the medium of a service to the Dean which, as he was ever ready to remind her, made the happiness of his life.

Lady Elgin had been a very dear friend of Mary Clarke's, in olden times, and Madame Mohl continued this friendship towards her daughters, whom she regarded with a sort of maternal affection. Lady Augusta Bruce was her special favorite, and used to stay with

¹ In 1863.

her often in Paris. Dean Stanley met Lady Augusta for the first time at dinner at the Rue du Bac, and was so charmed with her that he said afterward, "If I were in a mind to marry, I have seen the woman that would suit me." This meeting was not the result of any sinister design against the Dean's peace of heart on Madame Mohl's side; but she was as proud of the sequel as if she had plotted and planned to bring it about. She always spoke of the marriage as having been made by her; but, in truth, the marriage made itself, growing naturally out of that first meeting. Both the Dean and Lady Augusta were, however, quite willing to let her take the glory of it, and always said they owed their happiness to her. This marriage strengthened the friendship between them, and henceforth a month's visit at the Deanery was a yearly episode that Madame Mohl and they looked forward to with enjoyment. She soon became the delight of the eclectic circle that centred in the hospitable cloisters of Westminster. "Madame Mohl was so amusing and original," says one of Lady Augusta's old friends, "her sayings were so good and her ways so funny, that she was a constant source of entertainment to us all, and we looked forward to her coming every year with impatience."

Madame Mohl was fond of relating an incident that occurred during one of her visits to the Deanery. It was at the time when there was great apprehension of a war breaking out between England and Germany on account of the Danish question. Madame Mohl was sitting in the drawing-room, one morning, reading the Times, which contained the good news that this apprehension was at an end. The leader enlarging upon this termination of public anxiety put her in high good-humor, and just as she had finished it the door was thrown open and the servant announced "The Queen!" An ordinary mortal would

have been a little fluttered by this unexpected presence; but Madame Mohl stood up, and exclaimed triumphantly, "Well, your majesty, we are to have no war!"

"No, thank God! we are to have no war!" was the Queen's hearty rejoinder, and holding out both hands, she sat down beside Madame Mohl, and entered into conversation.

Lady Augusta, meantime, who was dressing, hurried with her toilet, rather anxious as to how Madame Mohl would behave to the sovereign. She found them both chatting away in the most friendly manner, the old lady giving her opinion on the politics of Europe as freely as if her companion had been a mere fellow-creature. Unfortunately, we do not know what impression Madame Mohl produced on the Queen, but no one was left in ignorance of the impression her majesty produced on Madame Mohl. She always spoke of her as "that dear woman, the Queen." If she had not found the Queen a dear woman, she would not have said it. She was extremely loyal, but her incapacity for being influenced by mere rank would have made it simply impossible for her to recognize in the crowned majesty of England anything but a woman, when it came to meeting her mind to mind and talking to her. Not all the virtue of all the martyrs, nor all the blood of all the Howards, could have propitiated her into liking any one who lacked *esprit* and a certain charm. If she had not found these in the sovereign, she would have relegated her amongst other less exalted personages, of whom she said, "Excellent, my dear, I have no doubt, — excellent; but I never want to see them again." She often wished to see the Queen again.

Mrs. Ritchie (*née* Thackeray) tells me of another meeting with royalty at the Deanery: "Prince Leopold, then a boy, was brought in to be introduced to Madame Mohl. Most of the people

present were bowing and scraping, but she put out her hand, and said, 'I am an old woman, my dear, so I can't get up, but I am very glad to know you;' and she went on talking to him most charmingly."

There was no want of respect in this *sans gêne*, as the young prince apparently understood. Nobody ever took offense at her odd ways; and they were sometimes exceedingly odd. "I remember," Mrs. Ritchie relates, "two of my cousins going to see her in Paris, and on coming back describing her as sitting like a little old fairy on the mantelpiece of her drawing-room chimney, and entertaining them quite composedly." She never sat on the mantelpiece at the Deanery, though she was as much at home there as in any house but her own.

The Stanleys generally paid the Mohls a little visit every year at the Rue du Bac, occupying that upper room, above their hosts' own apartment, which was placed so constantly at the disposal of English friends. Lady Augusta was extremely popular in French society; few Englishwomen were ever more so. Those who knew her at the Rue du Bac still speak of her with kindly warmth: "*Lady Augusta Stanley, la plus aimable des femmes, la grâce et la bonté mêmes.*"

The Stanleys' last visit to the Mohls was in 1875, when Lady Augusta fell ill, and was detained two months under their roof. Madame Mohl was too inexperienced a nurse to be very helpful in a sick-room, and her excitability and outspoken dismay at this prolonged illness in the house were misleading to many who did not know how to discount her exaggerated manner of expressing herself under strong feeling of any kind. But Dean Stanley always took the right measure of it, and ever retained the liveliest sense of gratitude for her genuine affection and kindness during that trying time. He used to relate with great humor how, one day, as the doctor was going down from Lady

Augusta, Madame Mohl ran out and called after him: "Doctor, if you have anything to say, mind you say it to me; it is no use telling the Dean, for the Dean is a fool." Both he and Lady Augusta laughed heartily over this characteristic testimony of Madame Mohl to his practical intelligence.

It was said of Madame Mohl that she was more popular in England than in France. She certainly was more consistently amiable there. Her friends used to say that she was on her best behavior in England. There is no doubt that, though she admired and enjoyed so many things essential to French life and character, she loved England and the English best. She took no account of nationality in her friends, but, as a people, the English had the first place in her heart. The Germans she admired and respected individually, rather than liked as a nation.

M. Jules Simon, in giving me some interesting recollections of Madame Mohl, says:—

"Speaking one day of the three nations and their characteristics, she said to me that she had learned very quickly to discern a gentleman, *un homme distingué*, in France or in England; she never made a mistake, but recognized one at a glance; whereas the distinguishing lines long escaped her with regard to Germans, and even after long habit and observation it sometimes happened that she made mistakes."

It was a notion of Madame Mohl's that one should take the predominant point in the national character, and use it as a handle in dealing with the people. Once in a London drawing-room I heard her deliver herself of the following sentiments, apropos of the race of cabmen: "In London, I always appeal to their sense of duty; that is the best pump-handle to take hold of in this country. In Paris, I flatter the *cocher de fiacre*; you must always flatter that

class in France, if you do not want them to be insolent. Vanity is the predominant characteristic of the French, and that is what you must work with."

A trait that she dearly appreciated in English character was the prevailing kindness to animals. She was very tender-hearted to our dumb fellow-servants, and this feeling was a source of constant distress to her in Paris, where, in spite of the improvement which of late years has taken place in the relations between man and his beast, the sight of carters goading and beating the patient horses, that strain and pant under heavy loads, is still too often seen. She loved people who loved animals. "Do, pray," she writes to Madame Scherer, "find out who wrote the article in the Temps (January 19, 1869) about the dog, and also about the cat, and tell me, that I may love him by his name. I think it must be the same who often writes about animals. Mr. Mohl and I have a great *tendresse* for him."

She never took a cab when she could possibly avoid it, it so distressed her to see the cabmen (in Paris) beating their horses; but she always rode in omnibuses with satisfaction, because "those dear men never beat their animals." Madame Mohl was one of the early members of the Victoria Street Society for the protection of animals, and her name was one of the first on the list when the Anti-Vivisection Society was established in Paris.

The only household pet she ever had was a large Persian cat. Pussy was an important member of the family. She had her supper every evening in the drawing-room, but sometimes on Friday evenings she was forgotten, or kept waiting; she would then take it, uninvited, out of the milk-jug. One evening a lady, who was not accustomed to the ways of the house, exclaimed to M. Mohl, "Oh, see! The cat is lapping up the milk!" "Yes, she is making a good little supper," said the kindly

old *savant* complacently; and he went on with the conversation.

Homely and comical touches like these — the cat free of the tea-tray, the kettle boiling on the hearth — contributed, no doubt, to invest Madame Mohl's salon with that original character which the Duc de Broglie fears we shall never see reproduced in any other. The humorous eccentricity that reigned there, while adding in one way to the charm which made itself felt by all, young and old, the grand seigneur and the student, perhaps explains also why this brilliant centre was said never to "inspire" those who frequented it. Undoubtedly, it did not. Madame Mohl did not aim at inspiring people. The clever men who enjoyed her conversation did not carry away from it a speech ready made for Parliament, or the material for a new book, or a stinging pamphlet, as they used to do from Madame de Staël, for instance. Madame Mohl wrought none of these wonders. Hers was not the electric touch that stirred to utterance what was deepest and best in others. People did not go to her for inspiration, as they did to the author of *Corinne*, nor to have their wounds bound up and the elixir of life poured out to them, as they did to Madame Swetchine; they went simply to be amused and delighted, and in this they were seldom disappointed. Madame Mohl gave them what they came for, and sent them away pleased with the consciousness of having been seen at their best, and of having thoroughly enjoyed *themselves*, — that expressive phrase that is so strangely misapplied in its general use.

Yet, though she never imposed her opinions, it would not be quite true to say that she never tried to exert influence. There was one select province where she did strive, and very vigorously, to exercise it. This was the Academy. Every election to a vacant chair amongst the Forty was a signal for a general moving of the forces in the Rue

du Bac. Many a droll story might be told of these recurring contests.

When the *fièvre verte*, the longing to get into the green coat of the Immortals, seized upon any of her friends, Madame Mohl was among the first to detect symptoms of the malady, and, if the case looked hopeful, no one was more zealous in promoting the cure. But this was a critical time for the rest of her friends. They were, of course, expected to favor her candidate, and it required no mean skill to shirk doing this and to avoid quarreling with her. Even so able a diplomatist as Guizot sometimes found it difficult to perform the feat. He was, however, peculiarly circumstanced. Among his dearest friends was a lady who also took a lively interest in academical elections, and whose salon, though less prominent and cosmopolitan than Madame Mohl's, was in its special way a charming and distinguished centre. It seemed a law of nature, so regularly did the coincidence present itself, that these two ladies protected rival candidates. M. Guizot could not side with both, and the diplomatic skill he displayed in navigating between the Scylla and Charybdis of these stormy waters was a source of boundless admiration to those who were looking on at the match.

The following letter to Ampère shows what an active canvasser Madame Mohl was, and how expert in pulling the wires of the academical coterie.

"April 5, 1859.

"I dined yesterday at the Princess Belgiojoso's, and M. Mignet was quite beside himself on account of a nomination to his Academy. M. Baude, who was free,¹ gave in his resignation in order to become a candidate. Mignet, if he did not exhort him to do it, at least approved and egged him on. They had the promise of twenty-five votes, when

lo and behold, a certain Magne (a minister) comes forward, and *notre monsieur* helps him and gets all the votes he can for him. The nomination comes off in a fortnight. We are all in despair not to have M. de Tocqueville and M. de Beaumont here, for one or two votes would save us; and everybody has expressed such a desire that you should go and see M. de Tocqueville, in order that the other might come, that I take it on myself to entreat you to do so.

"M. de Corcelles was there, and said that if you went to Cannes Beaumont would come, but not otherwise. As to Mignet, it made one ill to see him. With his calm, honest nature, he was reproaching himself, and, though he tried to contain himself, he let out that if Baude were not elected he would resign his place of secretary; and he seems capable of it. The princess is in a frantic state about it, for this is all he has to live on! I, who have seen M. Fauriel in a similar case, — I know what these calm natures are capable of. My dear M. Ampère, if you could take this little trip to Cannes, you would, in the first place, give immense pleasure to M. de Tocqueville. I know that another friendship detains you, but you travel about so readily that you would not mind absenting yourself for a week or two. Think about it. You may, perhaps, regret if you don't consent. Your friend in Rome has father, mother, and husband. You can return to her; she is young, and Madame de Tocqueville is in a sad state of health.

"I venture to speak to you as an old, a very old friend. If you do this, I am certain you will be glad of it later, and your friends here will be eternally grateful to you."

It was too late for M. de Tocqueville to move in the matter. He was dying at the time. He never left Cannes, but

¹ There are, and have been from the beginning, a certain number of *Academiciens libres*, that is, honorary members, who receive no salary, and

have not the right to vote at the academical elections.

died there on the 16th of April, eleven days after this letter was written. In spite of his absence and the powerful protection of "notre monsieur," as Madame Mohl calls the Emperor, Baron Baude's election was carried; the Imperial favor did not prove strong enough to force the minister of finance on the reluctant Academy.

The excitement of an election has a sweetness known only to those who have tasted it; few were more fitted to enjoy this than Madame Mohl. Her special genius found here a fine field of operation. While the contest lasted, the salon of the Rue du Bac was like the headquarters of an army before the engagement. All day long there were comings and goings in hot haste, notes were being sent to and fro, and the air was full of the smell of battle. And what rejoicings there were when the right man won!¹

Many remember the delight Madame Mohl showed when Père Lacordaire was named one of the Forty. It was a personal joy to her that her valued friend, the noble and sympathetic De Tocqueville, should be replaced by the great Dominican orator, and that the latter should be welcomed to the vacant chair by another dear friend, Guizot. She was greatly excited by this election on all accounts. "What a wonderful thing it is," she kept saying, "to see Guizot, a Protestant, receiving a monk into the Academy! What will he say to him? Many were asking the same question. The event was calculated to excite a deeper interest than any stirred by personal or party feeling, evoking, as

it did, memories of the long past, and of more recent but bitter strife between the causes which these two champions represented. Guizot gave utterance to the general feeling in the opening words of his discourse, when, pointing to the majestic figure in the Dominican cowl, he exclaimed, "Monsieur,² what should we two have had to say to one another six hundred years ago?"

One incident occurred on this memorable occasion which marred Madame Mohl's satisfaction. The Empress, as a daughter of the house of Guzman, which honors St. Dominick as its purest glory, and as a mark of respect for the cause represented by Père Lacordaire, chose to be present at his reception. The great Dominican had not spoken since his stupendous sermon at St. Roch, after the *coup d'état*, which drew on him the Imperial displeasure and a sentence condemning him to silence. The present opportunity for breaking the silence was not one that was congenial to him; neither the place, the audience, nor the circumstance was calculated to inspire him. His hand was accustomed to strike deeper chords than any he might awaken in the academical precincts. He was eloquent, inevitably, but it was not the eloquence that had called out the echoes of Notre Dame and shaken souls to their centre; he was out of his element. Guizot, on the contrary, was in his natural place and sphere, and shone out at his best. On leaving the tribune, the Empress, who had never heard either of the speakers before, is said to have remarked, "J'y laisse une illusion et un préjugé."

¹ When M. Laprade was elected, Madame Mohl wrote to Ampère:—

"I never saw a man so improved by the election as he is. He is no longer the same being. He is gay, talkative, sprightly; he who used to have such a melancholy air is completely transfigured. His father is coming up from Lyons to be present at the reception: he is seventy-eight, and has not been in Paris for thirty years. It will be a great family festival. . . . Oh, I do love the *Institut*!"

The Institut comprises the five Academies:

Académie des Beaux Arts, Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, Académie des Sciences (exactes), Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, and Académie Française, that is, of the Forty Immortals, an assembly in which every form of intellectual greatness is supposed to be represented.

² *Monsieur* is the academical formula used towards all members, without distinction of rank or calling, — to a royal prince, a monk, a bishop, or a man of letters indiscriminately.

Madame's Mohl's detestation of the Empire and all connected with it was marked by her habitual exaggeration in loving and hating. Anything that exposed the iniquities of the *régime* and its "*suppôts de Satan*,"—her generic term for every functionary in the Imperial service, from the prime minister down to the exciseman,—anything that threw odium or ridicule on "*Celui-ci*," was welcome to her as flowers in May.

One Friday evening, at the Rue du Bac, M. Guizot came in, and related the following story that he had just heard:—

A relation of the Duchesse de R—— had married one of those "*suppôts de Satan*," and had further degraded herself by living under the roof with *Celui-ci*. The unhappy lady had become from that time forth, naturally, as one dead to her kith and kin in the noble Faubourg. But she was now ill, dying it was believed, and it was a fit occasion for the exercise of mercy. The family therefore resolved to send her to judgment absolved at least by the Faubourg St. Germain. The duchess herself generously volunteered to take this message of pardon to her dying relative. She ordered her carriage, and said to the footman, "*Aux Tuileries!*" The man stared, but carried the order to the coachman; whereupon that venerable functionary, who had driven three generations of R——s, got down from his seat, and, presenting himself at the carriage window, said, "*Madame la Duchesse, I cannot have the honor of conducting your grace to the Tuileries; my horses do not know the way there.*"

Madame Mohl clapped her hands in delight, exclaiming, "*And the duchess kissed the old coachman?*"

"No," said M. Guizot, "but she got out of her carriage, and sent for a cab."

Madame Mohl lived on this story for a week, and so did her friends.

"The present state of things makes me so sick," she writes to Madame

Scherer, apropos of the Empire, "that I can hardly digest my victuals. I should not eat at all if I thought much about it, so I think of something else, and read travels in South America."

One day a friend was waiting for her in the drawing-room, when she came flying out of M. Mohl's study, holding up her arms, and crying out, "*And to think that I don't know how to shoot!*" This murderous outburst had been provoked by some fresh proof of the wickedness of *Celui-ci*.

"If my friend Lady Eastlake is in London, I shall stay a bit with her," she writes as late as 1880. "I shall see Kinglake, who wrote the Crimean War. I'm fond of the man; he hated L. Nap. I took great, great interest in that business, but it was ill-managed, and cost us a large quantity of good honest soldiers. May be it mortified the Czar, but I don't think it did much good besides."

A common hate to Napoleon III. once gained Madame Mohl an acquaintance that was a source of pride and pleasure to her. In 1856 M. de Montalembert wrote a pamphlet entitled *Un Débat sur l'Inde*, the subject of which was the institutions of England, her queen, her people, and her liberty. The writer sounded the praises of all these things in a political fugue of impassioned eloquence, the counter-note of which was an overwhelming condemnation of the Empire, its head, its institutions, and its annihilation of liberty. Europe rang with the applause evoked by the brilliant publication. M. de Montalembert was put on his trial for an attempt to excite disaffection toward the Imperial government. It was a splendid spectacle, the knight throwing down the gauntlet to Cæsar, and doing battle single-handed against all the forces of the Empire. While the trial lasted, M. de Montalembert was the cynosure of the nations and the first gentleman in France. Judgment, of course, was given against him. He was condemned to three months' imprison-

ment and a fine of three thousand francs. The moment this sentence was delivered it was telegraphed far and wide, and there flashed back in response congratulations to M. de Montalembert, offers to pay the fine, and promises to come and visit him in his prison. The latter were so numerous that it was reported at high quarters that "if a tithe of them were fulfilled the streets adjoining the prison would be blocked."

The Emperor, who had been ill-advised enough to allow the trial, was too wise, however, to incur further ridicule by letting the sentence be carried out.

M. de Montalembert presented himself and his three thousand francs, the next morning, at the prison. But the jailer would accept neither.

"I cannot take your money," he said, "and I cannot take you. I have no orders."

"But I have been condemned by the Tribunal to this fine and to imprisonment."

"Show me your *billet d'écrou*."

"I have not got one."

"Then I cannot take you in."

"But you can see in the *Moniteur* that I have been condemned."

"I never read the *Moniteur*. If you want to get taken in here, you must first get a *billet d'écrou*;" and with this, the jailer shut the wicket in the convict's face.

There was nothing for M. de Montalembert to do but to come away. The story was all over Paris the next day, and added a sort of humorous artistic touch to the whole affair.

Madame Mohl had been intensely wrought up by the incident, by admiration for the eloquent hymn of praise to England, and by the chivalrous bearing of the author during the trial; but this crowning ridicule which the comedy at

the prison gate had thrown on Celui-ci so overjoyed her that she put on her bonnet and went off to No. 40 in the same street to make the hero's acquaintance and wish him joy. In a trice they were friends. Her detestation of Napoleon III. amused M. de Montalembert immensely.

"The vile villain! I hate him so that it makes me quite uncomfortable!" she protested, with a little stamp of her foot.¹

Her enthusiasm for the great Catholic champion did not pass away with the event which had so excited it. M. de Montalembert's visits to the Rue du Bac were red-letter days ever after, and during the long last illness that confined him to his room she was often admitted to see him, and always cheered him by her clever, sympathetic, and original talk.

Madame Mohl was, in spite of her dislike of the Emperor and consistent avoidance of all his *entourage*, on affectionate terms with a lady who was his friend and occasionally his guest. M. Mohl's father had been, as it has been said, minister of the King of Würtemberg. His daughter, Princess Sophie, now Queen of Holland, had always had a great regard for Julius Mohl, and when he married she extended this kindly feeling to his wife. The King of Holland also liked them both exceedingly, and when staying at the Tuileries would run off to enjoy quiet talks with his learned friend in the Rue du Bac. M. Mohl was as strong an Anti-Imperialist as his wife, though less demonstrative on the subject than she. Once, however, in speaking of Napoleon III. to the King, he called him such very hard names that the King protested. "Hold, my dear Mohl," said his majesty. "There is an *esprit de corps* amongst our set, not the same horror of this war; it might turn out a very good thing for us. Who knows? I am like Camille, and provided we got rid of Horace the last of the Romans might draw his last breath. All the same, I should die of the joy of it!"

¹ When Napoleon III. was making ready for the Italian campaign, Madame Mohl wrote to Ampère, "We are all against the war here; every one is anxious, every one is suffering from it. For my part, as I have but one desire, I have

too ; and besides, I am his guest. I can't hear you say these things of him."

"Very well, sire," said M. Mohl. "Disons canaille, et n'en parlons plus!"

When Queen Sophie came alone to stay at the Tuileries, in 1869, she asked the Emperor if there were still any salons in Paris. "Yes," replied his majesty, "Madame Mohl has one, but she does not do me the honor of inviting me."

"She has asked me to dine," said the Queen, who had been leading up to this, "but I don't like to accept the invitation, as I am your guest."

"You are not my guest, — you are at home," said the Emperor ; "and I beg as a favor that you go to Madame Mohl's."

The Queen went. The guests invited to meet her, at her own desire, were MM. Thiers, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Mignet, Jules Simon, Prévost-Paradol, and Leopold Ranke. The dinner — a *déjeuner* rather, for it was at twelve o'clock — was less brilliant than might have been expected from the calibre of the guests. They were all strong Anti-Imperialists, and the fact of the Queen's being the guest of the Emperor caused a certain *gêne* which it was impossible to throw off, and this checked the free flow of conversation.

Madame Mohl was, perhaps, the least impressed of all, either by the presence of royalty or by having to entertain a person who was staying at the Pavillon Marsau. When a friend asked her if she was not anxious about the *menu*, Madame Mohl replied, "My dear, I will give her a lobster ; my cook does it very well." A lobster with mayonnaise sauce was to her the *ne plus ultra* of good things.

The only survivors of those who feasted on this particular lobster are her dear and faithful friends, M. St. Hilaire and M. Jules Simon. The latter recalls with amusement how Mignet, who arrived in full evening dress, white cravat, etc., was in great trouble about getting

home, — for it was a holiday and there were no cabs to be had, — and was obliged to walk in his fine clothes at three in the afternoon.

Queen Sophie was telling M. Jules Simon of a tour she had just made in the south of France. They had shown her the Viaduct of Rocamadour, but not the Bridge of the Gard. "I told her," he says, "that in that case it was a *partie manquée*, and that she should return immediately and see the Pont du Gard. She replied, 'I can't return this year, but I will next year ; and you must come, too, and you will dine with me in the open air on that Roman bridge.' She fixed the date, and wrote it down in her pocket-book, and made me do the same. But the next year there was no question of pleasure trips, at least for me, or for any one in France."

The Emperor was curious to know how the *déjeuner* had gone off. He asked many questions, and begged the Queen to invite Madame Mohl and her friends to come and lunch with her at the Tuileries. "They would not come to me," he said, "but there is no reason why they should not come to you." Apparently there was, for no one accepted the invitation.

Soon after this famous *déjeuner*, her majesty went one morning to pay the customary "visit of digestion" at the Rue du Bac. Madame Mohl was in her ordinary morning costume, — a costume once seen, never to be forgotten, — busy dusting the drawing-room, after having counted out the linen that had just come home and was spread out on the dining-room table, visible through the open folding-doors. Suddenly, the Queen and her suite were shown in. The old lady quietly laid down her feather-duster, and, beautifully unconscious of herself and her toilet, went forward to greet her majesty. The company sat down, and Madame Mohl chatted away as pleasantly as usual.

A friend to whom she related the ad-

venture, half an hour after it had occurred, remarked that she must have been terribly embarrassed at being caught in such a plight.

"Not a bit, my dear," said Madame Mohl, — "I did n't mind it in the least; no more did the Queen. Her lady did, I dare say, and that fine gentleman who walks after her with the keys looked dreadfully disgusted; but I could see the Queen was laughing at it all in her sleeve."

Both M. and Madame Mohl were genuinely hospitable, and their hospitality was simple and natural, as they were themselves, and free from the smallest taint of display. The *bonne*, in her white cap and apron, waited at table, except on extraordinary occasions, when a man was had in. They had a good cook, clever at that old-fashioned *cuisine bourgeoise* that, like other good things, is disappearing gradually from the face of the land. There was no attempt at fine dishes, but everything was excellent, and there was plenty of it; "enough, even, for a hungry schoolboy," says a venerable Academician, who from youth to age was an honored guest at that hospitable board, "and you felt heartily welcome."

It sometimes happened that Madame Mohl's hospitality outran her space, and if a dinner, owing to some particular circumstance, promised to be very interesting she would invite more people than she had room for. But neither they nor she minded this. When all the seats were taken, she would say to the supernumeraries, "You can sit down, and wait till the others are done, and then you shall have your dinner." And they were quite content to do so. As M. St. Hilaire says, you never thought about the dinner; you were thinking of the *fête d'esprit* that was going to be served.

Surely it was to the credit of Parisian society that it was so, and that people

were so eager for invitations to a table where the only excess they were likely to indulge in was a *gourmandise d'esprit*. Were the wits and savants of the eighteenth century more material than those of the nineteenth? It would almost seem so, if we compare Madame Mohl's simple, wholesome dinner-parties with the Lucullus-like banquets that Madame Geoffrin and Madame Du Deffand used to spread for the same class of guests. Madame Du Deffand considered that supper was one of the four last ends of man, and, acting on this principle, she took infinite pains to make her *petits soupers* worthy of their important mission; while Madame Geoffrin studied the secrets of the Epicureans, in order that modern philosophers might fare as daintily at her table as the Greek poets and sages did in ancient times.

Madame Mohl, beyond ordering a good and abundant meal, gave little thought to the mere material details of her entertainments; but she took great pains with the intellectual menu. She would give time and thought and personal trouble to provide for each guest intellectually what he would most enjoy, and would carefully consider whether this person would like to meet the other, and to sit next So-and-So. Her great preoccupation was the combining of congenial elements for all in general and particular.

Her dear friend, Ampère, was the most "invited" man of his day, and it was, in consequence, difficult to secure him. Samson, the actor, had expressed a great desire to meet him, and Madame Mohl, who had taken a fancy to Samson, determined to procure him this pleasure. After sounding Ampère, she writes to him: —

"I forgot yesterday to remind you that you told me you would be glad to dine with Samson. *Souvent femme varie*; but if you, a man, are above this, I should like to know what day would suit you this next week. My dear M.

Ampère, do me this pleasure, and the pleasure of giving pleasure to Samson, for whom I have a particular weakness. He is such a *galant homme* in his literary opinions; for I maintain that there is a point of honor in literary opinions as in all others. I don't know his character, *à fond*; but all that I hear him say about art, especially about his own, is in such good taste and so noble that I want very much to cultivate him. Now, it will be a first-rate opportunity to have him come and dine with you, who are a true critic. So write me three nice little very legible words, saying you will come."

Ampère did go, and the dinner was a most delightful one.

Mrs. Gaskell wanted to meet M. de Tocqueville, and Madame Mohl again appealed to Ampère to help her to gratify this wish:—

"Can you come and dine on Wednesday, to meet Mrs. Gaskell, who adores you? They tell me (Mr. Senior tells me) that M. de Tocqueville is in Paris without Madame. Will you ask him to come with you? If Madame is here and would come, I shall be charmed. But I beg of you to arrange this, if it be impossible; to ask you to do what is possible would be to fall short of my high opinion of you."

She had a comical habit of taking notes, after each little dinner, of the way her guests had behaved: "M. X—— took no trouble to make himself agreeable. Madame Y—— was grumpy: sha'n't ask her in a hurry again. M. Z—— went away too soon: very rude of him. M. A—— was delightful," and so on.

The sums of money lavished on eating and drinking at dinner-parties excited Madame Mohl's indignation, both as a vulgar display on the part of the hosts, and as underrating people's capacity for enjoying worthier things. Some one enlarging, in her presence, on the "splendid hospitality" of a very rich

family in Paris, she retorted furiously, "Hospitality! Humph! Purse-pride and ostentation,—that's what it is! Those people don't care a button about offering hospitality to their friends; they are only thinking of showing off their money, and being called stylish. I can't abide such people!" The lamentations of others, who refrained from exercising hospitality according to their means, on the plea that they could not do so properly, were just as peremptorily snubbed. "Why should not you suppose a friend as ready to eat a good plain dinner at your table as at his own?" she asked of one of these grumblers. "It is vanity and purse-pride that prevent people being hospitable, half the time. Why should we think it necessary to provide our friends with ten times as much to eat and drink as they are in the habit of having at home?" Dinner-parties were opportunities for talk, the means, not the end; they were a kind of intellectual picnic, to which every one brought a contribution towards the common meal. *Esprit*, not eating and drinking, was the bait that lured people to her board.

With all her tact and her care to draw congenial spirits together, Madame Mohl could not prevent them from occasionally disagreeing; but these little movements generally had no worse result than to exercise her wit and cleverness. One Friday evening, in 1860 (before that memorable one that has been mentioned), Madame Ristori was presented to a lady bearing one of the most illustrious of contemporary Catholic names. They sat down together on a sofa, and one who was present recalls the look of intense admiration which the *grande dame* bent on the beautiful actress as she conversed with her. They chatted very cordially for a time; then some evil spirit brought the Italian situation on the tapis, and the Comtesse de M——, with the warmth of a loyal Catholic, denounced Garibaldi's inva-

sion and the wrongs committed against the Holy See. Madame Ristori, whose sympathies on the Liberal side were equally strong, fired up in defense of the United Italy movement, and with that incomparable gesture that had thrilled a larger audience the previous evening, "Ah, madame," she exclaimed, "I admire Pius IX., but I am an Italian before all things!"

Every eye was turned on the two ladies, and the excited salon was wondering what was going to happen, when Madame Mohl, like a beneficent fairy, stepped in, and entreated Madame Ristori to fulfill her promise of reciting something. The latter, with equal tact and grace, at once consented, and declaimed a passage from the *Paradiso*¹ with admirable power and pathos.

Madame Mohl was known to all the world as a *femme d'esprit*, but to those who knew her best she was better than this; she was essentially a *femme de cœur*. She was always a very economical person, and in later years economy had degenerated into something very near avarice, the result in a measure of mental decay; but only those who were the objects of her kindness knew how much real generosity had always redeemed this tendency, even in the days when her means were limited. One or two instances will illustrate this.

¹ Madame Mohl had a passionate admiration for the *Divina Commedia*, having been inoculated in youth with the worship of Dante by Fauriel. "I would give both my languages to understand Dante's language with the ease I have in French, which I know better than English," she writes to a friend; "but even chewing and chewing him, as the birds do to get at the kernel of a grain of millet, he is the greatest genius in the world."

² Those who have read J. J. Ampère's letters, etc., will be familiar with the name of this charming friend of his. It was somewhere about 1855 that Madame Mohl wrote to Ampère this letter, which, with many others, has been confided to me by Madame Cheuvreux:—

"You said you would introduce me to Madame Cheuvreux. I now summon you to keep your word. If you are too busy, tell me her day, her hour, and if she will have me I will go and see

her. She met at the house of Madame Cheuvreux² a lady who gained her livelihood by copying manuscripts. Madame Mohl heard that she was very poor, and, being always exceedingly gracious to persons in a dependent or trying position, she asked this lady to come and see her. The lady did, and was very kindly received. Presently Madame Mohl left the room abruptly, and, coming back, stuffed something into her muff. "Carry this away," she said, "and say nothing about it. Come soon again to see me; I may have some work for you." Another visitor was announced, so the lady took leave. On examining the contents of her muff she found a roll of three hundred francs in gold.

Madame Cheuvreux relates another delicate trait of Madame Mohl's generosity:—

One morning, at eight o'clock, Madame Cheuvreux's servant, a new footman, came to say that "there was a poor woman in the hall who desired to see Madame." The poor woman proved to be Madame Mohl. "My dear," she said, "the sale of —'s *atelier* takes place to-day at two o'clock, and you must run all over the place and make everybody come to it; they must buy up everything, and pay good prices, for the money is wanted." Madame Cheuvreux promised to do what

her. Life is short, and I hate putting off. There is a lady who used to say to her husband, 'Or, cela, je veux entrer dans mon avenir tout de suite.' Her hair is white, and he is always saying to her, 'We will keep this for our *avenir*.' I think that saying of hers ought to become an axiom. I adopt it. I have lots of gray hairs; I won't pull them out; I won't be plucked, as I see many ladies are; and I want to do and to have *immediately* whatever I want to do and to have. I love you. I tell you I do. You are an ingrate. Never mind. One must make the best of the friends one has."

She did enter immediately into the enjoyment of this future, and found in Madame Cheuvreux a warmth of response which made it easy to do so. The proverbial hospitality of Stars was a source of great pleasure to M. and Madame Mohl in happy days, and a refuge to the survivor when these were past.

she could. Madame Mohl was with difficulty persuaded to take a cup of coffee before hurrying away to beat up other buyers, and she was running all over Paris till the hour of the sale, at which she arrived punctually. When it was over Madame Cheuvreux offered to take her home. She hesitated a moment, but accepted, and was followed to the carriage by two porters bearing boxes and parcels, which were piled up on the vacant seat. "My dear," she explained, "you won't say anything about it, but I have bought up a few

things that I know Madame holds to, and I will send them to her when all this business is over." She had spent nearly two thousand francs in this act of kindness to the friend of her youth, the beautiful Louise —, now an aged widow in straitened circumstances. They had come together again after long years of estrangement, the immediate cause of their reconciliation being some injustice committed against Louise's husband by the government, which aroused Madame Mohl's bitterest indignation and warmest sympathy.

Kathleen O'Meara.

A RUFFIAN IN FEATHERS.

WE all know Shakespeare's opinion of the "man that hath no music in himself," although we usually misquote it. If this be a fair judgment of the human race, how much more justly may it be said of the bird, to whom we look for the sweetest harmonies of nature!

I do not think his best friend will claim that the common house sparrow has the soul of music in him; certainly not if he has ever been wakened in a glorious dawn by the indescribable jangle of harsh sounds which constitute this bird's only morning hymn, at the hour when every bird in the woods, from the noble singers of the thrush family down to the least chipping sparrow, is greeting the new day in his most musical fashion.

The matin song of the house sparrow, in which he indulges unsparingly, being of similar quality, harmonizes perfectly with the jarring sounds of man's contriving: the clatter of iron-shod wheels over city pavements, the war-whoop of the ferocious milkman, the unearthly cries of the venders, and above all the junk-man's pandemonium of "bells jangled out of tune." The harshest cries

of our native birds, if not always musical in themselves, seem at least to accord in some way with sounds of nature. The house sparrow alone is entirely discordant, — the one bird without a pleasing note, whose very love-song is an unmusical squeak. Nor is his appearance more interesting than his voice, and on looking into his manners and customs we discover most unlovely characteristics.

One cannot help watching bird-life, however ignoble, which goes on within sight. Sparrows have long been my neighbors, and I have observed many phases of their life, — combats, brawls, forcible divorce, and persecution of the unfortunate. A day or two ago I saw a murder "most foul," and now, while indignation stirs my blood, I will chronicle the ruffian's monstrous deeds.

Near my window is a Norway spruce which this spring I regretted to see selected by a pair of sparrows for one of their clumsy, straggling nests, to which they brought rubbish of all sorts and colors, from hay of the street to carpet ravelings from the spring house-cleaning, till the tree was greatly disfigured.

I do not know how many broods have been raised there, but on the 6th of July I was attracted by cries of infant distress, mingled with harsh parental scolding. On looking out I saw great excitement in the spruce: the mother hopping about with an air of anxiety; the father scolding his loudest, and making constant raids to drive away intrusive neighbors who collected in the next tree. An opera-glass brought the scene near, and I saw at once the cause of the trouble. A nestling had entangled one foot in the edge of the nest, and hung head downwards, calling loudly for help. The mother was evidently trying to coax him to "make an effort," while the stern father was uttering dire threats if he did not conduct himself in a more becoming manner. The poor sparrowling struggled bravely, but every attempt ended in failure, and the little fluffy body drooped more wearily after each trial.

A life is a life, if it is but a sparrow's, and so greatly were my sympathies aroused that I would have dispatched human help to the scene of the accident; but the tree was tall and slender, and the only available climber was a young gentleman, who would laugh to scorn the demand. Nothing could be done but watch the movements of the birds.

The mother perched on a lower branch and stood quiet, evidently aware that her lord and master would settle the matter. That choleric individual made one or two attempts to aid the youngster, seizing him by his wide-open mouth, and pulling so violently that I thought he would dismember him. All was of no avail. Neighbors crowded nearer; the tree was loaded with interested spectators, and the father grew more and more irritated, till at last he seemed suddenly seized with an irresistible frenzy. With the harshest "chur-r-r" of which he was capable, he pounced upon that unfortunate infant, seizing him by the throat, burying his bill in his breast, shaking

him as a dog would shake a rat, and in less than thirty seconds dragged him from his hold and dropped him to the ground,—a dead bird.

I was horrified, and so were the other spectators. Once during the operation the mother had tried to interfere, and was told unmistakably to "mind her own business." Several times the male audience attempted to take part,—whether for or against the victim I could only guess,—but were as summarily disposed of. That little incarnate fury was the tyrant of the moment, and worked his own wicked will to the end.

As soon as the tragedy ended every bird disappeared, and the tree was completely deserted, as though accursed. The murderer alone did not leave the neighborhood, but strutted back and forth, on an elm which overlooked the scene of his crime; fluttering his wings, calling loud defiance to all the world, in the greatest excitement for hours. Were there no other youngsters in the nest? Were they left to starve? And where was the mother? As to the first query, I could not be sure. Once during the fray I thought I saw something drop from the nest, and I was obliged to conclude that if there had been another it had fallen victim to a passing cat.

In an hour or two the mother came back, as if to put her house in order and resume her duties, but her spouse had other designs. Whether he resented her interference with his lordly will, or whether the late unpleasantness was attributed to her because of defective training or untidy house-building,—whatever the cause, the fact was patent that he had made up his mind to divorce the partner of his sorrows. She appreciated his intention, as was evident from the cautious way in which she approached, looking around for him, and stealing to the nest, as it were, but was resolved to make every effort to induce in him a better spirit and mollify his rage. She did not seem greatly grieved,

nor in the least angry. She never opened her mouth to answer back the torrent of reproaches with which he greeted her, but instantly retired before his fierce onslaught. Not once did that fiery spirit go to the ground for food, or lose sight of his nest. Most of the time he perched on a branch of the elm, where he could overlook the spruce and be ready for intruders; but occasionally he went by his usual alighting-places to the empty home, clearing out beakfuls of small downy feathers, and apparently setting his house in order.

But the strange little bird-drama, suggestive, alas, of some phases of human passion, was not yet concluded. Many times during the day the divorced spouse came near, as if to survey her late home, and see if her lord was in a more amiable mood; but she found him utterly remorseless, ever on guard to repel all attempts to "make up." When at last, after the long hours of night had calmed his savage temper, his mood did change, it was not to her that he turned for sympathy. He would not forgive, but he had no notion of remaining a pining widower. Before evening the next day he went a-wooing, and there appeared upon the spruce-tree, with the evident purpose of examining the home and assuming possession, a dainty young bird. It had taken that disreputable sparrow less than thirty-six hours to kill his baby, divorce his wife, and woo and bring home a bride!

It may be a matter of surprise that one can distinguish between birds, but it is not at all difficult when their habits are watched closely. I knew the new wife from the old one in two ways: first, the old one, after the labors of bringing up a brood or two, was worn and ragged, while the new-comer was fresh as a daisy, and fluffy and young-looking as a nestling; second, she approached the nest in a different way. It is true of sparrows, however it may be with other birds, that each one has

his special alighting-places, — a certain twig where he first settles, and certain others on which, as a flight of steps, he invariably proceeds to his nest. The mother of the dead infant always came to the home from the right side, and her grim tyrant does so still, but the bride selected a convenient series of twigs on the left side.

It is now four or five days since the crime was committed, and although the new spouse is perfectly at home and settled peace, even to the extent that a sparrow enjoys it, is still a stranger to the spruce-tree nest. I think it is haunted by the discarded mate. Certainly a sparrow, that I have no doubt is she, comes to the neighborhood, and scolds the meek-looking bride and her spouse in most savage fashion. No one resents her performance, and after a moment she goes away.

The sparrow is an autocrat, especially addicted to divorcing his partner upon the smallest pretext. I have elsewhere chronicled two small dramas in sparrow life which I watched from beginning to end. The actors in the first were a pair living in a hole in a maple-tree before my window. For some undiscoverable reason the graceless head of the household decided to make a change in his domestic arrangements, and to begin by divorce. In that case the female had the advantage, since the home was not an open nest, but a castle. She had possession, and kept it for two days, in spite of violent vituperation and the most threatening manner. In this case, also, I observed that she never "talked back," indulged in unseemly scolding, or assumed the offensive in any way. She appeared indifferent to his opinions, but enough attached to her home to endure his annoyances for two days before she tired of the controversy. When at last she accepted her fate and departed, I saw him bring home the bride, as coquettish a young thing as can be imagined, coax her by many wiles to examine the

snug house, follow her about, and finally induce her to take up her residence with him.

The other case was of trouble on the other side. A cock sparrow lost one leg, and his mate, who had nestlings to feed, attempted to divorce him. Several birds appeared upon the scene, evident aspirants for the soon-to-be-vacant place. But the little fellow, though evidently suffering so greatly that several times he appeared to be dying, never failed to revive and attack with fury every pretender, and after a day or two of this conflict was able to resume his duties as assistant provider for the little ones, when his spouse amiably "kissed and made up." All through the trouble she never displayed temper. She refused him admission into the honeysuckle vine, where the nest was; but she would come out and alight near him on the window-sill, talk to him calmly, reproach him, evidently, reminding him of the babies to feed, and he not able to help. To these remarks he made little reply.

As I said, the sparrow is a domestic tyrant, brooking no opposition. I have never observed a case in which the hen had her own way. He is so great a bully, so self-willed and violent, that, whatever the cause of disagreement, he holds out with dogged obstinacy till he gets his will. In one case there was difference of opinion as to the site for a nest; he wishing to occupy an empty cottage of man's providing, while she, with finer instinct, had decided upon a charming crotch in an evergreen tree. At first she opposed him strongly, scattering the material he brought, throwing the choicest bits to the winds, while he stormed and scolded, and — brought more. In the intervals between thwarting his plans, she would accumulate materials in the chosen tree. He scorned to touch them; he simply ignored her designs, and proceeded with obstinacy almost sublime to bring, and bring, and

bring, till she was worn out, gave up, and accepted the cottage at last.

The female sparrow is a modest little soul, any way, as might be expected in one always "kept down," and so outshrieked by her mate that she is rarely heard. Next to the tree which the murderer considers his own is another spruce, which for some reason is very attractive to the hens, who search among the twigs and take something in their mouths, whether insect or part of the vegetable growth I am unable to say positively. Whatever it may be, it has no interest for the masculine sparrow. There are often as many as a dozen females there at once, and I have been delighted with this opportunity to observe them apart from their obstreperous spouses, who are so self-assertive that they give their mates no chance at all. I find that their voices are less harsh than the male tones. Their chatter among themselves is quite soft, as is also their "baby talk," which I hear when a mother has her young family out. The most pleasing sound I ever noticed from one of the house-sparrow tribe was from a solitary female on that tree. She kept up a continual soliloquy, gentle, almost sweet. It was not a call; simply a little talk with herself.

One of the most familiar habits of this graceless bird is his delight in a mob. No sooner does anything occur to disturb the even tenor of sparrow life, whether a domestic skirmish, the first outing of a young family, or some danger to a nest, than a crowd collects, not only as interested spectators, but quite ready and willing to take a hand in any sport or crime that is going; not only a hand, but a voice as well. Loud cries always announce when a rabble is at work. Whether, as is declared by some observers, they drive away our native birds by this means I am not sure. I have seen them annoy the cat-bird, the robin, and the Baltimore oriole, but in each case they were put to flight

by the native bird ; though no doubt the experience is sufficiently disagreeable to induce either of these birds to select a more retired neighborhood for nest-building. I once noticed the same tactics successfully applied to a cat which climbed up among the nests.

An amusing instance in which the birds were worsted took place under my eye last summer. Hearing the usual outcry one morning, I looked out, and saw a great crowd of sparrows perched on the branches of a tall maple-tree, shrieking at the top of their voices, craning their necks, and hopping ever nearer to one of the houses so kindly provided for their use. It was not one of the four-story hotel arrangements with which we disfigure our trees, but a single cottage, with room for but one couple, and it was quite high up in the tree. The excitement centred around this house, and for a long time I could not see what was the disturbing cause. Close watching with a glass at length revealed a small reddish head, with very sharp eyes, occupying the doorway of the cottage, and after some time the owner of these features calmly stepped out on the veranda and showed himself, — a small red squirrel, with a silver collar, which proclaimed him an escaped pet. He looked thin, with a tail almost as bare as a rat's. He had evidently not fared well in captivity, and I rejoiced in his freedom.

But the sparrow world had decided to eject him from the neighborhood, and faithfully, with true sparrow doggedness, they worked at this problem. No sooner did he appear than they resumed their attack, flying around him, screaming and making quick dashes at him. He was somewhat disconcerted, and ran up a long branch, followed by the whole gang, which grew more bold as he apparently retreated, dashing ever nearer as though to peck him, but never actually touching him. While he was running they were very bold, but the moment he sat up and faced them they

drew off a little, though they never went quite away. For several days not a movement of his escaped their notice. It was amusing to see how quickly the smallest stir on his part was announced to the world. "There he is! He's coming out!" one could easily understand, and every sparrow within hearing responded by instantly deserting his business or pleasure, and adding his presence and cries to the mob.

But the squirrel, finding fruit trees with green apples and pears, resolved to stay, and after a week or two they became so far accustomed to his presence as to be less alarmed, though they never lost interest in him. His eating especially seemed to divert and astonish them. I have seen fifty birds at once hovering around an evergreen-tree, too small to afford them perching-places, far enough from the enemy, while he gathered and nibbled the small cones. When he sat up on a branch, holding a green pear in his tiny paws, their amusement knew no bounds. They sat around at a safe distance, exchanging remarks, in the amiable manner of some of the human race at the ways of a foreigner.

The squirrel had by this time resumed his wild instincts, cared nothing for them, and would even answer back with a sharp little cry. He had taken up his summer residence in the maple-tree cottage, and all through the fall, while pears hung on the trees of the neglected yard next ours, he lived in clover. His tail became bushy, his coat grew sleek, and he looked like a different animal. Still the sparrows attended his every movement, following him like a train of courtiers wherever he went, though they did not make quite so much noise about it as at first.

The household became as keenly interested as the birds in the doings of the pretty fellow. All through the winter he appeared on the mild days, running and bounding all over the tall maples. We saw him gather grass and carry it off

in great bundles in his mouth to make a bed, and after an unusually cold season he spent part of two days in removing his residence from an ornamental pile of stones in a neighbor's yard to some place he had discovered under the house. He had evidently collected a quantity of stores of some sort. No doubt as soon as spring opened he would vary his diet with fresh eggs, but as I left the vicinity I did not have opportunity to observe whether the sparrow family suffered from him, though I noticed that he had changed his dwelling to the hole in the maple above mentioned as the scene of a family broil.¹

Next to the sparrow's mobbing propensity is his impudence. Not only will he insist on sharing the food of chickens and domestic animals, but he is a common guest at the table of the great bald eagles in the parks, and does not disdain the crumbs that fall from the repast of the polar bear, one touch of

whose paw would flatten him like a wafer.

Perhaps the most saucy thing reported of a sparrow was witnessed in Brooklyn by a well-known artist. He was watching a robin hard at work on the lawn, gathering food for his family, when he noticed a sparrow, who also seemed interested in the operation. The sparrow looked on, evidently with growing excitement, while one bit after another was uncovered, till at last a particularly large and attractive grub was brought to light. This was too much for sparrow philosophy. He made one dash, snatched the tempting morsel from the very bill of the robin, and disappeared before the astounded bird recovered from his surprise.

With this unparalleled act of impertinence to a bird big enough to eat him, this true chronicle of the most unattractive fellow that wears feathers shall close.

Olive Thorne Miller.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

1685-1885.

THE early spring of 1685, two centuries ago, brought into the world two unsurpassed musicians. Bountiful indeed was the good genius of humanity in giving birth that year to both a Handel and a John Sebastian Bach! One was born on the 23d of February, the other on the 21st of March. Their names are always coupled, like twin planets of the greatest magnitude, although they never met each other in

¹ I did, however, have one more glimpse of the squirrel quite late in the summer, although at a distance of half a mile from the scene of the above mentioned exploits. Being one day attracted to a window by the familiar sound of a sparrow turmoil, I saw the birds of the neighborhood repeating the performance I had observed on the first appearance of the little beast, and a close look

this world. It was fit that so significant a bicentennial anniversary should be celebrated, as it has been and yet will be, in many musical centres, by the most adequate performance which our modern means permit of some of their great creations, as well as by words of reminder and, however feeble, exposition of their great claims on the gratitude of Christendom at large.

Our theme at present shall be Handel, revealed the presence of the red-coated enemy himself, as lively and bright as ever. There happened to be an unbroken line of shade trees from the spot in which I had first seen him to that in which he now appeared, and he had probably made the entire trip without once descending to the ground.

del; on his monument we hang our humble wreath.

Unlike his great contemporary, who was the consummate flower of a wide-spread family of six generations of musicians, Handel owed nothing of his genius or his musical instinct to his parentage. His father, a respectable barber-surgeon in that quaint old city of Halle on the Saal, then no longer the princely residence it had been, was indifferent to music, and strenuously set himself against what proved to be the boy's resistless bent and destiny. He would have had him eminent in what he deemed the more respectable profession of the law. Every instrument, every tempting facility for practice, was tabooed in that house. Not even did he allow the child to listen to the siren, lest the idle passion should absorb him, and unfit him for things practical. But Nature was in earnest. Her instinct in the boy could not be balked. The predisposed imagination can nourish itself on very few and slender opportunities. Music can no more be kept from the born musician than thought from the free mind. He had heard a clavi-chord, and he had influence enough with a domestic to get a rickety old instrument, with muffled tones, secreted in a garret, where, "under the storks' nests," he practiced, out of hearing, in the night, while others slept. Wide awake was he to every chance snatch of melody, or magic chord, which the tiny fingers found in their ramblings over the strange keyboard. He soon worked his way into the secret of the matter, so that he really *knew* what he had discovered for himself. By the time he was seven years old, he was master of the instrument. How quickly he found a chance to show this well-earned passport where it could open a way for him into the heaven of a musician's life is matter of common anecdote. Forbidden to accompany his father on a visit to a son by a former marriage, who was *vulet-*

de-chambre to the neighboring Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, the boy ran forward down the road, waylaid the carriage, and so wrought upon the paternal feelings that he was taken in. 'T was a small thing, — the going or the staying: but genius felt its hour; it acted in the nick of time, and by this stroke it won the future. Allowed to stroll about in the chambers of the palace, feasting himself to heart's content with trying all the clavichords and harpsichords he came across, he managed to get at the organ after chapel service. The Duke's attention was arrested by something pleasing and original in the crude and faulty voluntary of the boy of seven. He sent for the father, and with much difficulty prevailed upon him to renounce the legal hobby, and let Nature have her way.

The boy is taken home, triumphant. And now begins the schooling, — in the school of his own nature's choice. The lessons, under the judicious teaching of Zachau, the Halle organist, a many-sided, excellent musician, are all taken *con amore*. Elementary practice, harmony and counterpoint, musical form and structure, are appetizing meat and drink to him, just what he craves, and have for him the zest which most boys find in play. In due time he is initiated into the fascinating mazes of the subtly involved, thought-tasking fugue, the indispensable Greek and Latin (as it were) of the regular musical education in that day; the secret of all true artistic, vital form in music; its perfect type of one in many, of law in freedom; in whose complicated web those old German composers were perfectly at home, and expressed themselves as easily and freely as they talked in their native language. With many of them, of course, it was a commonplace, conventional, pedantic music, and had not much to say, and so their works, enormous in mere quantity, are forgotten; with a few, like Bach and our hero, it rose to inspiration, and will live. With this strong, eager,

healthy boy, possessed by such clear-headed genius, the practice kept pace with the lesson; as fast as he learned the alphabet, almost, he would compose. For two years Zachau confined him to no favorite model, but in a truly catholic spirit set before him works of distinguished organ-writers of all schools, German and Italian, letting him choose for himself. Of course he knew his pupil, knew he *would* choose for himself, at any rate, and that so sound an appetite could well be trusted. Meanwhile, other studies, Latin certainly, were not neglected. From the age of ten, for three years, he made motets, or "cantatas," and we read incredulously that some hundreds of these were written one a week, and sung in the cathedral service, of which all trace is lost. Why should such pupil exercises be preserved? Doubtless they were slight affairs, revealing promise; but all the hundreds of them could not have contained the meat there is in one of the masterly cantatas written for weekly service during six years of Bach's riper period, — works of genius, which the musical world has only now begun to fathom, and find rich, incalculable reward. It would be interesting to know just what other examples of what other masters, besides his own teacher, served to stimulate the boy's productive talent; whether, for instance, any fruits fell to his lips from the many branches and offshoots of the great Bach family tree, under whose shade John Sebastian was growing up.

Before the age of twelve he had outlearned his master and exhausted the musical resources of his native place. But it was not until the summer of 1703, when he was eighteen years old, and when his father was dead, that, with characteristic energy and quick decision, always seizing just the food his genius craved, and always at the providential time, he turned his steps toward Hamburg, then the most flourishing centre of the German (half Italian) opera. His

Hamburg adventures are known chiefly through the garrulous memorabilia and criticisms of Matheson, his friend and rival there, a composer of some note, a man of much learning and great vanity, who boasted of having written as many books (ponderous ones, too, some of them) as he had lived years. The superior specific gravity of such a character as Handel seems to have attracted him to itself, and to have made him, half unwillingly, his satellite and eulogist. We need but hint the well-known anecdotes: how the novice was at once received into the opera orchestra as *ri-pieno* violin, and, indulging a dry humor, began with feigning unusual ignorance, making the most serious laugh, while looking very grave himself; how he suddenly revealed himself, when called upon, in the absence of the man who commonly presided at the harpsichord, to take his place; what friendly contests for preëminence on keyed instruments he had with Matheson, leaving it a drawn game, — he being acknowledged first upon the organ, and his rival on the harpsichord; how they traveled together to Lübeck in friendly competition for a vacant post of organist; how they composed together double fugues upon the way, — in the mind, of course, it could not be in writing (*da mente*, not *da penna*); how Handel's organ performance excited the admiration of all hearers, even of Buxtehude, the greatest organist of his time, whom Bach also went far to hear, and who was the one about to vacate his post; and how both candidates retreated faster than they came, on learning of one slight condition attached to the office, namely, that the accepted one should take a wife, to be nominated by his employers. Matheson remarks that in those days Handel composed interminable arias and cantatas, which wanted taste and even sinned against harmony; and that his organ-playing, clever as he was in the working of fugue themes, left much to be desired

in point of melody, a fault which he was in a good school to remedy, those Hamburg operas, and constant intercourse with their accomplished composer and conductor, Keiser, — *dieser galante Componist*, as Matheson calls him. About this time Handel composed his smaller Passion oratorio, in structure similar to the incomparably greater creations of Bach in that kind, though lacking, probably avoiding, the important element of the Lutheran choral, the worshiping people's melody, of which of course he had imbibed the inspiration from his cradle, but which the operatic prejudice of Hamburg rigidly excluded; nevertheless, a remarkable production for a boy, as any one may see, now that the score is published in the German Händel-Gesellschaft's noble edition of all Handel's works.

When Keiser, a poor economist, became so embarrassed that he had to flee from Hamburg, Handel succeeded him as conductor at the harpsichord. The orchestral accompaniment of that time, we must remember, was a meagre affair compared with the massive and multifarious instrumentation with which the feeblest opera composer nowadays may cover up his poverty of thought. For a youth of nineteen to preside over such an orchestra was no miracle. Yet we can imagine that the future master was already in this way gradually learning the consummate art with which he afterwards *filled out* (that is his own word, *ausgefüllt*: see autograph of his *Messiah*), at harpsichord or organ, from his own mind, upon the instant, the half-hinted instrumentation of so large a part of all his oratorios as well as operas; supplying for the time being for himself what Mozart, Mosel, Mendelssohn, above all Robert Franz, have since been drawing from his figured basses, adapting for modern instruments (this more in the case of Bach), and writing out for us so that our modern orchestras may read.

The "German" operas, which Handel had to conduct in the Hamburg theatre, by Keiser, Matheson, Telemann, and others, were founded on the Italian type which sprang up with the Renaissance in Florence in the year 1600, and which in the mean time had received some development in Italy, some national coloring in France, and had in England, through Purcell, Lock, etc., recovered from the blight of Puritanism for a while, whereas in Germany the terrible Thirty Years' War had trampled down whatever germs had been imported thither. German opera began in Hamburg. It lacked the all-important element of the Italian *parlando*, or recitative, for which the rugged German dialect was not thought pliable enough, so that its place was supplied, as it is even now in pieces like *Fidelio* and *Der Freyschütz*, by spoken dialogue. For the rest, each opera consisted of an interminable string of arias for the various characters, with an occasional duet, but never any trio, quartet, or concerted piece, and nothing like a chorus, except when the *dramatis personæ* united their voices in a few measures, ceremonially, before the curtain fell. The orchestra contributed slight overtures, after the Lulli pattern (which Handel later sometimes expanded into preludes of more consequence, with several movements), bits of interlude and ballet, and the thinnest and most incomplete accompaniments for voices.

It was after a performance of one of Matheson's operas of this kind, his *Cleopatra*, that the famous duel with rapiers occurred between him and Handel, when the Muses saved their favorite son's life, almost by miracle, for the great work they had in store for him. Then came Handel's own first opera, *Almira* (1705). It was after the same pattern, but had a freshness and a variety of characteristic musical ideas and melodies, all fitted to the sentiments and situations of the several persons with so

much tact and truth of feeling that the work was hailed at once with admiration. The score contains fifteen Italian and forty German arias! also a brief overture for string quartet, a ballet, chaconne, entrée, giga, rigaudon, and two sarabands, one of which reappeared afterwards in his *Rinaldo* as the aria, so popular to-day in concert rooms, "*Lascia ch'io pianga*." (Handel made no scruple of using over and over again, in new combinations, whatever he had written, when nothing else would fit the case so well, at any rate so easily.)

Then came (1706) his flight into Italy, whither he sped with the sure instinct of the bee which knows where honey waits for it. A contrapuntist almost from the cradle, to the manner born, possessing too a marvelous gift of melody by nature, he was now to learn in Florence, where the opera began, the art of recitative, and to acquire a new command over the mysterious powers and qualities of the human voice. He was in Italy, the land of art and heaven of every young artist's dreams. But he gave there as good as he received, both in dramatic and religious composition. His first Italian opera, *Rodrigo*, delighted the natives and drew rich presents from the Tuscan Duke. Early in 1708 he reached Venice, and there produced *Agrippina*, which had a run of twenty-seven nights. Thence he went to Rome, where he was warmly welcomed by the Cardinal Ottoboni, and where he enjoyed the acquaintance of those two great musicians, Alessandro Scarlatti and Corelli. In Rome he composed *La Resurrezione* and the *Triumph of Time*, in half-oratorio, half-cantata, fashion, soon followed by the first cast of the charming pastoral of *Acis and Galatea*. This tour in Italy was a triumphal progress. The enthusiastic children of the South could not render homage enough to the *Caro Sassone*, the new star from the North. It was not the first time that their own tuneful art had

received quickening influence and lessons from the North; even Palestrina had been the pupil of Claude Goudimel; Willaert had planted counterpoint in Venice; and the Flemish masters taught the Italians the great art of polyphonic writing, which the Italians in their turn made more melodious and juicy. It seemed to be an easy thing for this strong, sure, fortunate young Saxon to turn out an opera ("as good as they made them" in those days) at short notice, or astonish the crowd by his extempore effusions on the organ. The organ was the golden key which opened the way everywhere, so that he could let his genius bask and mellow in the sunny influence of that genial land of song. He evidently was thinking more of his own culture, his own preparation, than of too cheap immediate fame. His triumphs were but incidental to his one great end; he took them as they came, but did not compromise his art to win them.

In 1710 he left Italy, and, after a visit to his mother in Halle, went to Hanover, where his style received some finishing graces from Steffani, who soon resigned to him his place of kapellmeister to the Elector, afterwards the first George of England. He had free leave of absence to complete his *Lehrjahre*, and having heard so much of England, where Purcell, England's greatest genius in music, had died only fifteen years before; where Lawes and Matthew Lock, with Purcell, had started some few shoots of opera, after the long Puritan "winter of their discontent;" where Buononcini was at work already with Italian singers; and where the grave, majestic style (albeit formal, a descent from Palestrina) of the Elizabethan church composers, together with the learned and more juicy English school of madrigalists, still held their high prestige,—he was moved to try his fortunes there. To London he went in the early winter of that year. He

sought a broader, more rewarding field for his productive talent. He was destined there to be a teacher far more than a learner. Some hints, no doubt, he caught from Purcell and the Elizabethan masters, more in the way of adapting himself, in form and style, to the requirements of the English Church, than because an art so masterly, so full of genius, as his own had aught of beauty, or expression, or effect to learn of them. What he unlearned there was, alas, the choral!

We have so far merely glanced at what may be called the *forming* period of Handel as an artist, — the period during which he gravitated toward other more developed if not stronger minds, and hung awhile by turns within their tuneful spheres, until his own fresh, receptive genius had become impregnated, so far as was good for him, by theirs. We have now reached the time when, by this visit to England, at the age of twenty-five, he detached himself, and moved off in an independent orbit of his own, beginning a new life. With nothing more to learn from German or Italian models, since he had already measured himself with the best of them, unless it were that young Sebastian Bach, he had now to work out what was in him, with his genius for his law. So far we taste the blithe air of a morning worthy to precede so full a day.

Imagine, then, the welcome he received in England, to which soil the Italian opera had just been transplanted. *Facile princeps* he would show himself in that, and from the start, with his *Rinaldo*, founded upon Tasso's poem. It was at once admired beyond any opera the London world had heard, and long continued famous, despite the ridicule of Addison and Steele. After a year, faithful to the Elector, he returned to Hanover, where he busied himself with instrumental works and much Italian Chamber music, including the vocal

duets, recently edited with fit accompaniment by Franz. He was soon off again for England (1712), where he reappeared at the Queen's Theatre with two new operas, *Il Pastor Fido* and *Teseo*. These were soon followed by the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, which he composed for Queen Anne after the Peace of Utrecht. In such demand was he that this time he forgot to return. When the Elector succeeded to the British throne, Handel had forfeited his friendship. All know the story of his *Water Music* (a serenade, or Suite of several pieces, for a large band of instruments, played in a boat in the wake of a royal procession on the Thames), by which he charmed the monarch's favor back.

Soon he wrote his larger Passion music. Then came the fruitful period (1717–20) of his residence at the palace of the magnificent Duke of Chandos, who had the finest chapel in the kingdom, and wanted the first organist, of course, for his *mäestro di capella*. There he conducted evening concerts, composed organ concertos and other instrumental music, but chiefly anthems, motets, and whatever service-music was required. The most important were the Chandos Anthems, which, with later anthems, fill three volumes of the *Werke* under the title of *Psalms*. The word anthem is unknown in Germany, and these works are in essentially the same form with the *Psalms* of Mendelssohn. Had Bach written them, they would have been called *Cantatas*; for in them we find overtures, arias, choruses, — but not the Lutheran chorals, on which Bach always builds. The anthems are about eighteen in number. Very noble choruses occur in them, especially in those composed long after the Chandos period for royal weddings, coronations, and the like. Frequently a chorus is borrowed from one of his own earlier works; thus the anthem for the Foundling Hospital concludes with the *Hallelujah Chorus* from the *Messiah*.

Here begins one of the two great periods and phases of Handel's unremitting, long life-work. In 1720 the Royal Academy of Music was founded for the performance of Italian operas. Handel was called from his retirement to be not only composer in chief, but at the same time impresario and conductor of the whole. Buononcini and Ariosti were associated with him. How he ruled the opera for many years, composing one or two fresh operas every year, and always drawing crowds; how, with strong will and unflinching tact, he dealt with all the impediments and annoyances of an enterprise so vast and multifarious, we have no room to tell. This opera stood about ten years. The quarrels of the rival song queens, Cuzzoni and Faustina, which divided the fashionable world into factions, amounting sometimes to a total suspension of intercourse between noble families; a standing disagreement, too, which Handel had with the singer Senesino, whose showy style took with the fashionable, but went against the better judgment of the master, who would not compose for him such arias as he liked to sing, and finally refused to have anything more to do with the theatre unless Senesino were dismissed, — these troubles with the enormous expenses brought the business to an end. Meanwhile, Handel had raised a formidable opposition on the part of the nobility. The operatic strife was turned into "political capital:" the Whigs supported Senesino, the Tories Handel. He was forced to carry on the work by his own unaided strength. The nobility got up a rival opera; and many of them even purposely contrived to have their great social assemblies fall on the nights of Handel's operas. If conciliatory overtures were made to him, his pride refused all compromise.

With a giant's vigor he made head against the tide, until he had lost all his earnings and become sick in body and in mind. At last one arm was paralyzed.

He was induced to leave cares and labors, and go over to Aix-la-Chapelle to recruit himself. He made summary work of that cure. He sat thrice the usual time over the vapor baths. In three days he was exciting crowds to rapture, as he played, "like an angel just descended," on the organ of the neighboring church; and in six weeks he was again in England, and composing operas. This was in 1736. He struggled on a few years more, but all in vain; the day had passed! The whole tide bore down against him, even the popular taste itself. In truth, the opera was but a fashion, and was not sincerely loved in England. And he was working against himself, — against his own deeper nature, his own real destiny. The barren sentimentalities and trivialities and cheap sensationalism of that old Italian opera were no true field for him; nor was he born, like Gluck and Mozart, to glorify the peculiar genius of dramatic music. He was reserved for even nobler work. His quarrel with the singers was, in fact, a quarrel with the opera itself. He discovered it while he had yet strength left to turn the sickening experience to account. He sank in opera, to rise in oratorio.

So closed those thirty years of up-hill labor, mostly opera-making, interspersed with many works in other kinds, which also have their immortality. These include some for instruments, some for church service, several of his first essays in oratorio; also those secular cantatas, almost oratorios in magnitude and ever-fascinating charm, like *Acis and Galatea*, *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, and *Alexander's Feast*.

Of his personal history in those opera years there could not be much to tell. Yet if a readable story could be made out of the private life of a great musician, we surely should have had one out of Handel's life in England. It was the age of Addison and Steele and Pope, — the age of personal anecdote, ephemeral

essays, memoirs, piquant gossip of all kinds. Yet one soon exhausts the little anecdotes which are preserved of so conspicuous a personage as Handel. The life of such a man is in his music. His glees and glooms, his dreams and adventures, are all in the realm of tones. Absorbed in this, the superficial, bustling life around him did not cleave to him. His relation to the world of facts and deeds and persons was only accidental contact. That was not his world. His social affections were not strong, although he was not heartless, but generous, kindly, full of charity. Music was wife and child and friend to him. Love passages figure very slightly in the record of his life. Yet he had put many pairs of lovers on the stage, and furnished them with melodies exquisitely true to all the pathos and the tenderness, the pangs and joys and yearnings and conflicting passions, of all sorts of characters in love. If he was thrice engaged, — once in Italy, twice in England, in the last instance to a very wealthy lady, who made it a condition that he should give up his art, — it seems to have cost him no great struggle to renounce. (Think of Bach, twice married, who had twenty children, accomplishing an equally vast amount of equally immortal work !)

During those thirty years our hero had produced nearly fifty operas. He had reigned absolute monarch in England's music throughout half the time : and then he let no opposition drive him from his ground ; it was the ground itself which sank under him. It was the divine genius itself letting him down upon the solid rock where he should stand forever, working from that centre about which all conflicting, superficial interests revolve. He had been a long time in fully finding himself out ; the very glow of healthy action and creation made him careless of the field he worked in. Much of the pure ore of his sterling genius long lay buried in

the dusty folios of his forgotten operas in the Royal Library ; we know it now that we have most of them before us in the clear and noble print of the Händel-Gesellschaft. Rich mine, that, with all its rubbish ; and busily they are beginning now to work it ! The imperishable part, the inspired melodies and recitatives scattered through those scores, will soon be separated from the rest ; the part which belongs to Handel and eternity will be washed out clean and bright from what belonged merely to the day of George II. and the opera of fashion, and be added to the classics of the art. One reason, even were there no other, must always prevent these operas coming to performance again as wholes ; and that is, the exceedingly thin, half-sketched, imperfect instrumentation handed down to us in the time-saving, hasty notation of these scores. Much do we owe to-day, therefore, to the zeal and insight, the thoroughly sympathetic acquaintance with Handel's genius and method (for he himself filled out his harmony presiding at the keyboard), shown in the exquisite pianoforte accompaniment elaborated from the scores of several dozen of the finest arias by men like Robert Franz and Otto Dresel.

What were those operas, and what was the secret of their attraction in their day ? Doubtless they were the very best that day afforded in London or any city of the world. They were the creation, and under the immediate personal conductorship, of the greatest musician who had ever yet occupied himself in that field of art. The magnetism of his presence went a great way. As lyrical dramas they found their subjects in the usual heroes of classical mythology, history, and romance : Theseus and Medea, Cæsar, Tamerlane, Tasso's Armida and Rinaldo, Alexander, Scipio, etc. Only the principals appear and sing. Each opera consists of a long string of solo arias, now and then a duet, no con-

certed pieces, never any chorus, except before the falling of the curtain, when the dramatis personæ draw up in a row before the audience and make their bow, as it were, in a dozen or more measures of very simple harmony; just as our actors do, in their way, after a comedy at the theatre, with their hands upon their hearts, and, Pray, dear Public, come again! For orchestra alone, seldom more than the quartet of strings, they contain a brief overture (expanded into several movements in some of Handel's later operas) and occasional bits of *symphony*, commonly in ancient dance forms. The accompaniments to the voice are of the thinnest: sometimes nothing but a single violin, with which an oboe runs in unison; sometimes two violin and oboe parts; rarely a viola, or any middle part; now and then, for martial pomp and splendor, the crisp, crackling trumpets, — one, two, three; or horns, or bassoons; besides the *basso continuo*, or figured bass. Often we find noted down, to keep the voice in countenance, nothing but a violin or flute, warbling the same melody note for note! Or it may be nothing but a bass, sometimes not even figured; letting the poor melody run naked, as it were, in merciless relief, as by an electric light, against a long dark wall of bass! What was indispensable for complete, even decent, harmony the conductor at his clavichord knew how to contribute on the instant. Such art had the musicians of that day: who shall match them now?

As for the arias themselves, the melodies as well as the recitatives, they are of wonderful variety and beauty, and were interpreted by very famous singers; that alone would draw the fashionable crowd. These arias are always characteristic; each person is recognizable by his or her own intrinsic melody, more truly than by any literal Wagnerian tag, or *Leit-motive*. Thus the Armida in *Rinaldo*, the Medea in *Teseo*, and the Melissa in *Amadigi* (*Amadis de*

Gaul) are three sorceresses, queenly and terrible; yet the musical presentment of one does not repeat itself in the others. Nor throughout the whole vast range of melodies is there much monotony, except what lies in the formal cut and color of the age. In *Admeto*, the pure, devoted, tender melody of *Alcestis*, who sacrifices her life for her husband, and the bluff, hearty, generous voice of *Hercules*, who redeems her from the shades, each in its way is full of life and truth. That opera suggests a parallel with the *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* of Gluck (1764). In each the husband mourns a wife; in each there is a descent to hell, a *Cerberus* tamed by music, and a charming of the lost one back to light. The overture of *Admeto* and the bits of *symphony* and ballet, especially those preluding to hell's gloom and terrors, could have served Gluck for models; only he had the resources of a more modern orchestra at his command. In *Alessandro*, where we have Alexander the Great and the two captive queens, the rivals in his love, we have a remarkable instance of the consummate tact with which Handel *managed* his mutually jealous prima donnas, assigning to Cuzzoni and Faustina a precisely equal amount and style and quality of song: to each a florid and bravura piece; to each a tender, sentimental *cantabile*, or an air of rage, despair, or pity. If one sings a duet with the conqueror, the other sings one also.

It would be interesting to review even cursorily this whole list of operas; but it would require a twelvemonth and a book. Suffice it here to say, in general, that these operatic arias seem to surpass in freshness, in variety, in charm of spontaneity, as well as in brevity and conciseness, not a few of the more elaborate, formal, and somewhat conventional arias in his oratorios, sublime and tender as so many of them are, yet bound to more or less of a certain conventionalism by their Bible texts and

by the "sacredness" expected of them. The opera airs have naturally more of the freedom and elastic spring of youth; Handel was not tired when he conceived them. Some of them, no doubt, he dashed off on the spur of the moment, *currente calamo*, perfunctorily, almost automatically, so completely had that style of composition become to him like an unstudied native language. It must not be forgotten that stage machinery and spectacle, magic transformation scenes, etc., played a pretty large part in those performances. After a while, too, party rivalries helped fill the houses, sowing, in such hot-house and ephemeral successes, only seeds of sure decay and ruin.

We have now reached the last, the ripest, the greatest period of Handel. It remains to think of him, if but for a moment, as he wrought from that commanding height whence he has made his power and genius, above all his lofty theme, most deeply, widely, permanently felt. He has gone down amid the vanities, intrigues, and disappointments of Italian opera, to reappear upon the mount of oratorio, where his face shall shine like that of Moses, and his great words be thundered forth, amid lightnings, in massive choruses, the most impressive, unmistakable in meaning, unalterable in the perfection of their art, vivid in their swift scene-painting, inexhaustible in their variety of expression, from the most pastoral and tender to the most holy and sublime, that have ever been written, though equaled, with a difference, it may be, by some of Bach.

As we have seen, he had already brought out several oratorios amid his other work: among them Esther, Deborah, and more recently his stupendous Israel in Egypt. These were performed in the theatres during the season of Lent, when operas were forbidden. As they required no expensive scenery and dec-

orations, he could not do better than thus utilize the time with these experiments; exercising himself in a new and grander art-form, which was a blending of his old solid contrapuntal church style with the melodic and dramatic art he had acquired from the Italians, and feeling the public pulse awhile before addressing himself entirely to the growing English taste for oratorio,—that is, for a new kind of sacred (biblical) music-drama, which, as it went on widening and deepening in scope, became also epical.

We need not say much of the oratorios, since it is by these that Handel is best known,—best of all by the Messiah, which is at once Passion music and Redemption, the sins and sorrows of our race and the immortal hope. This is truly a great epic. Why describe it, when it has been described and analyzed, and all its beauty, pathos, and sublimity exposed, a hundred times? What can we tell of it that is not known already to all serious music-lovers; that is, what of its power and meaning?—while for the historical facts and anecdotes attending its production it is enough to refer to Dr. Burney, and such biographers as Mainwaring, Schoelcher, and particularly Rockstro. Some regard it as the crowning product of all musical art and genius, as the fixed star shining at the very pinnacle of the universal tone-cathedral. (Bach's St. Matthew Passion was not known when this was claimed unhesitatingly.) A wonder about it is that it was begun and finished in the short space of twenty-one days. Such intense and lightning-like rapidity of execution is easily credited by any one who looks through the facsimile of the original manuscript, in Handel's resolute, bold hand, with hasty jottings and erasures, and such blurs and smudges as suggest a desperate hurry. But, although it was noted down in three weeks, it is but reasonable to take for granted that it had been shaping itself

in Handel's mind for many months before. We know that Mozart's compositions were always clear and complete in his mind before they went on paper. The Messiah was coldly received in London. He took it to Dublin, appealing to the unsophisticated hearts of Ireland with music so unlike that of their Roman masses. There it was sung repeatedly to crowds full of enthusiasm; and after that it never failed to command eager audiences in England, even when his other oratorios rang out in empty houses.

Israel in Egypt is the oratorio which most frequently disputes the palm with the Messiah. Perhaps in sustained grandeur and sublimity it is the greater of the two: one vast mountain chain of massive double choruses, with soft green vales of melody between. These choruses deal with miracle in the boldest style. They smite with lightning force, revealing scenes of awe and splendor; describe darkness palpable, *that may be felt*; portray the plagues of Egypt, from mean annoyances of flies to vast elemental forces and upheavals, and up to moral, spiritual terrors; the crossing of the Red Sea, Miriam's song of triumph, fire and hail running along the ground, and whatever images can lift the imagination from the commonplace to what is superhuman and sublime. Equally imposing are its outpourings of faith, humiliation, awe, before the holy presence, in a more grave and church-like style. Judas Maccabæus, with airs and choruses full of heroic, patriotic fire, its great hymns of a nation's lamentation, and Samson perhaps, stand next in popular appreciation. But he has left us nearly twenty more, which, if not quite such perfect wholes, yet teem with wonderful inspirations both for single voice and chorus. Solomon, with its exquisite Nightingale Chorus and its chain of choruses descriptive of the passions, has had some hearings here in Boston, where also Saul and Joshua

and his latest, Jephtha, have been partly given once or twice. But Deborah, Belshazzar, Theodora (a favorite with its composer), Susanna, Esther, etc., are sealed books to us; and so are those works in oratorio form with mythological or secular subjects, like Semele and Hercules, so-called oratorios, which contain some of the most original and striking instances of Handel's genius. And why sealed? Simply because the scores, as handed down to us, still need some Mozart, Mendelssohn, or Robert Franz to fill out and complete the harmony from the mere sketch, which never could have contented Handel, and which, as we have said before, he was in the habit of completing for himself as he presided at the organ. In view of this it does indeed look strange to see Mr. Rockstro, in the last paragraph of his excellent biography, anticipating the Bicenennial Handel Festival, express the earnest hope that, "on this occasion, at least, the works selected for performance may be given with the original instrumentation"! The suggestion, one would think, were quite enough to start the old colossus from his grave, and bring him stalking down into the midst of such an orchestra with heavier footfall than the statue in Don Juan, and in greater wrath than that in which he awed refractory song-queens to submission.

Whenever the great music of that age is spoken of, — the learned, contrapuntal, polyphonic age, — the names of Bach and Handel are almost always coupled as its greatest representatives, although they differ quite essentially. Bach, in his sacred works, motets, cantatas, passions, always builds upon the Lutheran choral, the Protestant plain-song of the people; or rather, he develops all his forms and combinations out of chorals, at first simply introduced and harmonized, as from so many pregnant germs of beauty and of meaning

almost inexhaustible. Handel, cradled in the same German music and religion, who must have drunk in the choral with his mother's milk, makes hardly any use of it in all his oratorios and compositions for the church. This is not so strange when we consider : (1.) The contrasted individualities of the men. Handel loved to stand forth and prophesy before the world. His genius courted popularity. Nobly as he wrote, he still wrote for *effect*. He was a man of the world, and fond of coming to the foot-lights. His oratorios, as well as his operas, still held as by an umbilical cord to the theatre. Bach stayed quietly at home, an artist purely for religion and for art. He wooed the shade ; an equally prodigious worker and creator in his way, and even happier in his work. He has been called a mystic in his music, only by much searching to be found out. But he is not mystical ; he is very clear when once you have the key to him, and that key lies as much in your own soul as in any technical analysis. The word which describes his characteristic better is the German word *Innigkeit*, or inwardness, or from-within-ness. (2.) The difference in their outward lives, resulting very largely from their difference of nature. Handel's roving, enterprising, and ambitious spirit took him off to Italy, and then to England, where he became almost an Englishman, and where he had to accommodate his sacred style and form to the traditions of the English service, so widely different from the Lutheran. Those thirty years of public operatic labor made the whole bent and habit of his being unexchangeable with that of Bach, who stayed at home, musing and brooding by his own peaceful fireside, under the shadow of the old Thomas-kirche ; warning into life the seed-germs of the people's chorals in wonderful cantatas, each being sung only once, for every Sunday's service. What Handel forfeited in turning from the choral he gained, perhaps, in his own way by the

contracting of a style more positive, more sharply outlined and concise, more sure of popular, immediate effect. All that he does tells unmistakably ; it goes straight to the mark. Those voice parts stamp themselves in every singer's mind, so that, once learned, he never can forget them. It seems as if every note were set there by an absolute divine decree, so fitly that you cannot conceive it otherwise. One thinks of him as the *founder* of the Hallelujah Chorus ; as if such majestic piles were built up for all ages out of solid blocks of adamant. "He builded better than he knew !" we might exclaim, if we were speaking of another man than Handel. The sure and solid laying down of pregnant themes, the rich development and mighty on-sweep of the mingling and pursuing voices, the great climaxes and great *silences*, moments of eternity, where the whole rushing broad Niagara of sound is arrested on the brink of the precipice before the final plunge, — all this seems something more than human art, something that sprang whole and perfect out of Eternity's unfathomable womb. Let us here remark, in passing, what a sure instinct always governed Handel in the choice of the most fit, expressive, telling, and resounding *words* for these great uses. What other composer ever had such poets ?

Like Bach and other great composers, Handel became blind some years before his death, in 1759. Still he presided at the organ in his oratorio performances ; and furthermore, between the parts he improvised an organ voluntary, or concerto. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where stands the full-length statue of him by Roubilliac, and where the first centennial anniversary of his birth, so glowingly described by Dr. Burney, gave the first impulse to the grand musical festivals of modern times.

Everything about the man was generous and noble. His mind and charac-

ter showed colossal proportions, like his frame; calm and strong and cheerful, like his open, placid countenance. If he had not strong social affections, it was not that he had no heart; for who has better known and spoken to the human heart than he? Two faults only have been found in him. He *ate* largely: so did Homer's heroes. He swore, "like our army in Flanders." This was a conventionalism, so far as it was profane (not deemed profane in Continental usage, and blasphemous only in England); a necessary safety-valve, so far as it was violent. We may pardon this one honest weakness; it was his rude, stammering way of showing himself in earnest at a crisis. The stream by its own impetuosity sometimes clogs itself up, and must break a way through as it can; then it flows on smoothly again.

But even in his anger there was more of humor than of malice.

What a benefactor he has been in many ways to generations after him! How many public charities have been aided, built up, by his oratorios! What strength and faith and comfort thousands of weary souls have drawn from his awakening choruses, and his sweet, searching, tender melodies! But how much he has bequeathed to humanity, opening, indeed, springs of living water, we can know only as we enter into deeper and deeper acquaintance with his music; and that is the only true way to know *him*. His greatness passes now unquestioned in the world. Naturally and calmly he took his place among the first of men, compelling them to recognize a kind of greatness they had never understood before.

J. S. Dwight.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XI.

"WHEN is Dick Cavendish coming?" said Mrs. Wilberforce to her husband. "I wish he had n't chosen to come now, of all times in the world, just when we can do nothing to amuse him; for with the Warrenders in such deep mourning, and those other horrible people on the other side, and things in general getting worse and worse every day" —

"He is not acquainted with the parish, and he does not know that things are getting worse and worse every day. It is a pity about the mourning; but do you think that is so deep that a game of croquet would be impossible? Croquet is not a riotous game."

"Herbert!" cried Mrs. Wilberforce. She added, in a tone of indignant disapproval, "If you feel equal to suggesting such a thing to girls whose father

has not yet been six weeks in his grave, I don't."

The rector was reduced to silence. He was aware that the laws of decorum are in most cases better understood by ladies than by men, and also that the girls at the Warren would sooner die than do anything that was not according to the proper rule that regulated the conduct of persons in their present circumstances. He withdrew, accordingly, to his study, with rather an uneasy feeling about the visit of Dick Cavendish. The rector's study was on the opposite side of the hall, at the end of a short passage, which was a special providence; for nothing that Mrs. Wilberforce could do would prevent him from smoking, and by this means the hall, at least, and the chief sitting-room were kept free of any suggestions of smoke. He said of himself that he was not such a great

smoker : but there was no doubt that this was one of the crosses which his wife said everybody had to bear. That was her cross, her husband's pipe, and she tried to put up with it like a Christian. This is one of the cases in which there is very often a conflict of evidence without anything that can be called perjury on either side: for Mrs. Wilberforce declared to her confidants (she would not have acknowledged it to the public for worlds) that her husband smoked morning, noon, and night ; whereas he, when the question was put to him casually, asserted that he was not at all a great smoker, though he liked a pipe when he was working, and a cigar after dinner. "When you are working ! Then what a diligent life you must lead, for I think you are always working," the wife would remark. "Most of my time, certainly, dear," said the triumphant husband.

There are never very serious jars in a family where smoke takes so important a place. Mr. Wilberforce retired now, and took a pipe to help him to consider. The study was a commodious room, with a line of chairs against the further wall, where parish visitors generally sat, when the bumpkins had anything to say to the parson. A large writing-table, fitted with capacious drawers, stood in the middle of the room, of which one side was for parish business, the other magisterial : for the rector of Underwood was also a justice of the peace, and very active in that respect. He was a man who did not fail in his duty in any way. His sermons he kept in a handsome old carved-oak bureau against the wall, in which — for he had been a dozen years in Underwood, and had worked through all the fasts and feasts a great many times — he had made a careful classification, and knew where to put his hand on the Christmas sermons, and those for the saints' days, and even for exceptional occasions, such as funerals, almost in the dark. There

were two large windows, one of which opened upon the lawn, and the other, round the corner, in the other wall of the house, commanded a pretty view of the village, lying with its red roofs in the midst of a luxuriant greenness. Saint Mary-under-wood was the true name of the parish, for it was situated in a part of the country very rich in trees.

Here he sat down with his friend's letter, and thought. The Cavendishes had once held an important position in the county, and lived in one of the greatest "places" in the neighborhood. But they had met with a fate not unknown to the most important families, and had descended from their greatness to mediocrity, without, however, sacrificing everything, and indeed with so good a margin that, though they were no longer included among the most eminent gentry of England, they still held the place of a county family. They had shifted their headquarters to a much smaller house, but it was at the same time a very old property, and had been in the family longer than the greater one. The younger sons, however, had very little to look to, and Dick, who was considered clever, was going to the bar. He was a friend, more or less, of young Warrender's, and had been at Oxford with him, where he was junior to Theo in the university, though his senior in years. For Dick had been a little erratic in his ways. He had not been so orderly and law-abiding as a young English gentleman generally is. He had gone away from home very young, and spent several years in wandering before he would address himself to serious life. He had been in Canada and in the backwoods, and though California was not known then as now, had spent a few months at the gold diggings, in the rude life and strife which English families, not yet acquainted with farming in Manitoba and ranches in the far West, heard of with horror : and where only those sons who were "wild," or otherwise

unmanageable, had as yet begun to go. When he returned, and announced that he was going to Oxford, and after that to the bar, it was like the vision of the madman clothed and in his right mind to his parents. This their son which had been lost was found.

He came into a little fortune, left him by an uncle, when he returned; and, contrary to the general habit of families in respect to younger sons, his parents were of opinion that if some "nice girl" could be found for Dick it would be the best thing that could happen,—a thing which would lighten their own responsibilities, and probably confirm him in well-doing. But with all the new-fashioned talk about education and work for women, which then had just begun, nice girls were not quite so sure as they used to be that to reclaim a prodigal, or consolidate a penitence, was their mission in life. Perhaps they are right; but the old idea was good for the race, if not for the individual woman, human sacrifices being a fundamental principle of natural religion, if not of any established creed. And it cannot be said that it was without some thought of finding there the appropriate victim that the prodigal had been invited to Underwood. He was not altogether a prodigal, nor would she be altogether a victim. People do not use such hard words. He was a young fellow who wanted steady-ing, for whom married life (when he had taken his degree), or even an engagement, might be expected to do much. And she was "a nice girl," whose influence might be of the greatest advantage to him. What need to say any more?

But it was tiresome for the Wilberforces that, after having made up this innocent little scheme for throwing him into the society of the Warrender girls, Dick should choose, of all times in the world, to arrive at the rectory just after Mr. Warrender's death, when the family were in mourning, and not "equal to" playing croquet, or any other rea-

sonable amusement. It was hard, the rector thought. It was he indeed, rather than his wife, who had thrown himself into this project of match-making. The Warrender girls were the most well-regulated girls in the world, and also the most likely to keep their respective husbands straight; and Mr. Wilberforce thought it would be a very good thing for the girls themselves, who were so much out of the way of seeing eligible persons, or being sought. The rector felt that if Minnie Warrender once took the young man in hand he was safe. And they had already met at Oxford during Commemoration, and young Cavendish had remembered with pleasure their fresh faces and slightly, pleasantly, rustic and old-fashioned ways. He was very willing to come when he was told that the Wilberforces saw a great deal of Warrender's nice sisters. "Why, I am in love with them both! Of course I shall come," he had said, with his boyish levity: but with equal levity had put off from time to time, and at last had chosen the moment which was the least convenient, the most uncomfortable for all parties,—a moment when there could be nothing but croquet, or picnics, or other gentle pleasures which require feminine coöperation, to amuse the stranger, and when the feminine coöperation which had been hoped for was for the time altogether laid on the shelf and out of the question. Few things could be more trying than this state of affairs.

Notwithstanding which Dick Cavendish arrived, as had been arranged. There was nothing remarkable about his appearance. He was an ordinary brown-haired, blue-eyed young man,—not, perhaps, ordinary, for that combination is rather rare,—but there were some people who said that something in his eye betrayed what they called insincerity; and indeed there was generally about him an agreeableness, a ready self-adaptation to everybody's way of thinking,

a desire to recommend himself, which is always open to censure. Mrs. Wilberforce was one of those who shook their heads and declared him to be insincere. And as he went so far as to agree that the empire very possibly was dropping to pieces, and the education of the poor tending to their and our destruction, in order to please her, it is possible that she was not far wrong. As a matter of fact, however, his tactics were successful even with her; and though she did not relinquish her deep-seated conviction, yet the young man succeeded in flattering and pleasing her, which was all that he wanted, and not that she should vouch for his sincerity. He was very sorry to hear that the Warrenders were in mourning. "I saw the death in the papers," he said, "and thought for a moment that I had perhaps better write and put off coming; for some people look their worst in mourning. But then I reflected that some others look their best; and that hearts are soft, and a little judicious consolation nicely administered" —

Though it was not perhaps of a very high quality, the rector was delighted with his young friend's wit.

"It must be nicely administered," he said, "but you will not find them inaccessible. They are the best girls in the world, too natural to make a fuss, as some girls do. He was a very insignificant, neutral-tinted kind of man. I cannot think why they should be supposed to be so inconsolable."

"Oh, Herbert!" said his wife.

"Yes, I know, my dear; but Oh, Herbert, is no argument. Nobody is missed so much as we expect, not the very best. Life may have to make itself a new channel, but it flows always on. And when the man is quite insignificant, like poor Mr. Warrender" —

"Don't blaspheme the dead, Herbert. It is dreadful to hear you speak on such subjects, you are so cynical; and when even a clergyman takes up such

opinions, what can we expect of other people?" Mrs. Wilberforce said, with marked disapproval, as she left the gentlemen after dinner. She left them by the window going out to the lawn, which ran along all that side of the house. The drawing-room, too, opened upon it, and one window of the rector's study; and the line of limes, very fine trees, which stood at a little distance, throwing a delightful shadow with their great silken mass of foliage over the velvety grass, made the lawn into a kind of great withdrawing-room, spacious and sweet. Mrs. Wilberforce had a little settlement at one end of this, with wicker-work chairs, a table for her work and one for tea, while her husband, at the other end, clinging to his own window, which provided a mode of escape in case any one should appear to whom his cigar might be offensive, smoked and made himself comfortable, now and then throwing a few words at her between the puffs. While thus indulging himself he was never allowed to approach more near.

"I am afraid we have not very much amusement for you," the rector said. "There is nothing going on at this season: and the Warren, as my wife says, is shut up."

"Not so much shut up but that one may go to see Warrender?"

"Oh, no."

"And in that case the ladies will be visible, too: for I entertained them, you know, in my rooms at Commem. They must at least ask me to tea. They owe me tea."

"Well, if you are content with that. My wife is dreadfully particular, you know. I dare say we may be able to manage a game, for all Mrs. Wilberforce says; and if the worst comes to the worst, Dick, I suppose you can exist without the society of ladies for a few days."

"So long as I have Mrs. Wilberforce to fall back upon, and Flo. Flo is growing very pretty, perhaps you don't

know? Parents are so dull to that sort of thing. But there is somebody else in the parish I have got to look after. What is their name? I can't recollect, but I know the name of the house. It is the Elms."

"The Elms, my dear fellow!" exclaimed the rector, with consternation. He turned pale with fright and horror, and, rising, went softly and closed the window, which his wife had left open. "For Heaven's sake," he said, "don't speak so loud; my wife might hear."

"Why should n't she hear?" asked Dick, undaunted. "There's nothing wrong, is there? I don't remember the people's name" —

"No, most likely not; one name will do as well as another," said the rector solemnly. "Dick, I know that a young fellow like you looks at things in another light from a man of my cloth; but there are things that can be done, and things that can't, and it is simply impossible, you know, that you should visit at a place like that from my house."

"What do you mean by a place like that? I know nothing about the place. It belongs to my uncle Cornwall, and there is something to be done to it, or they won't stay."

The Rector drew a long breath. "You relieve me very much," he said. "Is the Mr. Cornwall that bought the Elms your uncle Cornwall? What luck for us! Then you must tell him, Dick, — there's a good fellow, — to do nothing to it, but for the love of Heaven help us to get those people away."

"Who are the people?" said the astonished Dick. It is uncertain whether Mr. Wilberforce managed to make any articulate reply, but he stammered forth some broken words, which, with the pauses that accompanied them, gave to his visitor an idea of the fact which had been for a month or two whispered, with bated breath, by the villagers and people about. Dick, who was still nominally of the faction of the reprobates, fell

a-laughing when the news penetrated his mind. It was not that his sympathies were with vice as against virtue, as the rector was disposed to believe; but the thought of the righteous and strait-laced uncle, who had sent him into what would have been to Mr. Cornwall the very jaws of hell, and of what might have happened had he himself, Dick, announced in Mrs. Wilberforce's presence his commission to the Elms, was too comical to be resisted: and the peals of his laughter reached the lady on the lawn, and brought the children running to the dining-room window to see what had happened. Flo, of whom Dick had said that she was getting pretty, but who certainly was not shy, and had no fear of finding herself out of place, came pertly and tapped at the window, and, looking in with her little sunny face, demanded to know what was the fun, so that Dick burst forth again and again. The rector did not see the fun, for his part; he saw no fun at all. Even when Dick, almost weeping with the goodness of the joke, endeavored to explain how droll it was to think of his old uncle sending him to such a house, Mr. Wilberforce did not see it. "My wife will ask me what you were laughing about, and how am I to tell her? She will see no joke in it: and she will not believe that I was not laughing with you — at all that is most sacred, Fanny will say." No one who had seen the excellent rector at that moment would have accused him of sharing in the laughter, for his face was as blankly serious as if he had been at a funeral: but he knew the view which Mrs. Wilberforce was apt to take.

And his fears came so far true that he did undergo a rigid cross-questioning as soon as the guest was out of the way. And although the rector was as discreet as possible, it yet became deeply impressed upon the mind of his wife that the fun had something to do with the Elms. That gentlemen did joke upon such subjects, which were not fit to be

talked about, she was fully aware; but that her own husband, a man privileged beyond most men, a clergyman of the Church of England, should do it was bitter indeed to her. "I know what young men are," she said; "they are all the same. I know there is nothing that amuses and attracts them so much as improper people. But, Herbert, you! and when vice is at our very doors, to laugh! Oh, don't say another word to me on the subject!" Mrs. Wilberforce cried.

XII.

The recollection of that unexplained and ill-timed merriment clouded over the household horizon in the morning; but Dick was so cheerful and so much at his ease that things ameliorated imperceptibly. The heart of a woman, even when most disapproving, is softened by the man who takes the trouble to make himself agreeable to her children. She thought that there could not be so very much harm in him, after all, when she saw the little ones clustering about him, one on his knees and one on his shoulders. "There is a sort of instinct in children," she said afterwards, and most people would be in this respect of Mrs. Wilberforce's opinion. About noon the rector took his guest to call at the Warren. Though this was not what an ordinary stranger would have been justified in doing, yet when you consider that Dick had known Theo at Oxford and had entertained the ladies at Commem: you will understand why the rector took this liberty. "I suppose I may ask the girls and Theo to come over in the afternoon," he said to his wife.

"Oh, certainly, Herbert, you may ask them," she replied; but with a feeling that if Minnie accepted it would be as if the pillars of the earth had been shaken; though, in the circumstances, with a young man on her hands to be amused

for all the lingering afternoon, Mrs. Wilberforce herself would have been very willing that they should come. Dick Cavendish was a pleasant companion for a morning walk. He admired the country in its fresh greenness, as they went along, though its beauty was not striking. He admired the red village, clustering under the warmth and fullness of the foliage, and pleased the rector, who naturally felt his own *amour propre* concerned in the impression made by his parish upon a new spectator. "We must come to old England for this sort of thing," said Dick, looking back upon the soft rural scene with the half-patronizing experience of a man *qui en a vu bien d'autres*. And the rector was pleased, especially as it was not all indiscriminating praise. When they got within the grounds of the Warren, criticism came in. "What does Warrender mean," Dick said, "by letting everything run up in this wild way! The trees have no room to breathe."

"You must recollect that Theo has just come into it. And the old gentleman was long feeble, and very conservative,—though not in politics, as I could have wished."

"Ah, I thought Warrender was a bit of a radical: but they say a man always becomes more or less a Tory when he comes into his property. I have no experience," said Dick, with his light-hearted laugh. Had Mrs. Wilberforce heard him, she would have found in it that absence of respect for circumstances which she considered to be one of the signs of the times; and it had a startling and jarring effect upon the individual who did hear it, who was disturbed by it in the stillness of his morning walk and thoughts. It broke the silence of the brooding air, and awakened impertinent echoes everywhere, Nature being always glad of the opportunity.

The young owner of the place was absorbed in a warm haze of visions, like his own trees in the hush of the noon.

Any intrusion was disagreeable to him. Nevertheless, when he saw the rector he came forward with that consciousness of the necessity of looking pleased which is one of the vexations of a recluse. What did Wilberforce mean by bringing men here, where nobody wanted either them or him? But when he saw who it was who accompanied the rector, Warrender's face and the line of annoyance in his forehead softened a little; for Dick was one of the men who are everywhere welcome. Warrender even smiled as he held out his hand.

"You, Cavendish! Who could have thought of seeing you here!"

"I am afraid I am rather presuming: but I could not be so near without coming to see you." Dick grew grave, as was incumbent in the circumstances, and though he had no doubt whatever of seeing the ladies added a sort of humble suggestion: "I am afraid I can scarcely hope to pay my respects?"

"You must come in and see my mother," Warrender said.

The house looked its best when shade and coolness were a necessity of the season; but the visitor who came with keen eyes, observing everything, not because he had any special object, but because he could not help it, took in in a moment the faded air of solid respectability, the shabbiness which does not mean poverty, the decent neglect as of a place whose inhabitants took no thought of such small matters, which was apparent everywhere. It was not neglect, in the ordinary meaning of the word, for all was carefully and nicely arranged, fresh flowers on the tables, and signs of living, but rather a composed and decorous content. The girls, as they were always called, were found, Chatty with her hands full of flowers and a number of china vases before her, standing at an old buffet in the hall, and Minnie just coming out of the dining-room, where she had been doing her morning needle-work, which was of a plain and

homely description, not calculated to be seen by visitors. The old buffet in the hall was not like the mahogany catafalques in the other rooms, and the flowers were very fresh and the china of unappreciated antiquity. Perhaps these accessories helped to make the modest little picture of Charlotte arranging the flowers a pretty one; and she was young and fresh and modest and unconscious; her figure was pretty and light; her look, as she raised her head and blushed to see the little party of men, so guileless, frank, and good, that, though the others, who were used to her, thought nothing of her, to Dick it appeared that Chatty was a very pleasant thing to see against the dim background of the old respectable house.

"It is Mr. Cavendish," said Minnie. "How curious! It is true sometimes, no doubt, as everybody says, that talk of an angel and you hear its wings; but generally it is just the person whom one least thinks of who appears."

"That is very hard upon me," said Dick. "My mind has been so full of you for twenty-four hours that you ought to have thought a little upon me — if only on the theory of brain waves."

"I hope you don't believe in anything of that sort. How should one think of people when there is nothing to put one in mind of them? If we had been in Oxford, indeed — Come into the drawing-room; we shall find mamma there. And how is dear Mrs. Wilberforce?"

"She wants you all," said the rector, in a low voice aside, "to come over this afternoon to tea."

"To tea, when you have company! Oh, she could not — she never could expect such a thing!"

"Do you call one of your brother's friends company, — one? I should say it took three at least to constitute company. And I want Theo to come. Mind what I say — if you don't amuse him, Theo will think of nothing but going to

Markland. He goes to Markland more than I like already."

"Mr. Wilberforce, I am not one that believes in love being blind, and I know all Theo's faults; but to think that he is courting amusement, — amusement, and papa only dead six weeks!"

"I did not say amusement," said the rector crossly. "I said to be amused, which is quite different; not to be left forever in the same state of mind, not to lie vacant" —

"You must have a very poor opinion of him and of all of us," said Miss Warrender, leading the way into the drawing-room, where the others had gone before them. Chatty remained behind, being still busy with her flowers. The rector and Minnie were supposed to be talking parish talk, and to have lingered for that purpose. Chatty thought it sounded too animated to be all about the clothing club and the mothers' meetings, but she supposed that some one must have gone wrong, which was generally the exciting element in parish talk. She was not herself excited by it, being greatly occupied how to make the big white Canterbury bells stand up as they ought in the midst of a large bouquet, in a noble white and blue Nankin vase, which was meant for the table in the hall.

Mrs. Warrender was very glad to see young Cavendish. She asked at once if they were going to take him to Hurst Hill and the old castle at Pierrepont, and entered almost eagerly into a description of what should be done for a stranger. "For we have scarcely anything, except the country itself, to show," she said. "There is nothing that is exciting, not much society, and unfortunately, at this moment, the little that there was" —

"I know," said Dick, "it is my misfortune; I was deeply sorry to hear" — He had never seen Mr. Warrender, and naturally could have no profound regret on the subject: but his eyes expressed

so much tender sympathy that her heart was touched, and tears came to her eyes.

"You are very kind to take a part in our sorrows," she said. "If all had been well with us, there would have been no one more pleased than he to make our country pleasant to you. He was always so much interested in Theo's friends. But even as things are, if you do not find it too sad, we shall always be glad to see you. Not that we have anything to tempt you," she added, with a smile.

"Then, Mrs. Warrender," said the rector, "may I tell my wife that you are not going away?"

Mrs. Warrender cast a wistful look round her, — at her son, at the remorseless inclosure of those dull walls, which were like those of a prison. "It appears not, for the present," she said.

"No," said Minnie; "for where can we be so well as at home? For my part, I don't believe in change. What do you change? Only the things about you. You can't change yourself nor your circumstances."

"The skies, but not the soul," said Dick.

"That is just what I mean, Mr. Cavendish. I see you understand. Mamma thinks it would be more cheerful to go away. But we don't really want to be cheerful. Why should we be cheerful? — at least for six months, or I should say a year. We can't be supposed to be equal to anything, after our great loss, in less than a year."

At this they were all silent, a little overawed; and then Mrs. Warrender returned to her original discourse upon Pierrepont Castle and the dell at Hurst: "They are both excellent places for picnics. You should take Mr. Cavendish there."

"That was all very well," said the rector "when we could be sure of you and the girls to go with us; but he must be content with the domestic croquet and the mild gratification of walks, in pres-

ent circumstances. Has Theo come to any decision about the improvements? I suppose you will not begin to cut down till the autumn?"

"Everything is at a standstill, Mr. Wilberforce."

"Well," said Theo, almost angrily, turning to the rector, "there is no hurry, I hope. One need not start, axe in hand, as if one had been waiting for that. There is time enough, in autumn or in spring, or when it happens to be convenient. I am in no haste, for my part."

There was again a little pause, for there had been temper in Theo's tones. And then it was that the rector distinguished himself by the most ill-timed question,—a question which startled even Chatty, who was coming in at the moment with a bowl full of roses, carried in both hands. Yet it was a very innocent-seeming question, and Cavendish was not aware of any significance in it till he saw the effect it produced. "How," said Mr. Wilberforce very distinctly, "is Lady Markland?" He was looking straight at Theo, but as the words came out of his mouth, struck too late by their inappropriateness, he turned and looked Mrs. Warrender in the face somewhat severely.

"Oh!" she said, as if some one had struck her; and as for Warrender, he sprang to his feet, and walked across the room to one of the windows, where he stood pulling to pieces a vase-full of Chatty's flowers. She put down her roses, and stood with her hands dropped and her mouth a little open, a picture of innocent consternation, which, however, was caused more by the effect upon the others than by any clear perception in herself. All this was in a moment, and then Mrs. Warrender replied sedately, "The last time I saw her she was well enough in health. Sor—trouble," she added, changing the word, "does not always affect the health."

"And does she mean to stay *there*?"

the rector said, feeling it necessary to follow up his first question. Mrs. Warrender hesitated, and began to reply that she did not know, that she believed nothing was settled, that—when Theodore suddenly turned and took the words out of his mother's mouth:—

"Why should n't she stay? The position is just the same for her as for us. Death changes little except to the person immediately concerned. It is her home: why should n't she stay?"

"Really," said the rector, "you take it so seriously I—when you put the question to me, I—As a matter of fact," he added, "I did not mean anything, if I must tell the truth. I just said the first thing that occurred. And a change is always the thing that is first thought of after such a—after such a"—The rector sought about for a word. He could not say calamity, or affliction, or any of the words that are usually employed. He said at last, with a sense of having got triumphantly over the difficulty—"such a shock."

"I agree with the rector," said Minnie. "It would be far better that she should go away, for a change. The circumstances are quite different. For a lady to go and look after everything herself, when it ought not to be supposed possible that she could do anything—to see the lawyers, and give the orders, and act exactly as if nothing had happened—oh, it is too dreadful! It is quite different from us. And she does not even wear a widow's cap! That would be reason enough for going away, if there was nothing else. She ought to go away for the first year, not to let anybody know that she has never worn a widow's cap."

"Now that is a very clever reason," said Dick Cavendish, who felt it was time for him to interfere, and lessen the serious nature of the discussion. "Unaided, I should never have thought of that. Do at Rome as Rome does; or if you don't, go out of Rome, and don't

expose yourself. There is a whole system of social philosophy in it."

"Oh, I am not a philosopher," cried Minnie, "but I know what I think. I know what my opinion is."

"We are not here to criticise Lady Markland," said her mother; and then she burst into an unpremeditated invitation, to break the spell. "You will bring Mr. Cavendish to dine with us one evening?" she said. "He and you will excuse the dullness of a sad house."

The rector felt his breath taken from him, and thought of what his wife would say. "If you are sure it will not be too much for you," he replied.

Dick's eyes and attention were fixed upon the girls. Minnie's face expressed the utmost horror. She opened her mouth to speak; her sharp eyes darted dagger thrusts at her mother; it was evident that she was bursting with remonstrance and denunciation. Chatty, on the contrary, glanced at her mother, and then at the stranger, with a soft look of pleasure stealing over her face. It softened still more the rounded outline, the rose tints, which were those of a girl of seventeen rather than twenty-three, and which her black dress brought out with double force. Dick thought her quite pretty — nay, very pretty — as she stood there, her sleeves thrust a little back on her arms, her hands a little wet with the flowers, her face owning a half-guilty pleasure of which she was half ashamed. The others were involved in thoughts quite different: but innocent Chatty, relieved by the slightest lifting of the cloud, and glad that somebody should be coming to dinner, was to him the central interest of the group.

"You put your foot in it, I think," he said to the rector, as they walked back, "but I could not quite make out how. Who is the unhappy woman, lost to all sense of shame, who wears no widow's cap?"

"I meant no harm," said the rector. "It was quite natural that I should

ask after Lady Markland. Of course it stands to reason that as he died here, and they were mixed up with the whole business, and she is not in my parish, they should know more of her than I."

"And so old Warrender is mixed up with a beautiful widow," said Dick. "He does n't seem the sort of fellow: but I suppose something of that sort comes to most men, one time or another," he added, with a half laugh.

"What, a widow?" said the rector, with a smile. "Eh? What are you saying? What is that? Well, as you ask, that is the Elms, Cavendish, where I suppose you no longer have any desire to go."

"Oh, that is the Elms, is it?" said Cavendish. His voice had not its usual cheerful sound. He stood still, with an interest which the rector thought quite uncalled for. The Elms was a red brick house, tall like the rectory, and of a similar date, the upper stories of which appeared over a high wall. The quick shutting of a door in this wall was the thing which had awakened the interest of Cavendish. A girl had come hurriedly, furtively out, and with the apparent intention of closing it noiselessly had let the door escape from her hand, and marked her departure by a clang which for a moment filled the air. She looked round her hastily, and with a face in which a very singular succession of emotions were painted perceived the gentlemen. The first whom she noticed was evidently the rector, to whom she gave a glance of terror: but then turned to Dick, with a look of amazement which seemed to take every other feeling away, — amazement and recognition. She stared at him for a moment as if paralyzed, and then, fluttering like a bird, in her light dress, under the high, dark line of the wall, hurried away.

"Bless me," said the rector, troubled, "Lizzie Hampson! Now I recollect that was what the ladies were saying. Silly girl, she has gone, after all; but I

must put a stop to it. How she stared at you, Dick, to be sure!"

"Yes, she has got a sharp pair of eyes. I think she will know me again," said Dick, with what seemed to the rector somewhat forced gayety. "Rather a pretty little girl, all the same. What did you call her? Is she one of your parishioners? She looked mighty frightened of you."

"Lizzie Hampson," said the rector. "She is the granddaughter of the old woman at the shop. She is half a foreigner, I believe. I always thought — Bless me! Fanny will be very sorry, but very angry, too, I am afraid. I wish I had not seen it. I wish we had not come this way."

"Do you think you are obliged to tell? It was only by accident that we saw her," said Cavendish. "It would hurt nobody if you kept it to yourself."

"I dare say the poor little thing meant no harm," said the rector; "it is natural to want to make a little more money. I am entering into temptation, but I cannot help it. Do you think, after all, I might say nothing about seeing her? We should not have seen her, you know, if we had come home the other way."

"Give her the benefit of the possibility," said Dick, with a short laugh. But he seemed to be affected, too, which was wonderfully sympathetic and nice of him, with what troubled the rector so much. He scarcely talked at all for the rest of the way. And though he was perhaps as gay as ever at lunch, there came over him, from time to time, a curious abstraction, quite out of character with Dick Cavendish. In the afternoon, Warrender and Chatty came in, as they had been invited, to tea (not Minnie, which satisfied Mrs. Wilberforce's sense of right), and a very quiet game of croquet, a sort of whisper of a game, under their breath, as it were, was played. And in this way the day passed. The visitor declared in the evening that he

had enjoyed himself immensely. But he had a headache, and instead of coming in to prayers went out in the dark for a walk; which was not at all the sort of thing which Mrs. Wilberforce liked her visitors to do.

XIII.

Dick Cavendish went out for a walk. It was a little chilly after the beautiful day; there was rain in the air, and neither moon nor stars, which in the country, where there are no means of artificial lighting, makes it unpleasant for walking. He went right into the big clump of laurels, and speared himself on the prickles of the old hawthorn before he emerged from the rectory gates. After that it was easier. Many of the cottage people were indeed going to bed, but by the light which remained in a window here and there he was able to preserve himself from accident as he strolled along. Two or three dogs, sworn enemies to innovation, scented him, and protested at their loudest against the novelty, not to say wickedness, of a passenger at this hour of the night. It was, perhaps, to them what Lizzie Hampson's independence was to Mrs. Wilberforce, — a sign of the times. He made his way along, stumbling now and then, sending into the still air the odor of his cigar, towards the spot where the window of the little shop shone in the distance like a low, dim, somewhat smoky star, the rays of which shaped themselves slightly iridescent against the thick damp atmosphere of the night. Cavendish went up to this dull shining, stared in at the window for a moment through the bottles of sweets and barley sugar and boxes of mustard and biscuits. He did not know there was any special significance in the sight of Lizzie Hampson seated there within the counter, demurely sewing, and apparently unconscious of any spectators, but it

was enough to have startled any of the neighbors who were aware of Lizzie's ways. The old grandmother had gone to see her daughter in the village, who was ill; but in such cases it was Lizzie's way to leave the door of the room in which she sat open, and to give a very contemptuous attention to the tinkle of the little bell attached to the shop door which announced a customer. Now, however, she sat in the shop, ready to supply anything that might be wanted. Dick strolled past quietly, and went a little way on beyond: but then he came back. He did not linger at the window, as one of Lizzie's admirers might have done. He passed it twice; then, with a somewhat anxious gaze round him, went in. He asked for matches, with a glance at the open door of the room behind. Lizzie said nothing, but something in her look gave him as well as words could have done an assurance of safety. He had closed the door of the shop behind him. He now said quickly, "Then I was not mistaken—it is you, Lizzie."

There was not the slightest appearance in her of a rustic flirt waiting for a lover, still less of anything more objectionable. Her look was serious, full of resistance and even of defiance, as if the encounter was against her will, though it was necessary that it should be. "Yes, sir," she said, shortly, "you were not mistaken, and it is me."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Nothing that is n't right," said Lizzie. "I'm living with my grandmother, as any one will tell you, and working at my trade."

"Well—that is all right," he said, after a moment's hesitation.

"I don't suppose that you sought me out just for that, sir,—to give me your approbation," the girl said, quickly.

"For which you don't care at all," he replied, with a half-laugh.

"No more than you care for what I'm doing, whether it's good or bad."

"Well," he said, "I suppose so far as that goes we are about even, Lizzie: though I, for one, should be sorry to hear any harm of you. Do you ever hear anything—of your mistress—that was?"

She gave him a keen look. All the time her hands were busy with a little pile of match-boxes, the pretense which was to explain his presence had any one appeared. "She is—living, if that is what you mean," Lizzie said.

"Living! Oh, yes, I suppose so,—at her age. Is she—where she was?"

Lizzie looked at him, again investigating his face keenly, and he at her. They were like two antagonists in a duel, each on his guard, each eagerly observant of every point at which he could obtain an advantage. At last, "Where was that, sir?" she said. "I don't know where you heard of her last."

Dick made no answer. It was some moments before he spoke at all. Then, "Is she in England?" he asked.

"I'm not at liberty, sir, to say where she is."

"You know, of course. I can see that in your face. Is she— But perhaps you don't intend to answer any question I put to you?"

"I think not, sir," said Lizzie, firmly. "What would be the good? She don't want you, nor you"—

"Nor I her. It is true," he said. His face became very grave, almost stern. "I have little reason to wish to know. Still you must be aware that misery is the end of such a way of life."

"Oh, you need give yourself no trouble about that," cried Lizzie, with something like scorn; "she is a deal better off and more thought upon than ever she would have been if"—

"Poor girl!" he said. These words and the tone in which they were spoken stopped the quick little angry speech that was on Lizzie's lips. She wavered for a moment, then recovered herself.

"If you please," she said, "to take your matches, sir. It ain't general for gentlemen like you to come into granny's shop: and we think a deal of little things here. It is not as if we were — on the other side."

He laughed with a sort of fierce ridicule that offended the girl. "So — I might be supposed to be coming after you," he said.

She flung the matches to him across the counter. "There may be more difference here than there was *there*; but a gentleman, if he is a gentleman, will be civil wherever he is."

"You are quite right," said Dick, recovering himself, "and I spoke like a fool. For all that you say, misery is the end of such a life; and if I could help it I should not like her to come to want."

"Oh!" cried Lizzie, with exasperation, stamping her foot. "Want! You are more like to come to it than she is. I could show you in a moment — I could just let you see" — Here she paused, and faltered, and grew red, meeting his eyes. He did not ask any further question. He had grown pale as she grew red. Their looks exchanged a rapid communication, in which neither Lizzie's reluctance to speak nor his hesitation in asking was of any avail. He put down the sixpence which he had in his hand upon the counter, and went out into the night in a dumb confusion of mind, as if he had received a blow.

Here! breathing the same air, seeing the same sights, within reach! He went a little further on in the darkness, not knowing where, nor caring, in the bewilderment of the shock which had come upon him so unexpectedly; and suddenly in the dark was aware of a range of lighted windows which seemed to hang high in the air, — the windows of the Elms appearing over the high garden wall. He went along towards the house mechanically, and only stopped

when his shoulder rubbed against the bricks, near the spot where in the morning he had seen Lizzie come out. The lights moved about from window to window; the house seemed full of movement and life; and within the wall of the garden there was a sound of conversation and laughter. Did he recognize the voices, or any one among them? He did not say so even to himself, but turned round and hurried back, stumbling through the darkness which hid and blinded him. In the village he met a woman with a lantern, who he did not doubt was Lizzie's grandmother, the village authority; no doubt a gossip, quite disposed to search into other people's mysteries, quite unaware of the secret story which had connected itself with her own. She passed him in a little mist of light in the midst of the dark, raising her head instinctively as he passed with a sense of something unfamiliar, but of course not seeing who he was. Presently he found his way again amid the clumps of lilac, which had done blooming, and guided by the sweetness of the hawthorn against which he had spiked himself on his way out. Mrs. Wilberforce was going upstairs with her candle as he came in. She looked at him disapprovingly, and hoped, with something like irony, that he had enjoyed his walk. "Though you must have had to grope along in the dark, which does not seem much of a pleasure to me."

"The air is delightful," said Dick with unnecessary fervor. "I like a stroll in the dark: and the lights in the cottages are pretty to see."

"Dear me, I should have thought everybody was in bed; but late hours are creeping in with other things," said the rector's wife as she went upstairs. The rector himself was standing at the door of his study, with an unlighted pipe in his hand. "Come and have a smoke," he said. For a moment it occurred to Cavendish, though rather as a tempta-

tion than as a relief, to tell the story which seemed to fill his mind like something palpable, leaving room for nothing else, to his simple-minded, rural friend, an older man than himself and a clergyman, and therefore likely to have received other confidences before now. But something sealed his lips. The atmosphere of the house, the narrow life with its thousand little occupations, in which there was an ideal yet prosaic innocence, an incapacity even to understand those elements of which tragedy is formed, made his own story almost to himself inconceivable. How could he tell it,—how reveal anything so alien to every possibility! He might have told the good Wilberforce had he been in debt or in love, or asked his help for any light difficulty in which the parson might have played the part of mediator, whether with an angry father or an irritated creditor. Wilberforce would have made an excellent confidant in such cases, but not in this.

In debt or in love:—in love! Dick Cavendish's character was well known; or so, at least, everybody thought. He was always in love, just as he was always in good spirits,—a fellow full of frolic and fun, only too light-hearted to take life with sufficient seriousness; and life must be taken seriously if you are going to make anything of it. This had been said to him a great many times since he came home. There was no harm known of him, as there generally is of a young man who lets a few years drop in the heyday of life. He liked his fun, the servants said, which was their way of putting it; and his parents considered that he did not take life with sufficient seriousness; the two verdicts were the same: but the people most interested in him had almost unanimously agreed in that theory, of which mention has been already made, about the "nice girl." He was himself aware of the plan, and had got much amusement out of it. Whether it came to

anything or not, it at least promised him a great deal of pleasure. Scores of nice girls had been invited to meet him, and all his relatives and friends had laid themselves out thus to make a reformed character of Dick. He liked them all, he declared; they were delightful company, and he did not mind how many he was presented to; for what can be nicer than a nice girl? and to see how many of them there were in the world was exhilarating to a man fresh out of the backwoods. As he had never once approached the limits of the serious, or had occasion to ask himself what might be the end of any of the pleasant triflings into which his own temperament, seconding the plots of his friends, carried him lightly, all had gone quite well and easily, as Dick loved the things about him to go. But suddenly, just when an unexpected break had taken place in the pleasant surface of affairs, and dark remembrances, never forgotten, had got uppermost in his mind—on this night of all others, when those two words, "in love," floated into his consciousness, there rose up with them a sudden apparition,—the figure, light, yet not shadowy, of Chatty Warrender, holding the bowl of roses with both hands, and with that look of innocent surprise and pleasure in her face. Who can account for such appearances? She walked into his imagination at the mere passage of these words through his head, stepping across the threshold of his fancy with almost as strong a sensation of reality as if she had pushed open his door and come into the room in which he was to all appearance quite tranquilly taking off his boots and changing his coat to join the rector in the study below. He had seen a great many girls more beautiful, more clever, more striking in every way, than Chatty. He had not been aware, even, that he had himself distinguished her; yet there she was, with her look, which was not addressed to him, yet perhaps was more or less on account

of him, — that look of unexpected pleasure. Was it on his account? No; only because in the midst of the dullness some one was asked to dinner. Bah! he said to himself, and tossed the boot he had taken off upon the floor, — in that noisy way which young men have before they learn in marriage how to behave themselves, was the silent comment of Mrs. Wilberforce, who heard him, as she made her preparations for bed, next door.

Dick was not so jolly as usual, in the hour of smoke and converse which ensued. It was the rector's favorite hour, the moment for expansion, for confidences, for assurances on his part, to his young friends, that life in the company of a nice woman, and with your children growing up round you, was in reality a far better thing than your clubs and theatres, although a momentary regret might occasionally cross the mind, and a strong desire for just so many reasonable neighbors as might form a whist-party. Dick was in the habit of making fun of the rector's self-congratulations and regrets, but on this evening he scarcely made a single joke. Three or four times he relapsed into that silence, meditative or otherwise, which is permitted and even enjoyable in the midst of smoke, when two men are confidential without saying anything, and are the best of company without exchanging one idea. But in the midst of one of those pauses, he suddenly sat bolt upright in his chair, and said, "I am afraid I must leave you to-morrow," taking away the rector's breath.

"Leave us to-morrow! Why in the name of wonder should you leave us to-morrow?" Mr. Wilberforce cried.

"Well, the truth is," said Dick, "you see I have been away from home a considerable time: and my people are going abroad: and then I've been remiss, you know, in my home duties."

"But you knew all that, my dear fellow, yesterday as well as to-day."

"That's true," said Dick, with a

laugh. "The fact is, that's not all, Wilberforce. I have had letters."

"Letters! Has there been a delivery? Bless my soul," said the rector, "this is something quite new."

"Look here," said Dick. "I've been out, and I passed by the — the post-office, and there I got news — Come, don't look at me in that doubtful way. I have got news, and there is an end of it — which makes me think I had better clear out of this."

"If you want to make a mystery, Cavendish," replied the rector, slowly knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"I don't want to make any mystery," cried Dick; then he added, "If I did, it would be, of course, because I could not help it. Sometimes a man is mixed up in a mystery which he can't throw any light upon for — for other people's sake."

"Ah!" said Mr. Wilberforce. He refilled the pipe deliberately, and with a very grave face. Then, with a sudden flash of illumination, "I make no doubt," he cried, "it's something about those tenants of your uncle's. He is urging you to go to the Elms."

"Well, since you have guessed, that is about it," said Cavendish. "I can't carry out my commission, and as I'd rather not explain to him" —

"Why should n't you explain to him? I have quite been calculating that you would explain to him, and get him to take action, and free us of a set of people so much — so entirely," cried the indignant rector, "out of our way!"

"Well, you see," said Dick, "it's not such an easy thing to get people out of a house. I know enough about law to know that; and the old fellow would be in a terrible way if he knew. I don't want to worry him, don't you see; so the best thing I can do is to say I left very soon, and had not the time to call."

"Well, for one thing, I am rather glad to hear you say so," said the rector; "for I thought at first, by the way you

introduced the subject, that your uncle himself, who has always borne such an excellent character, was somehow mixed up" —

Cavendish replied by a peal of laughter so violent as almost to look hysterical. He laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. "Poor old uncle," he cried, — "poor old fellow! After a long and blameless life to be suspected, and that by a clergyman!"

"Cavendish," said the rector severely, "you are too bad; you make fun of things the most sacred. It is entirely your fault if I ever associated in my mind for a moment — However," he added, "there is one thing certain: you can't go away till you have dined at the Warren, according to Mrs. Warrender's invitation. In her circumstances one must be doubly particular: and as she made an effort for Theo's sake, and yours as his friend" —

"Oh, she made an effort! I did not think of that."

"If you are in such a hurry, Emily

can find out in the morning whether to-morrow will suit them, and one day longer will not matter, surely. I can't conceive why you should feel such an extreme delicacy about it."

"Oh, that's my way," said Dick lightly. "I am extremely delicate about everything, though you don't seem to have found it out."

"I wish you could be a little serious about something," said the rector, with a sigh. "Things are not all made to get a laugh out of, — though you seem to think so, Dick."

"It is as good a use as another," said Dick. But as he went upstairs shortly after, the candle which he carried in his hand lighted up, in the midst of the darkness of the peaceful, sleeping house, a face which revealed anything rather than an inclination to get laughter out of everything. Nevertheless, he had pledged himself to stay for the dinner at the Warren which was to cost Mrs. Warrender an effort. It might cost him more than an effort, he said to himself.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

THE STRANGE GUEST.

HE brought a branch of olive, —

This stranger guest of mine;

Could I deny him entrance,

Who bore the peaceful sign?

Ah no! I bade him welcome,

I set him meat and wine;

But while he drank and feasted,

How laughed his eyes divine!

I took the branch of olive

(The soothest plant that grows),

And from the carven ceiling

I hung it with the rose.

"But why to me this token,

Who never lacked repose?

Why this to me," I questioned,

"Who know nor feud nor foes?"

He smiled beneath the olive, —
This strangest stranger guest.
A branch from off the thorn-tree
Had told his errand best;
For since my house he entered
There's ne'er a heart at rest.
To mock me with the olive!
But Love doth love his jest.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

IV.

THE YOUNG SOLITARY.

WHAT is a country village without its mysterious personage? Few are now living who can remember the advent of the handsome young man who was the mystery of our great university town "sixty years since," — long enough ago for a romance to grow out of a narrative, as *Waverley* may remind us. The holder of the *New Portfolio* remembers him well, and is not sure that he has not told the strange story in some form or other to the last generation, or to the one before the last. No matter: if he has told it they have forgotten it, — that is, if they have ever read it; and whether they have or have not, the story is singular enough to justify running the risk of repetition.

This young man, with a curious name of Scandinavian origin, appeared unheralded in the town, as it was then, of *Cantabridge*. He wanted employment, and soon found it in the shape of manual labor, which he undertook and performed cheerfully. But his whole appearance showed plainly enough that he was bred to occupations of a very different nature, if, indeed, he had been accustomed to any kind of toil for his living. His aspect was that of one of gentle birth. His hands were not those

of a laborer, and his features were delicate and refined, as well as of remarkable beauty. Who he was, where he came from, why he had come to *Cantabridge*, was never clearly explained. He was alone, without friends, without acquaintances, except those he made in his new residence. If he had any correspondents, they were not known to the neighborhood where he was living. But if he had neither friends, outside acquaintances, nor correspondents, there was some reason for believing that he had enemies. Strange circumstances occurred which connected themselves with him in an ominous and unaccountable way. A threatening letter was slipped under the door of a house where he was visiting. He had a sudden attack of illness, which was thought to look very much like the effect of poison. At one time he disappeared, and was found wandering, bewildered, in a town many miles from that where he was residing. When questioned how he came there, he told a coherent story that he had been got, under some pretext, or in some not incredible way, into a boat, from which, at a certain landing-place, he had escaped and fled for his life, which he believed was in danger from his kidnappers.

Whoever his enemies may have been, — if they really existed, — he did not fall a victim to their plots, so far as

known to or remembered by this witness.

Various interpretations were put upon his story. Conjectures were as abundant as they were in the case of Kaspar Hauser. That he was of good family seemed probable; that he was of distinguished birth, not impossible; that he was the dangerous rival of a candidate for a greatly coveted position in one of the northern states of Europe was a favorite speculation of some of the more romantic young persons. There was no dramatic ending to this story, — at least none is remembered by the present writer.

"He left a name," like the royal Swede, of whose lineage he may have been for aught that the village people knew, but not a name at which anybody "grew pale;" for he had swindled no one, and broken no woman's heart with false vows. Possibly some withered cheeks may flush faintly as they recall the handsome young man who came before the Cantabridge maidens fully equipped for a hero of romance when the century was in its first quarter.

The holder of the Portfolio has been reminded of the handsome Swede by the incidents attending the advent of the unknown and interesting stranger who had made his appearance at Arrowhead Village.

It was a very insufficient and unsatisfactory reason to assign for the young man's solitary habits that he was the subject of an antipathy. For what do we understand by that word? When a young lady screams at the sight of a spider, we accept her explanation that she has a natural antipathy to the creature. When a person expresses a repugnance to some wholesome article of food, agreeable to most people, we are satisfied if he gives the same reason. And so of various odors, which are pleasing to some persons and repulsive

to others. We do not pretend to go behind the fact. It is an individual, and it may be a family, peculiarity. Even between different personalities there is an instinctive elective dislike as well as an elective affinity. We are not bound to give a reason why Dr. Fell is odious to us any more than the prisoner who peremptorily challenges a jurymen is bound to say why he does it; it is enough that he "does not like his looks."

There was nothing strange, then, that Maurice Kirkwood should have his special antipathy; a great many other people have odd likes and dislikes. But it was a very curious thing that this antipathy should be alleged as the reason for his singular mode of life. All sorts of explanations were suggested, not one of them in the least satisfactory, but serving to keep the curiosity of inquirers active until they were superseded by a new theory. One story was that Maurice had a great fear of dogs. It grew at last to a connected narrative, in which a fright in childhood from a rabid mongrel was said to have given him such a sensitiveness to the near presence of dogs that he was liable to convulsions if one came close to him.

This hypothesis had some plausibility. No other creature would be so likely to trouble a person who was subject to this antipathy. Dogs are very apt to make the acquaintance of strangers, in a free and easy way. They are met with everywhere, — in one's daily walk, at the thresholds of the doors one enters, in the gentleman's library, on the rug of my lady's sitting-room and on the cushion of her carriage. It is true that there are few persons who have an instinctive repugnance to this "friend of man." But what if this so-called antipathy were only a fear, a terror, which borrowed the less unmanly name? It was a fair question, if, indeed, the curiosity of the public had a right to ask any questions at all about the harmless individual who

gave no offense, and seemed entitled to the right of choosing his way of living to suit himself, without being submitted to espionage.

There was no positive evidence bearing on the point as yet. But one of the village people had a large Newfoundland dog, of a very sociable disposition, with which he determined to test the question. He watched for the time when Maurice should leave his house for the woods or the lake, and started with his dog to meet him. The animal walked up to the stranger in a very sociable fashion, and began making his acquaintance, after the usual manner of well-bred dogs; that is, with the courtesies and blandishments by which the canine Chesterfield is distinguished from the ill-conditioned cur. Maurice patted him in a friendly way, and spoke to him as one who was used to the fellowship of such companions. That idle question and foolish story were disposed of, therefore, and some other solution must be found, if possible.

A much more common antipathy is that which is entertained with regard to cats. This has never been explained. It is not mere aversion to the look of the creature, or to any sensible quality known to the common observer. The cat is pleasing in aspect, graceful in movement, nice in personal habits, and of amiable disposition. No cause of offense is obvious, and yet there are many persons who cannot abide the presence of the most innocent little kitten. They can tell, in some mysterious way, that there is a cat in the room when they can neither see nor hear the creature. Whether it is an electrical or quasi-magnetic phenomenon, or whatever it may be, of the fact of this strange influence there are too many well-authenticated instances to allow its being questioned. But suppose Maurice Kirkwood to be the subject of this antipathy in its extremest degree, it would in no manner account for the isolation to which

he had condemned himself. He might shun the firesides of the old women whose tabbies were purring by their footstools, but these worthy dames do not make up the whole population.

These two antipathies having been disposed of, a new suggestion was started, and was talked over with a curious sort of half belief, very much as ghost stories are told in a circle of moderately instructed and inquiring persons. This was that Maurice was endowed with the unenviable gift of the evil eye. He was in frequent communication with Italy, as his letters showed, and had recently been residing in that country, as was learned from Paolo. Now everybody knows that the evil eye is not rarely met with in Italy. Everybody who has ever read Mr. Story's *Roba di Roma* knows what a terrible power it is which the owner of the evil eye exercises. It can blight and destroy whatever it falls upon. No person's life or limb is safe if the *jettatura*, the withering glance of the deadly organ, falls upon him. It must be observed that this malign effect may follow a look from the holiest personages, — that is, if we may assume that a monk is such as a matter of course. Certainly we have a right to take it for granted that the late Pope, Pius Ninth, was an eminently holy man, and yet he had the name of dispensing the mystic and dreaded *jettatura* as well as his blessing. If Maurice Kirkwood carried that destructive influence, so that his clear blue eyes were more to be feared than the fascinations of the deadliest serpent, it could easily be understood why he kept his look away from all around him whom he feared he might harm.

No sensible person in Arrowhead Village really believed in the evil eye, but it served the purpose of a temporary hypothesis, as do many suppositions which we take as a nucleus for our observations without putting any real confidence in them. It was just suited to

the romantic notions of the more flighty persons in the village, who had meddled more or less with Spiritualism, and were ready for any new fancy, if it were only wild enough.

The riddle of the young stranger's peculiarity did not seem likely to find any very speedy solution. Every new suggestion furnished talk for the gossips of the village and the babble of the many tongues in the two educational institutions. Naturally, the discussion was liveliest among the young ladies. Here is an extract from a letter of one of these young ladies, who, having received at her birth the ever-pleasing name of Mary, saw fit to have herself called Mollie in the catalogue and in her letters. The old postmaster of the town to which her letter was directed took it up to stamp, and read on the envelope the direction to "Miss Lulu Pinrow." He brought the stamp down with a vicious emphasis, coming very near blotting out the nursery name, instead of cancelling the postage-stamp. "Lulu!" he exclaimed. "I should like to know if that great strapping girl is n't out of her cradle yet! I suppose Miss Louisa will think that belongs to her, but I saw her christened and I heard the name the minister gave her, and it was n't 'Lulu,' or any such baby nonsense." And so saying, he gave it a fling to the box marked P, as if it burned his fingers. Why a grown-up young woman allowed herself to be cheapened in the way so many of them do by the use of names which become them as well as the frock of a ten-year-old schoolgirl would become a graduate of the Corinna Institute, the old postmaster could not guess. He was a queer old man.

The letter thus scornfully treated runs over with a young girl's written loquacity:—

"Oh, Lulu, there is *such* a sensation as you never saw or heard of 'in all your born days,' as mamma used to say. He has been at the village for some time,

but lately we have had—oh, the *weirdest stories* about him! 'The Mysterious Stranger' is the name some give him, but we girls call him the *Sachem*, because he paddles about in an Indian canoe. If I should tell you *all* the things that are said about him I should use up all my paper *ten times over*. He has never made a visit to the Institute, and none of the girls have ever spoken to him, but the people at the village say he is *very, very* handsome. We are *dying* to get a look at him, of course—though there is a horrid story about him—that he has *the evil eye*—did you ever hear about *the evil eye*? If a person who is born with it *looks* at you, you die, or something happens—*awful*—is n't it?

"The rector says he *never goes to church*, but then you know a good many of the people that pass the summer at the village never do—they think their *religion must have vacations*—that 's what I've heard they say—vacations, just like other *hard work*—it ought not to be hard work, I'm sure, but I suppose they feel so about it. Should you feel afraid to have him look at you? Some of the girls say they would n't have him *for the whole world*, but I should n't mind it—especially if I had on my eye-glasses. Do you suppose if there *is* anything in the evil eye it would go through glass? I don't believe it. Do you think *blue* eye-glasses would be better than common ones? Don't *laugh* at me—they tell such weird stories! *The Terror*—Lurida Vincent, you know—makes fun of all they say about it, but then she 'knows everything and does n't believe anything,' the girls say—Well, I should be *awfully scared*, I know, if anybody that had the evil eye should look at me—but—oh, I don't know—but if it was a young man—and if he was very—*very* good-looking—I think—perhaps I would run the risk—but don't tell anybody I said any such *horrid* thing—and *burn this letter right up*—there's a dear good girl."

It is to be hoped that no reader will doubt the genuineness of this letter. There are not quite so many "awfuls" and "awfullys" as one expects to find in young ladies' letters, but there are two "weirds," which may be considered a fair allowance. How it happened that "jolly" did not show itself can hardly be accounted for; no doubt it turns up two or three times at least in the postscript.

Here is an extract from another letter. This was from one of the students of Stoughton University to a friend whose name as it was written on the envelope was Mr. Frank Mayfield. The old postmaster who found fault with Miss "Lulu's" designation would probably have quarrelled with this address, if it had come under his eye. "Frank" is a very pretty, pleasant-sounding name, and it is not strange that many persons use it in common conversation all their days when speaking of a friend. Were they really christened by that name, any of these numerous Franks? Perhaps they were, and if so there is nothing to be said. But if not, was the baptismal name Francis or Franklin? The mind is apt to fasten in a very perverse and unpleasant way upon this question, which too often there is no possible way of settling. One might hope, if he outlived the bearer of the appellation, to get at the fact; but since even grave-stones have learned to use the names belonging to childhood and infancy in their solemn record, the generation which docks its Christian names in such an un-Christian way will bequeath whole churchyards full of riddles to posterity. How it will puzzle and distress the historians and antiquarians of a coming generation to settle what was the real name of Dan and Bert and "Billy," which last is legible on a white marble slab, raised in memory of a grown person, in a certain burial-ground in a town in Essex County!

But in the mean time we are forget-

ting the letter directed to Mr. Frank Mayfield.

"DEAR FRANK, — Hooray! Hurrah! Rah! Rah!"

"I have made the acquaintance of 'The Mysterious Stranger!' It happened by a queer sort of accident, which came pretty near relieving you of the duty of replying to this letter. I was out in my little boat, which carries a sail too big for her, as I know and ought to have remembered. One of those fitful flaws of wind to which the lake is so liable struck the sail suddenly, and over went my boat. My feet got tangled in the sheet somehow, and I could not get free. I had hard work to keep my head above water, and I struggled desperately to escape from my toils; for if the boat were to go down I should be dragged down with her. I thought of a good many things in the course of some four or five minutes, I can tell you, and I got a lesson about time better than anything Kant and all the rest of them have to say of it. After I had been there about an ordinary lifetime, I saw a white canoe making toward me, and I knew that our shy young gentleman was coming to help me, and that we should become acquainted without an introduction. So it was, sure enough. He saw what the trouble was, managed to disentangle my feet without drowning me in the process or upsetting his little flimsy craft, and, as I was somewhat tired with my struggle, took me in tow and carried me to the landing where he kept his canoe. I can't say that there is anything odd about his manners or his way of talk. I judge him to be a native of one of our Northern States, — perhaps a New Englander. He has lived abroad during some parts of his life. He is not an artist, as it was at one time thought he might be. He is a good-looking fellow, well developed, manly in appearance, with nothing to excite special remark unless it be a certain look of anxiety or apprehension which comes over

him from time to time. You remember our old friend Squire B., whose companion was killed by lightning when he was standing close to him. You know the look he had whenever anything like a thundercloud came up in the sky. Well, I should say there was a look like that came over this Maurice Kirkwood's face every now and then. I noticed that he looked round once or twice as if to see whether some object or other was in sight. There was a little rustling in the grass as if of footsteps, and this look came over his features. A rabbit ran by us, and I watched to see if he showed any sign of that antipathy we have heard so much of, but he seemed to be pleased watching the creature.

"If you ask me what my opinion is about this Maurice Kirkwood, I think he is eccentric in his habit of life, but not what they call a 'crank' exactly. He talked well enough about such matters as we spoke of, — the lake, the scenery in general, the climate. I asked him to come over and take a look at the college. He did n't promise, but I should not be surprised if I should get him over there some day. I asked him why he did n't go to the Pansophian meetings. He did n't give any reason, but he shook his head in a very peculiar way, as much as to say that it was impossible.

"On the whole, I think it is nothing more than the same feeling of dread of human society, or dislike for it, which under the name of religion used to drive men into caves and deserts. What a pity that Protestantism does not make special provision for all the freaks of individual character! If we had a little more faith and a few more caverns, or convenient places for making them, we should have hermits in these holes as thick as woodchucks or prairie dogs. I should like to know if you never had the feeling,

'Oh, that the desert were my dwelling-place!'

I know what your answer will be, of course. You will say, 'Certainly,

"With one fair spirit for my minister ;"' but I mean alone, — all alone. Don't you ever feel as if you should like to have been a pillar-saint in the days when faith was as strong as lye (spelt with a y), instead of being as weak as dish-water? (Jerry is looking over my shoulder, and says this pun is too bad to send, and a disgrace to the University — but never mind.) I often feel as if I should like to roost on a pillar a hundred feet high, — yes, and have it soaped from top to bottom. Would n't it be fun to look down at the bores and the duns? Let us get up a pillar-roosters' association. (Jerry — still looking over — says there is an absurd contradiction in the idea.)

"What a matter-of-fact idiot Jerry is!"

"How do you like looking over, Mr. Inspector-general?"

The reader will not get much information out of this lively young fellow's letter, but he may get a little. It is something to know that the mysterious resident of Arrowhead Village did not look nor talk like a crazy person; that he was of agreeable aspect and address, helpful when occasion offered, and had nothing about him, so far as yet appeared, to prevent his being an acceptable member of society.

Of course the people in the village could never be contented without learning everything there was to be learned about their visitor. All the city papers were examined for advertisements. If a cashier had absconded, if a broker had disappeared, if a railroad president was missing, some of the old stories would wake up and get a fresh currency, until some new circumstance gave rise to a new hypothesis. Unconscious of all these inquiries and fictions, Maurice Kirkwood lived on in his inoffensive and unexplained solitude, and seemed likely to remain an unsolved enigma. The "Sachem" of the boating girls be-

came the "Sphinx" of the village rambblers, and it was agreed on all hands that Egypt did not hold any hieroglyphics harder to make out than the meaning of this young man's odd way of living.

V.

THE ENIGMA STUDIED.

It was a curious, if it was not a suspicious, circumstance that a young man, seemingly in good health, of comely aspect, looking as if made for companionship, should keep himself apart from all the world around him in a place where there was a general feeling of good neighborhood and a pleasant social atmosphere. The Public Library was a central point which brought people together. The Pansophian Society did a great deal to make them acquainted with each other, for many of the meetings were open to outside visitors, and the subjects discussed in the meetings furnished the material for conversation in their intervals. A card of invitation had been sent by the Secretary to Maurice, in answer to which Paolo carried back a polite note of regret. The paper had a narrow rim of black, implying apparently some loss of relative or friend, but not any very recent and crushing bereavement. This refusal to come to the meetings of the society was only what was expected. It was proper to ask him, but his declining the invitation showed that he did not wish for attentions or courtesies. There was nothing further to be done to bring him out of his shell, and seemingly nothing more to be learned about him at present.

In this state of things it was natural that all which had been previously gathered by the few who had seen or known anything of him should be worked over again. When there is no new ore to be dug, the old refuse heaps are looked over for what may still be found in them.

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The landlord of the Anchor Tavern, now the nominal head of the boarding-house, talked about Maurice, as everybody in the village did at one time or another. He had not much to say, but he added a fact or two.

The young gentleman was good pay, — so they all said. Sometimes he paid in gold; sometimes in fresh bills, just out of the bank. He trusted his man, Mr. Paul, with the money to pay his bills. He knew something about horses; he showed that by the way he handled that colt, — the one that threw the hostler and broke his collar-bone. "Paul come down to the stable. 'Let me see that colt you all 'fraid of,' says he. 'My master, he ride any hoss,' says Paul. 'You saddle him,' says he; and so they did, and Paul, he led that colt — the kickinest and ugliest young beast you ever see in your life — up to the place where his master, as he calls him, and he lives. What does that Mr. Kirkwood do but clap on a couple of long spurs and jump on to that colt's back, and off the beast goes, tail up, heels flying, standing up on end, trying all sorts of capers, and at last going it full run for a couple of miles, till he'd got about enough of it. That colt went off as ferce as a wild-cat, and come back as quiet as a cosset lamb. A man that pays his bills reg'lar, in good money, and knows how to handle a hoss is three quarters of a gentleman, if he is n't a whole one, — and most likely he is a whole one."

So spake the patriarch of the Anchor Tavern. His wife had already given her favorable opinion of her former guest. She now added something to her description as a sequel to her husband's remarks.

"I call him," she said, "about as likely a young gentleman as ever I clapped my eyes on. He is rather slighter than I like to see a young man of his age; if he was my son, I should like to see him a little more fleshy. I don't be-

lieve he weighs more than a hundred and thirty or forty pounds. Did y' ever look at those eyes of his, M'randy? Just as blue as succory flowers. I do like those light-complected young fellows, with their fresh cheeks and their curly hair; somehow, curly hair doos set off anybody's face. He is n't any foreigner, for all that he talks Italian with that Mr. Paul that's his help. He looks just like our kind of folks, — the college kind, that's brought up among books, and is handling 'em, and reading of 'em, and making of 'em, as like as not, all their lives. All that you say about his riding the mad colt is just what I should think he was up to, for he's as spry as a squirrel; you ought to see him go over that fence, as I did once. I don't believe there's any harm in that young gentleman, — I don't care what people say. I suppose he likes this place just as other people like it, and cares more for walking in the woods and paddling about in the water than he doos for company; and if he doos, whose business is it, I should like to know?"

The third of the speakers was Miranda, who had her own way of judging people.

"I never see him but two or three times," Miranda said. "I should like to have waited on him, and got a chance to look stiddy at him when he was eatin' his vittles. That's the time to watch folks, when their jaws get a-goin' and their eyes are on what's afore 'em. Do you remember that chap the sheriff come and took away when we kep' tavern? Eleven year ago it was, come nex' Thanksgivin' time. A mighty grand gentleman from the city he set up for. I watched him, and I watched him. Says I, I don't believe you're no gentleman, says I. He eat with his knife, and that ain't the way city folks eats. Every time I handed 'him anything I looked closter and closter. Them whiskers never grewed on them cheeks, says I to myself. Them's pa-

per collars, says I. That dimun in your shirt-front hain't got no life to it, says I. I don't believe it's nothin' more'n a bit o' winderglass. So says I to Pushee, 'You jes' step out and get the sheriff to come in and take a look at that chap.' I knowed he was after a fellah. He come right in, an' he goes up to the chap. 'Why, Bill,' says he, 'I'm mighty glad to see yer. We've had the hole in the wall you got out of mended, and I want your company to come and look at the old place,' says he, and he pulls out a couple of handcuffs and has 'em on his wrists in less than no time, an' off they goes together! I know one thing about that young gentleman, anyhow, — there ain't no better judge of what's good eatin' than he is. I cooked him some macaroni myself one day, and he sends word to me by that Mr. Paul, 'Tell Miss Miranda,' says he, 'that the Pope o' Rome don't have no better cooked macaroni than what she sent up to me yesterday,' says he. I don't know much about the Pope o' Rome except that he's a Roman Catholic, and I don't know who cooks for him, whether it's a man or a woman; but when it comes to a dish o' macaroni, I ain't afeard of their *shefs*, as they call 'em, — them he-cooks that can't serve up a cold potater without callin' it by some name nobody can say after 'em. But this gentleman knowed good cookin', and that's as good a sign of a gentleman as I want to know 'em by."

VI.

STILL AT FAULT.

The house in which Maurice Kirkwood had taken up his abode was not a very inviting one. It was old, and had been left in a somewhat dilapidated and disorderly condition by the tenants who had lived in the part which Maurice now occupied. They had piled their packing-boxes in the cellar, with broken

chairs, broken china, and other household wrecks. A cracked mirror lay on an old straw mattress, the contents of which were airing themselves through wide rips and rents. A lame clothes-horse was saddled with an old rug fringed with a ragged border, out of which all the colors had been completely trodden. No woman would have gone into a house in such a condition. But the young man did not trouble himself much about such matters, and was satisfied when the rooms which were to be occupied by himself and his servant were made decent and tolerably comfortable. During the fine season all this was not of much consequence, and if Maurice made up his mind to stay through the winter he would have his choice among many more eligible places.

The summer vacation of the Corinna Institute had now arrived, and the young ladies had scattered to their homes. Among the graduates of the year were Miss Euthymia Tower and Miss Lurida Vincent, who had now returned to their homes in Arrowhead Village. They were both glad to rest after the long final examinations and the exercises of the closing day, in which each of them had borne a conspicuous part. It was a pleasant life they led in the village, which was lively enough at this season. Walking, riding, driving, boating, visits to the Library, meetings of the Pan-sophian Society, hops, and picnics made the time pass very cheerfully, and soon showed their restoring influences. The Terror's large eyes did not wear the dull, glazed look by which they had too often betrayed the after effects of over-excitement of the strong and active brain behind them. The Wonder gained a fresher bloom, and looked full enough of life to radiate vitality into a statue of ice. They had a boat of their own, in which they passed many delightful hours on the lake, rowing, drifting, reading, telling of what had been, dreaming of what might be.

The Library was one of the chief centres of the fixed population, and visited often by strangers. The old Librarian was a peculiar character, as these officials are apt to be. They have a curious kind of knowledge, sometimes immense in its way. They know the backs of books, their title-pages, their popularity or want of it, the class of readers who call for particular works, the value of different editions, and a good deal besides. Their minds catch up hints from all manner of works on all kinds of subjects. They will give a visitor a fact and a reference which they are surprised to find they remember and which the visitor might have hunted for a year. Every good librarian, every private book-owner, who has grown into his library, finds he has a bunch of nerves going to every bookcase, a branch to every shelf, and a twig to every book. These nerves get very sensitive in old librarians, sometimes, and they do not like to have a volume meddled with any more than they would to have their naked eyes handled. They come to feel at last that the books of a great collection are a part, not merely of their own property, though they are only the agents for their distribution, but that they are, as it were, outlying portions of their own organization. The old Librarian was getting a miserly feeling about his books, as he called them. Fortunately, he had a young lady for his assistant, who was never so happy as when she could find the work any visitor wanted and put it in his hands, — or her hands, for there were more readers among the wives and daughters, and especially among the aunts, than there were among their male relatives. The old Librarian knew the books, but the books seemed to know the young assistant; so it looked, at least, to the impatient young people who wanted their services.

Maurice had a good many volumes of his own, — a great many, according to

Paolo's account ; but Paolo's ideas were limited, and a few well-filled shelves seemed a very large collection to him. His master frequently sent him to the public library for books, which somewhat enlarged his notions ; still, the Signor was a very learned man, he was certain, and some of his white books (bound in vellum and richly gilt) were more splendid, according to Paolo, than anything in the Library.

There was no little curiosity to know what were the books that Maurice was in the habit of taking out, and the Librarian's record was carefully searched by some of the more inquisitive investigators. The list proved to be a long and varied one. It would imply a considerable knowledge of modern languages and of the classics ; a liking for mathematics and physics, especially all that related to electricity and magnetism ; a fancy for the occult sciences, if there is any propriety in coupling these words ; and a whim for odd and obsolete literature, like the *Parthenologia* of Fortunius Licetus, the quaint treatise *De Sternutatione*, books about alchemy, and witchcraft, apparitions, and modern works relating to Spiritualism. With these were the titles of novels and now and then of books of poems ; but it may be taken for granted that his own shelves held the works he was most frequently in the habit of reading or consulting. Not much was to be made out of this beyond the fact of wide scholarship, — more or less deep it might be, but at any rate implying no small mental activity ; for he appeared to read very rapidly, at any rate exchanged the books he had taken out for new ones very frequently. To judge by his reading, he was a man of letters. But so wide-reading a man of letters must have an object, a literary purpose in all probability. Why should not he be writing a novel ? Not a novel of society, assuredly, for a hermit is not the person to report the talk and manners of a

world which he has nothing to do with. Novelists and lawyers understand the art of "cramming" better than any other persons in the world. Why should not this young man be working up the picturesque in this romantic region to serve as a background for some story with magic, perhaps, and mysticism, and hints borrowed from science, and all sorts of out-of-the-way knowledge which his odd and miscellaneous selection of books furnished him ? That might be, or possibly he was only reading for amusement. Who could say ?

The funds of the Public Library of Arrowhead Village allowed the managers to purchase many books out of the common range of reading. The two learned people of the village were the rector and the doctor. These two worthies kept up the old controversy between the professions, which grows out of the fact that one studies nature from below upwards, and the other from above downwards. The rector maintained that physicians contracted a squint which turns their eyes inwardly, while the muscles which roll their eyes upward become palsied. The doctor retorted that theological students developed a third eyelid, — the *nictitating membrane*, which is so well known in birds, and which serves to shut out, not all light, but all the light they do not want. Their little skirmishes did not prevent their being very good friends, who had a common interest in many things and many persons. Both were on the committee which had the care of the library and attended to the purchase of books. Each was scholar enough to know the wants of scholars, and disposed to trust the judgment of the other as to what books should be purchased. Consequently, the clergyman secured the addition to the library of a good many old theological works which the physician would have called brimstone divinity, and held to be just the thing to kindle fires with, — good books still for those

who know how to use them, oftentimes as awful examples of the extreme of disorganization the whole moral system may undergo when a barbarous belief has strangled the natural human instincts. The physician, in the mean time, acquired for the collection some of those medical works where one may find recorded various rare and almost incredible cases, which may not have their like for a whole century, and then repeat themselves, so as to give a new lease of credibility to a story which had come to be looked upon as a fable.

Both the clergyman and the physician took a very natural interest in the young man who had come to reside in their neighborhood for the present, perhaps for a long period. The rector would have been glad to see him at church. He would have liked more especially to have had him hear his sermon on the Duties of Young Men to Society. The doctor, meanwhile, was meditating on the duties of society to young men, and wishing that he could gain the young man's confidence, so as to help him out of any false habit of mind or any delusion to which he might be subject, if he had the power of being useful to him.

Dr. Butts was the leading medical practitioner, not only of Arrowhead Village, but of all the surrounding region. He was an excellent specimen of the country doctor, self-reliant, self-sacrificing, working a great deal harder for his living than most of those who call themselves the laboring classes,—as if none but those whose hands were hardened by the use of farming or mechanical implements had any work to do. He had that sagacity without which learning is a mere incumbrance, and he had also a fair share of that learning without which sagacity is like a traveller with a good horse, but who cannot read the directions on the guide-boards. He was not a man to be taken in by names. He well knew that oftentimes very in-

nocent-sounding words mean very grave disorders; that all degrees of disease and disorder are frequently confounded under the same term; that "run down" may stand for a fatigue of mind or body from which a week or a month of rest will completely restore the overworked patient, or an advanced stage of a mortal illness; that "seedy" may signify the morning's state of feeling, after an evening's over-indulgence, which calls for a glass of soda-water and a cup of coffee, or a dangerous malady which will pack off the subject of it, at the shortest notice, to the south of France. He knew too well that what is spoken lightly of as a "nervous disturbance" may imply that the whole machinery of life is in a deranged condition, and that every individual organ would groan aloud if it had any other language than the terrible inarticulate one of pain by which to communicate with the consciousness.

When, therefore, Dr. Butts heard the word *antipathia* he did not smile, and say to himself that this was an idle whim, a foolish fancy, which the young man had got into his head. Neither was he satisfied to set down everything to the account of insanity, plausible as that supposition might seem. He was prepared to believe in some exceptional, perhaps anomalous, form of exaggerated sensibility, relating to what class of objects he could not at present conjecture, but which was as vital to the subject of it as the insulating arrangement to a piece of electrical machinery. With this feeling he began to look into the history of antipathies as recorded in all the books and journals on which he could lay his hands.

The holder of the Portfolio closes it for the present month. He wishes to say a few words to his readers, before offering them some verses which have

no connection with the narrative now in progress.

If one could have before him a set of photographs taken annually, representing the same person as he or she appeared for thirty or forty or fifty years, it would be interesting to watch the gradual changes of aspect from the age of twenty, or even of thirty or forty, to that of threescore and ten. The face might be an uninteresting one; still, as sharing the inevitable changes wrought by time, it would be worth looking at as it passed through the curve of life, — the vital parabola, which betrays itself in the symbolic changes of the features. An inscription is the same thing, whether we read it on slate-stone, or granite, or marble. To watch the lights and shades, the reliefs and hollows, through a lifetime, or a large part of it, by the aid of a continuous series of photographs would not only be curious; it would teach us much more about the laws of physiognomy than we could get from casual and unconnected observations.

The same kind of interest, without any assumption of merit to be found in them, I would claim for a series of annual poems, beginning in middle life and continued to what many of my correspondents are pleased to remind me — as if I required to have the fact brought to my knowledge — is no longer youth. Here is the latest of a series of annual poems read during the last thirty-four years. There seems to have been one interruption, but there may have been other poems not recorded or remembered. This, the latest poem of the series, was listened to by the scanty remnant of what was a large and brilliant circle of classmates and friends when the first of the long series was read before them, then in the flush of ardent manhood: —

THE OLD SONG.

The minstrel of the classic lay
Of love and wine who sings
Still found the fingers run astray
That touched the rebel strings.

Of Cadmus he would fain have sung,
Of Atreus and his line;
But all the jocund echoes rung
With songs of love and wine.

Ah, brothers! I would fain have caught
Some fresher fancy's gleam;
My truant accents find, unsought,
The old familiar theme.

Love, Love! but not the sportive child
With shaft and twanging bow,
Whose random arrows drove us wild
Some threescore years ago;

Not Eros, with his joyous laugh,
The urchin blind and bare,
But Love, with spectacles and staff,
And scanty, silvered hair.

Our heads with frosted locks are white,
Our roofs are thatched with snow,
But red, in chilling winter's spite,
Our hearts and hearthstones glow.

Our old acquaintance, Time, drops in,
And while the running sands
Their golden thread unheeded spin,
He warms his frozen hands.

Stay, winged hours, too swift, too sweet,
And waft this message o'er
To all we miss, from all we meet
On life's fast-crumbling shore:

Say that to old affection true
We hug the narrowing chain
That binds our hearts, — alas, how few
The links that yet remain!

The fatal touch awaits them all
That turns the rocks to dust;
From year to year they break and fall, —
They break, but never rust.

Say if one note of happier strain
This worn-out harp afford, —
One throb that trembles, not in vain, —
Their memory lent its chord.

Say that when Fancy closed her wings
And Passion quenched his fire,
Love, Love, still echoed from the strings
As from Anacreon's lyre!

January 8, 1885.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

EASTER LILIES.

THOUGH long in wintry sleep ye lay,
 The powers of darkness could not stay
 Your coming at the call of day,
 Proclaiming spring.

Nay; like the faithful virgins wise,
 With lamps replenished ye arise
 Ere dawn the death-anointed eyes
 Of Christ, the king.

John B. Tabb.

FATE DOMINANT.

It may be remembered by those who have read my experiences in endeavoring to assist my fate¹ that on the 14th of September of a certain year, a day on which I had come firmly to believe that she who was to be my wife should enter into my life, a girl baby had been born, whom I had accepted as my destined matrimonial partner. In my attempt to give personal aid to what I had supposed to be my destiny, I had failed. Miss Kitty Watridge, the young lady whom I had hoped to receive as the gift of Fate, had been relegated to her lover, Harvey Glade; and the babe, of whom I have spoken, had come to me. The fact that on the day indicated in my diary this young creature not only came into my life, but into her own, greatly satisfied and encouraged me. I would begin at the beginning. Within the sphere of my immediate cognizance would grow and develop the infant, the child, the girl, the woman, and, finally, the wife. What influence might I not have upon this development? The parents were my friends; the child was my selected bride. The possibilities of advantageous guidance, unseen perhaps,

¹ Atlantic Monthly, January, 1885.

but potent to a degree unattainable by a mere parent or guardian, were, to my thinking, boundless.

I was now more content than I had been in the case of the young lady whom I had supposed had been given me by Fate, but who, it now appeared very fortunately, had been snatched away before my irrevocable mistake had been made. I was very grateful for this: I was grateful to Fate; I was grateful to Mr. Glade, the successful lover; I was even grateful to Kitty for not having allowed herself to be influenced by anything she may have seen in me during our short acquaintance. Of the past of Kitty I knew little, as was well demonstrated by the appearance of Harvey Glade. My present *fiancée* had no past. With her and with me it was all future, which would gently crystallize, minute by minute and day by day, into a present which would be mutually our own.

Of course I said nothing of all this to any one. The knowledge of our destiny was locked up in the desk which held my diary and in my own heart. When the proper time came, she, first, should know. I am an honorable man, and as such felt fully qualified to be the custo-

dian of what was, in fact, her secret as well as mine.

I took an early opportunity to become acquainted with the one who was to be the future partner of my life. It was towards the end of October, I think, that I paid a visit to Dr. Tom Wiltby and his wife Jane, my predestined parents-in-law. Had they known the position they occupied towards me, they would have been a very much surprised couple. The interest I exhibited in their first-born did, as I thought, surprise them a little, but it only increased the warmth of the welcome they gave me, and drew me closer to their hearts. The emotions which possessed me when, in the preceding summer, I had stood awaiting the moment when Kitty Watridge should enter the room and first present herself to my sight were nothing to those which quickened the action of my heart as a nurse brought into the Wiltby parlor a carefully disposed bundle of drapery, in the midst of which reposed my future wife.

I approached, and looked at her. Her face was displayed to view, but her form was undistinguishable. For an instant our eyes met; but, so far as I could judge, no spark of reciprocal sympathy seemed to shine from hers. In fact, they rolled about in an irrelevant manner which betokened a preoccupation so intense that even the advent of a husband could have no effect upon it. But whatever the child had on its mind—or stomach—gave a volcanic mobility to its countenance, which caused me much to wonder. The eyes then closed, and appeared to be writhing and swelling beneath their lids; the mouth was alternately convoluted and unrolled towards nose, cheeks, and chin; while the rest of the face, which had been of an Indian reddish hue, now darkened, and from the puffy jaws to the top of the bald head seemed moved by a spasm, but whether of premonition or despair I could not tell.

I withdrew my gaze. It might be well that I should wait for a time before allowing my eyes to feed upon this countenance.

I went away a little disappointed. The chaoticness of initiatory existence had never before been so forcibly impressed on my mind.

During the following winter and spring I built up an ideal, or rather a series of ideals. They were little children, they were girls, they were women. At about nineteen years of age the individual existence of each ended, and became merged into the oneness of my matrimonial life. Sometimes my ideal was a blonde, sometimes a brunette. From the cursory glance I had had of the one to whom all these fancies referred, I could not judge whether she would be dark or fair. She had no hair, and all that I could remember of her eyes was that they had no soul light. Her father was dark, her mother fair: she might be either.

Of all the legendary heroines of love, none ever so impressed me as that Francesca whose strong love not only braved every prejudice and barrier of earth, but, according to eye-witnesses of the fact, floated with her indefinitely through hell. In verse and picture, and upon the stage, I knew Francesca well,—better, perhaps, than any other woman. But to such an one I would not be merely a Paolo, but the elder brother also. I would have no proxy, no secret love, no unfaithfulness. There should be all the impetuosity, all the spirit of self-immolation, without any necessity for it. She who was to be mine had become in my thoughts a Francesca, and she grew before my mind to ripened loveliness. Her eyes sparkled with rapture when, as through the gates of old Ravenna, the fair Ghibelline first saw the brave rider that she thought to wed, so this one would see through the gates of womanly consciousness, not a mere envoy, but both Malatesta brothers

in one, —lover and husband, — me. With such an imaginary one I read legends of old loves ; with such an one I sat in shaded bowers, her young face upturned to mine, and the red light from the wings touching with color the passionate picture. But no jester watched with sneering gibes, no husband fought afar on battle-field ; Paolo and Lanciotto in one looked into the uplifted eyes.

It was in the early summer that my two sisters and myself were invited to the Wiltby mansion for a visit, which our kindly hosts hoped would be somewhat protracted. Among other things that were to be done the baby was to be baptized, and Grace Anna, for whom she was named, was to act as godmother. I was very glad to make this visit. Quite a long time had now elapsed since my first interview with Francesca, as I always intended to call her, notwithstanding the name that might be bestowed upon her by the church ; and she must have now begun to foreshadow, in a measure, that which she was to be.

When I saw her I found that there was not quite so much foreshadowing as I had expected ; but, in spite of that, she was a little creature whom, without doing violence to any æsthetic instinct, I could take to my heart. She was a pudgy infant, with blue eyes, a blankety head, and a mouth that was generally ready to break into a smile if you tickled the corners of it. Instead of the long and flowing draperies in which I first beheld her, she now wore short dresses, and that she possessed remarkably fat legs and blue woolen socks was a fact which Francesca never failed to endeavor to impress upon my observation. I excited a great deal of surprise, with some admiration on the part of the mother and occasional jocular remarks from Bertha, my younger sister, by showing, at the very beginning of our visit, a strong preference for the society of the baby. I asked to be allowed to take her into

my arms, and walk with her into the garden ; and although this privilege was at first denied me, unless some lady should accompany me, I being considered quite inexperienced in the care of an infant, I at last gained my point, and frequently had the pleasure of a *tête-à-tête* stroll with Francesca. With my future bride in my arms, slowly walking in the shaded avenues of the garden, I gave my imagination full play. I enlarged her eyes, and gave them a steadiness of upturn which they did not now possess ; the white fuzz upon her head grew into rich masses of gold-brown hair ; the nose was lengthened and refined ; her lips were less protruded, and made more continuously dry ; while a good deal of fatty deposit was removed from the cheeks and the second chin. As I walked thus tenderly gazing down upon her, and often removing her little fist from her mouth, I pictured in her lineaments the budding womanhood for which I waited. I would talk softly to her, and although she seldom answered but in a gurgling monotone I saw in our intercourse the dawning of a unity to be.

After we had been a few days at the Wiltby house Miss Kitty Watridge came there, also on a visit. Her engagement to Mr. Glade had not produced much effect upon her personal appearance, although I thought her something quieter, and with a little sedateness which I had not observed in her before. Her advent at this time was not to my liking. As an object of my regard, she had, in becoming engaged to another, ceased to exist ; she had passed out of my sphere of consideration, and the fact that she had once acted a prominent part within it made it appear to me that propriety demanded that she should not only go out of it, but stay out of it. Her influence upon my intercourse with Francesca was, from the first, objectionable. My sisters had always been accustomed to regard my wishes with a gratifying

respect, and Mrs. Wiltby seemed anxious to imitate them in this laudable action. But Miss Watridge had apparently no such ideas, and she showed this most objectionably by imagining that she had as much right to the baby as I had. Of course she could not understand how matters stood, — nobody but myself could understand that; but she had not the native delicacy of perception of my sisters and Jane Wiltby. She could not know in how many ways she interfered with my desires and purposes. My morning walks were, in a manner, broken up; for sometimes the new-comer actually insisted upon carrying the baby herself, in which case I retired, and sought some other promenade. But after a few days I found that the indulgence of any resentment of this sort not only made me the object of remark, but promised to entirely break up my plans in regard to Francesca. I wished to create in my mind while here such an image of her, matured and perfected according to my own ideas, that I could live and commune with her during the absences, more or less protracted, which must intervene before the day when I should take her wholly to myself. As I could not expect to stay here very much longer, I must not lose what opportunities I had, and so concluded to resume my walks with Francesca, even if Miss Watridge should sometimes intrude herself upon us.

I must admit, however, that this she did not do, considering the matter with strict regard to fact. She generally possessed herself of the baby, and if I wished its company I was obliged to intrude myself upon her. The plan I now adopted was, I think, somewhat ingenious. As is my wont, I endeavored to shape to my advantage this obstacle which I now found in my way. My intercourse with Francesca had not been altogether satisfactory. For one thing, there had been too much unity about it. A certain degree of this was, indeed, de-

sirable, but I was obliged to be, at once, not only husband and lover, but lady also; for Francesca gave me no help in this regard, except, perchance, an occasional look of entreaty, which might as well mean that she would like a bottle of milk as that she yearned for fond communion of the soul. When I addressed her as my developed ideal I imagined her answers, and so continued the gentle conversation; but, although she always spoke as I would wish, there were absent from our converse certain desirable elements which might have been looked for from the presence of a second intellect. Another source of dissatisfaction was that in many of our interviews Francesca acted in a manner which was not only disturbing, but indecorous. Frequently, when I was speaking with her on such subjects as foreign travel, when we two would wander amid the misty purples of Caprian sunsets, or stand together in vast palaces of hoarded art, she would struggle so convulsively, and throw upward with such violence her small blue socks, that, for the time, I wished she was swaddled and bound in the manner of the Della Robbia babies on the front of the Foundling Asylum in Florence.

A plan of relieving myself from the obvious disadvantages of my present method of intercourse with an intellect, a soul, and a person, which to be suitable for my companionship must necessarily be projected into the future, now suggested itself to me. If Miss Watridge persisted in forcing herself upon Francesca, she might at least make herself useful by taking the place of that young person so far as regarded a part in the conversation. Her entity occupied a position in respect to growth and development which was about the same as that to which I was in the habit of projecting Francesca. Her answers to my remarks would be analogous, if not similar, to those which might be expected from the baby when she arrived

at maturity. Thus, in a manner, I could talk to Francesca, and receive her answers from the lips of Miss Kitty. This would be as truly love-making by proxy as when the too believing Lanciotto sent from Rimini his younger brother to bear to him Ravenna's pearl. But here was no guile, no dishonesty; the messenger, the vehicle, the interpreter, in this case, knew nothing of the feelings now in action, or to be set in action, of the principals in the affair. She did not know, indeed, that there were two principals. As far as she herself was concerned, she had, and could have, no interest in the matter. She was engaged to be married to Mr. Glade, which, in my eyes, was the same thing as being already married to him; and any thoughts or mental emotions that she might have relating to affectionate interest in one of the opposite sex would of course be centred in Mr. Glade. With Francesca and myself she would have nothing to do but unconsciously to assist in the transmission of sentiment. Had Paolo been engaged to marry a suitable young person before he started for Ravenna, it is probable that the limited partnership which Dante noticed in the *Inferno* would never have been formed.

It was by slow degrees, and with a good deal of caution, that I began my new course of action. Taking the child in my arms, I invited Miss Watridge to accompany us in our walk. Thus, together, we slowly strolled along the garden avenue, shaded by the fresh greenness of June foliage, and flecked here and there by patches of sunlight, which moved upon the gravel in unison with the gentle breeze. Our conversation, at first relating to simple and every-day matters, was soon directed by me into a channel in which I could perceive whether or not I should succeed in this project of representative rejoinder. It was not long before I was pleased to discover that the mind of the young lady was of as good natural quality and as well cul-

tivated as I had formerly supposed it to be; having then little upon which to base my judgment, except the general impression which her personality had made upon me. That impression having been entirely effaced, I was enabled with clearer vision and sounder judgment to determine the value of her mental exhibit. I found that she had read with some discrimination, and with a tendency to independent thought she united a becoming respect for the opinions of those who, by reason of superior years, experience, and sex, might be supposed to move on a psychological plane somewhat higher than her own. These were dispositions the development of which I hoped to assist in the young Francesca, and it may be imagined that I was much gratified to find my model so closely resembling that personality which I wished, in a manner, to create.

Thus, up and down, daily, would we stroll and talk. With the real Francesca on my arm, sometimes sleeping, and sometimes indulging in disturbing muscular exercises, which I gently endeavored to restrain, I addressed myself to my ideal Francesca, an aerial maiden, garbed in simple robes of white touched by a soft suggestion of Italian glow, and ever with tender eyes upturned to mine; while from her proxy, walking by my side, came to me the thoughts and sentiments of her fresh young heart.

It was quite natural that I should be more interested in a conversation of this kind than in one in which I was obliged to supply the remarks on either side. To be sure, in the latter case, there was a unison of thought between myself and the ideal Francesca that was very satisfactory, but which lacked the piquancy given by unexpectedness of reply and the interest consequent upon gentle argument.

It so happened that the morning occupations of Mrs. Wiltby and my sisters were those in which Miss Watridge did not care to join, and thus she was

commonly left free to make one of the company of four which took its morning walks upon the garden avenue. I imagine that she supposed it was generally thought that she was taking care of the baby and affording it advantages of out-door air, in the performance of which pleasing duty my presence was so unnecessary that the probability of it was not even considered. Thus it was that upon every fair day — and all those days were fair — our morning strolls were prolonged for an hour or more, generally terminated only by the culminating resolve of Francesca to attract to herself so much attention that a return to the house was necessary. It may be supposed that it would have been better to have eliminated the element of the actual being from the female side of our little company. But that side, several as it was in its component personages, represented to me the one Francesca; and had I not held and felt the presence of the actual living creature, who was to be and to say all that my mind saw and my ear heard, I could not have spoken as I wished to speak to the ideality who was to be my wife when it became a reality. The conjunction seemed to me a perfect one, and under the circumstances I could wish for nothing better.

As our acquaintance ripened and melted in the pleasant summer days, I was enabled to see more clearly into the soul and heart of the Francesca that was to be, looking at them through the transparent mind of Miss Kitty Watridge. According to the pursuance of my plan, I gradually, and as far as possible imperceptibly, changed the nature of our converse. From talking of the material world, and those objects in it which had pleased our vision or excited reflection, we passed to the consideration, very cursory at first, of those sentiments which appear to emanate from ourselves without the aid of extraneous agency. Then, by slow degrees, the extraneous agency was allowed to enter upon the scene,

coming in so quietly that at first it was scarcely noticeable. The dependence of man upon man was discussed, not only for material good, but for intellectual support and comfort. Then, following a course not exactly in accordance with that of nature, but which suited my purposes, we spoke of social ties, — of the friendships which spring up here and there from these; of the natural affections of the family; and, finally, the subject arising in consistent sequence, of that congruent intermental action of the intellect of two persons, generally male and female, who frequently, without family ties of any kind and but little previous acquaintanceship, find, each in the other, an adaptiveness of entity which is mutually satisfactory.

The vicarious replies of Francesca were, in almost every instance, all that I could have wished. Sometimes there were symptoms of hesitancy or reluctance in the enunciation of what was, obviously, the suitable reply to some of my remarks in regard to the deeper sentiments; but, on the whole, had the ideal lady of my love spoken to me, her words could not have better aroused my every sentiment of warm regard.

Sometimes I wondered, as thus we walked and talked, what Mr. Glade would think about it if he could see us so much together, and listen to our converse. But this thought I put aside as unworthy of me. It was an insult to myself as an honorable man; it was an uncalled-for aspersion on Miss Watridge, and a stain upon my idealistic intercourse with Francesca. If Mr. Glade was coarse and vulgar enough to interject his personality into this perfectly working system of intellectual action, from which the individuality of Miss Watridge was entirely eliminated, her part in it being merely to represent another, I could not help it. It was this consciousness of rectitude, this probity of purpose, which raised our little drama so far above the level of the

old story of the wedded Guelph and Ghibelline.

With my mind satisfied on this subject, I did not hesitate, when the proper time seemed to have arrived, to allow myself to imagine Francesca at the age of nineteen. I could not much longer remain in this place, as we had now overstayed the original limit of our visit; and there was danger, too, that Miss Watridge might be called away. I wished, while the opportunity continued, to develop the imaginary life of Francesca into perfect womanhood, so that I could carry away with me an image of my future wife, which I could set upon the throne of my affection, there to be revered, cherished, and guarded, until the time came when the real Francesca should claim the seat. Of course, under these circumstances, a certain fervor of thought and expression was not only necessary, but excusable, and I did not scruple to allow it to myself. Always with the real Francesca in my arms, in order that even my own superconsciousness might not take me to task, I delivered my sentiments without drawing the veil of precautionary expression over their amatory significance. It was at this stage of our intercourse that I asked Miss Watridge to allow me to call her Francesca; for it was only by so doing that I could fully identify her voice with that of the visionary creature who was now exciting the stirring impulses of my heart. When she asked me why I wished to call her by this name, I could only tell her that it was for ideal purposes; and without making further inquiries, she consented that I should use it — for the present. As it was only for the present that I thought of so doing, this much of acquiescence was sufficient, and I called her by the name I loved.

The softly-spoken, well-considered replies, the gentle ejaculations, and the demure but earnest attention which my speech elicited well befitted the fairest

vision of pure young womanhood that my soul could call before me. But, notwithstanding this, there was something wanting. I longed for the upturned eyes, ever fixed upon my own, of the Francesca of the stage. I longed for the fair white hands clasped and trembling as I spoke. I longed for that intensity of soul-merge in which the loved one breathes and lives only that she may hear the words I speak, and watch the thoughts that fashion in my face. Without all this I could never take away with me the image of the true Francesca. Without this there would be wanting, in the fair conception, that artistic roundness, that completeness of outline and purpose, which would satisfy the exigencies of my nature. I could not consent to carry with me for years an ideal existence, incomplete, imperfected, — a statue devoid of those last touches of the master which make it seem to live.

Therefore I sought, with much earnestness and fixity of intention, to call up the last element needed to complete that lovely creation which was to be my companion through the years of waiting for the real Francesca. It was a great comfort and support to me to reflect that I could do this with such safety, with such unusual advantages. I addressed myself to no being in existence. Even the little creature on my arm, who had fallen into a habit of dozing when not noticed, and to whom belonged, in fact, my every gift and legacy of love, was not of age to come into her fortune, nor could her infantile mind be injured by its contemplation. And as for Miss Watridge, she, as I continually repeated to myself, was acting simply as the representative of another, and her real self was not concerned in the little drama, in which she did not even take a part; merely assuming, as in a rehearsal, a character which another actor, not able then to be present, would play in the actual performance.

It was on the loveliest morning of all the summer that I made my supreme effort. At the very bottom of the garden was a little arbor of honeysuckles. No crimson stage-light shone in upon it, but the sunbeams pushed their way here and there through the screen of leaves, and brightened the interior with points of light. It was a secluded spot, to which I had never yet led my companions, for the period had not before arrived for such sequesterment. But now we sat down here upon a little bench: I at one end, the young Francesca on my knee, and Miss Watridge at my left. In the place where this lady sat also sat the ideal Francesca, occupying the same space, and endowed, for the time, with the same form and features. It was to this being that I now addressed my fervid words; low-burning, it is true, but alive with all the heat and glow that precedes blaze. I told a tale; not reading from pages of mediæval script the legend of the love of Launcelot and Queen Guinevere, as does Paolo in the play, but relating a story which was a true one, for it was my own. I spoke as I expected to speak some day to the little creature on my knee. Taking with my disengaged hand that of the lady by my side, I said that which raised a lovely countenance to mine, that showed me the beauty of her upturned eyes; and as I looked and spoke I felt that the very pulses of her soul were throbbing in accord with mine. Here was enacting in very truth the scene I had viewed upon the stage, and which so often since had risen before my fancy. Possessed by the spirit of this scene, carried onward by that same tide of passional emotion the gradual rise of which it had portrayed, I gave myself up to its influences, and acted it out unto its very culmination. I stooped, and, in the words of the Arthurian legend, "I kissed her full upon the mouth."

Swift as the sudden fall of summer rain, I felt the wild abandonment of

clinging arms about my neck, of tears upon my face that were not mine, of words of love that I spoke not; and it came to me like a flash that she who clung to me, and around whom my arm was passed, was Kitty Watridge, and not a visionary Ghibelline.

In the midst of my varying emotions I clasped closer to me the real Francesca, who thereupon gave vent to her feelings by parting wide her toothless gums, and filling the summer air with a long yell. At this rude interruption, the arms fell from my neck, and the face was quickly withdrawn from mine.

Now came hurrying steps upon the gravel walk, and my sister Bertha ran in upon us. "What on earth are you doing to that baby?" she cried. She snatched the child from me, and then stood astonished, gazing first at me and then at Kitty, who had started to her feet, with sparkling tears still in her eyes and a sunset glow upon her face. Without a word, the wicked Bertha laughed a little laugh, and, folding the child within her arms, she ran away.

I sat speechless for a moment, and then I turned to Kitty; but she, too, had gone, having fled in another direction. I was left alone: gone was the real Francesca; gone was the fair ideal; gone was Kitty. I stood bewildered, and, in a manner, dazed. I felt as if I had fallen from the fourteenth century into the nineteenth, and that the shock had hurt me. I felt, too, a sense of culpability, as if I had been somewhere where I had no right to be; as if I had been a trespasser, a poacher, an intruder upon the times or on the rights of others. The fact that I was a strictly honorable man, scorning perfidy in its every form, made my feelings the more poignant. A little reflection helped me to understand it all. I had carried out my plan so carefully, with such regard to its gradual development, that by degrees Miss Watridge had grown into the ideal Francesca, and had to all intents and

purposes gone back with me into the Middle Ages, in order to better portray my perfected ideal. The baby sitting on my right knee, while a future stage of her life was being personated by the lady at my side, might belong to any age; there was nothing incongruous in her presence on the scene. It was the entrance of my sister Bertha that broke the spell, that shattered the whole fabric I had so elaborately built. She was of the present, of to-day, of the exact second, in which she helped anything to happen. An impersonation of the Now, her coming banished every idea of the Past or Future.

Like an actor in a play, on whom his every-day clothes and the broad light of day have suddenly fallen, I walked slowly to the house. Meeting my older sister, Grace Anna, near the door, I took her aside, and said to her, "When is Mr. Glade expected here?"

"What for?" she asked, with eyes dilated.

"To marry Kitty Watridge," said I. "What do you mean?" exclaimed my sister. "That match was broken off last winter."

It may well be supposed that, remembering what Bertha had seen, and doubtless imagined; that remembering what Kitty had done and said; and recalling, too, how I felt when she did it and said it, I resolved, instead of waiting eighteen long years for another, to accept as the Francesca of my dreams, and as the veritable wife of my actual existence, this dear girl, who was able to represent at this very present the every attribute and quality of my ideal woman.

In the autumn we were married. Thus my Fate, disclaiming my efforts to assist it, no matter in what direction, rose dominant, and, attending to my affairs in its own way, gave me Kitty at last.

But I shall always feel sorry for the baby.

Frank R. Stockton.

TIME IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BEFORE beginning the examination of the scheme of time in separate plays of Shakespeare which were not considered in a former article, I ask the attention of Shakespearians for a moment to the habit of the poet in dealing with the passage of hours. Whenever hours or minutes are indicated *eis nominibus*, Shakespeare is almost always, as I believe, quite scrupulous in regulating the length of the scene to fit the measure which he himself prescribes. Of course no playwright ever undertakes to give an exact hour of dialogue for an hour of the clock, but Shakespeare is careful that there shall be some reasonable relation between text and timepiece whenever he calls attention to the movement

of the dial hands. Many illustrations from many plays might be given on this point, but two or three will suffice. In Scene 1, Act I., of Hamlet, Horatio and the soldiers first see the Ghost at one o'clock in the morning, — the hour being that of its appearance on the previous night. After its departure they sit and beguile the tedious watch with a long talk about recent Danish history and politics, and when the Ghost reappears it is near the dawn, and presently the cock crows. On the modern stage this is quite confused by reason of the heroic cutting of the dialogue. The scene in which Hamlet has his first interview with the dread visitant is proportioned in the same way, the protracted

interview between the father and the son lasting from an hour not much later than midnight to the moment when

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire."

The very long Scene 3, Act II., of *Othello*, which witnesses Cassio's drunkenness and degradation and the clarification of Iago's plot against his general's peace, lasts from a little before ten o'clock in the evening (*vide* Iago's first speech in the scene) almost to morning; "pleasure and action," as Iago says, with the finest fiendishness of humor, making "the hours seem short." The long interview in prison between the Duke and the provost lasts, in Scene 2, Act IV., of *Measure for Measure*, from between midnight and one o'clock to "clear dawn." The only exception to the rule which I can now recall is apparent rather than real. In Scene 2, Act II., of *Cymbeline*, Imogen closes her book at "almost midnight," — having weakened her eyes by three hours of steady reading in bed, — and presently is asleep. Iachimo emerges from the trunk in which he has made his infamous ambush, and after a rather long soliloquy retires to his hiding-place just as the clock is striking three. This seems a somewhat severe compression of three hours, but Shakespeare's intent is, I think, to indicate by the rapid conventionalism of the stage the facts that Iachimo allowed a long hour or more to pass before he ventured to infer Imogen's sound sleep from the stillness of her chamber, and that the process of examining the room and bed and the person of the pure young wife, and of taking notes of every detail, must have consumed many minutes, retarded as it was by his sensuous delight in Imogen's unconsciously exposed beauty.

III. Continuing the study of separate plays, I take up a third group of comedies, in which are included all those wherein the progress of time is indicated scantily or without precision. From the present point of view, these dramas

are of course not so interesting as the others, and they will be more briefly discussed. In this class are the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, the *Taming of the Shrew*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, and *Troilus and Cressida*,¹ all of which, with the exception of the last two of the list, are to be noted as in the first instance of Shakespeare's early period of composition.

In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the scene of action is often changed; being first in Verona, then in Mantua, again in Verona, and finally in Mantua and on its frontier. Little pains are taken to show the lapse of time, though the movement is evidently as swift as may consort with the constant traveling of the chief characters. In the first scene, Valentine leaves his friend, Proteus, in Verona, and sets out for the court of the prince, who is variously called the Duke and Emperor of Milan. Proteus has already begun to make love to Julia, and the interval between the delivery of his first love-letter, in the second scene of the play, and his full knowledge of his mistress's affection is apparently a few days, or a very few weeks, — so long, at all events, as will suffice for him to have received, or to make pretense of having received, an epistle written by Valentine from the near city of Mantua (Scene 3, Act I.). On the day following he is compelled to follow Valentine to Mantua; and scarcely have the friends met before Valentine, like a very fresh young lover, tells the whole story of his conquest of Silvia, and of their near intended flight and secret marriage. Julia's impatience to behold her Proteus' face makes her tarrying very short in Verona, after his departure, and she becomes her false lover's page just after he has betrayed his friend, and wrought the banishment of

¹ In spite of the death of Hector, I venture to put *Troilus and Cressida* among the comedies, because of its general quality and tone.

Valentine and the miscarriage of the scheme of elopement. Silvia's flight, the pursuit by Proteus, the happy end reached through the combination of Proteus' volatile wickedness and precipitate repentance, Julia's meekness, Silvia's courage, and Valentine's fortunate capture of the Duke, his prospective father-in-law, — these all doubtless follow one another as fast as human legs can go. Valentine's assertion to the outlaws (Scene 1, Act IV.) that he has sojourned in Milan "some sixteen months" is evidently intended, like the story of the homicide he has committed, as a mere fabrication.

The action in *Love's Labor's Lost* is of no consequence, and the whole interest of the play consists in the wit of the principals and the deliciously fantastic verbiage of the euphuist, Don Adriano de Armado. The time of the movement is treated nonchalantly, perhaps, rather than obscurely. The period which elapses between the first conference of the King of Navarre and his lords in Scene 1, Act I., and their interview with the Princess of France and her ladies in Scene 1, Act II., is not stated. It is evidently short, and seems to mark only the separation between two successive days; but there is no conclusive reason to be found in the text why it may not be a few hours or minutes, and why the latter scene may not belong to the same twenty-four hours as the former. At all events, the action from the opening of Act II. to the end of the comedy covers no more than two consecutive days. From the moment of the encounter of the courts of Navarre and France, the gentlemen, whose signatures to the pledge of a three years' separation from womankind are scarcely dry, find themselves forsworn in heart, if not in deed. On the afternoon of the day of this encounter, Biron attempts to communicate with Rosaline, and the clown Costard, chosen as letter-carrier by Don Armado to Jaquenetta, and by

Biron to his lady-love, learns through the former gentleman that "remuneration" means "three farthings," and through the latter that a "guerdon" is a shilling. The day ends with Scene 1, Act IV., in which the Princess tries her hand at shooting, and catches a flying glimpse of the love-lorn King. The second day begins with Scene 2, Act IV., in which the characters salute each other with "good-morrow," and discuss the Princess's exploits in killing a deer. The other scenes of the piece all occupy portions of the same day. In the forenoon the King hunts and composes love-verses; his courtiers follow his example, and find him and each other out. In the afternoon, which begins with Scene 1, Act V., soon "after dinner," the gentlemen meet the ladies, plead the various suits, which are rewarded by a promise of "Yes" a year hence, and, with a reckless indifference to decorum which Shakespeare nowhere else parallels, the Princess, just after receiving news of her father's death, is made to stay and listen to the recitation of verses in a rustic mask. But if "When daisies pied and violets blue" and "When icicles hang by the wall" were not to be had on any other terms, I suppose the world would sacrifice the feelings of a hundred women to secure the songs.

The passage of the time in the *Taming of the Shrew* is not always made clear, but it is occasionally shown in an interesting fashion. Scene 1, Act I., is introductory, and displays the state of Baptista's household, furnished, as it is, with an elder daughter "so curst and shrewd" that "till the father rids his hands of her" the gentle junior sister has no chance of mating. There is then an interval of undisclosed length, but certainly very short, within which Lucentio disguises himself as a music teacher; and in Scene 1, Act II., the brisk and brusque Petruchio enters, and, hearing of Katharine's dowry and other charms, undertakes "not to sleep till" he has

seen her. His interview with the shrewish maiden takes place in Scene 1, Act II., wherein their wedding is fixed for the following Sunday. The period between this and the succeeding scenes is long enough to let Petruchio go to Venice to buy "rings and things and fine array," and Scene 1, Act III., is on the day before the appointed Sunday. Scene 2, Act III., is on the wedding day, and deals with the hero's eccentric behavior at the ceremony, and his affectionate haling away of the bride before she has tasted the "bridal dinner." Then succeeds the memorable wedding journey of the newly married pair to the groom's country-seat, where they arrive in Scene 1, Act IV. It is by good rights only a five hours' journey from Padua to Petruchio's house (vide the last ten lines of Scene 3, Act IV.); but Petruchio pursues such a route as to spend in travel the whole afternoon of his wedding day and nearly all the following day, as appears from the soliloquy (Scene 1, Act IV., *ad fin.*) in which he says that he has not only kept his bride without food during the second day of her trip, but without sleep during the first night of her wedded life, and that he purposes repeating her dose of insomnia on the second night. The movement of time in the scenes which immediately succeed is not generally plain, but it is interesting to know that the time consumed by Petruchio in working the miracle of taming his fair shrew is just a week. Near the end of Act II. Baptista names "the Sunday following" the Sunday of Katharine's nuptials as the day on which Bianca shall be married to the pseudo-Lucentio, if the father of the latter shall then "warrant" the payment of the promised dower. This date is reached in Scene 4, Act IV., when Baptista declares himself ready to keep his word; and upon the same day Petruchio enters Padua by "a public road," dragging in triumph at his horse's heels, so to speak, the mild Katharine, whose hot blood

seems to have been turned to cream by the conjugal chemistry, who has not only no will of her own, but no sight, no hearing, no thought, that does not wait upon the slightest whimsey of her lord and master. The rest of the play occupies the remainder of the same day, and the comedy concludes with a late supper, which involves all the characters and lasts till bedtime.

All's Well That Ends Well covers between the extreme points of its action a time which is not precisely indicated, but which may be shrewdly surmised to be about four months. The only intervals in its movement which exceed a few days in length are between the second and the third scenes of Act I., and between the fourth and the fifth scenes of Act III. The former period is probably a few weeks, its only measures being found in the facts that within it Helena's strong desire to visit Paris, in order to see Bertram and attempt to cure the sick King, has grown to such an extent as to overmaster her maiden timidity, and that Bertram has had time to be irritated with the King's gentle but repeated refusals to allow him to follow the Italian wars. (See Scene 1, Act II., *ad init.*) The latter period is two months long (vide speech of First Lord, Scene 3, Act IV.), and covers the time consumed by the wretched, rejected Helena in making her slow progress from her home with the Countess at Rousillon to the city of Florence and the house of Diana Capulet, the latest object of Bertram's gallantry. The succeeding consecutive scenes are separated from one another only by a few days, or by so much time as is necessary for the various marchings and countermarchings of the characters. Diana's brief but graphic description in rhyme of Helena's bodily condition, in the last scene, must be regarded as somewhat premature, though in a line of exaggeration quite natural under the circumstances.

The progress of time is treated in

Cymbeline with more indifference than Shakespeare shows in any other of his non-historical plays, the reasons therefor being, as I think, not hard to find. Yet the poet has taken pains to indicate that the period covered by the entire drama is less than one year. In Scene 1, Act I., one of the gentlemen, who is discussing the lives of Cymbeline and Posthumus, says that the King's two boys were stolen "some twenty years" ago; and in the last scene of the fifth act Belarius, the instigator of the abduction, says,

"These gentle princes
(For such and so they are) *these twenty years*
Have I trained up."

In the interval between these scenes the action appears to move, as in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, about as fast as will suffice for the long and frequent journeys of the characters. A journey of Posthumus from Britain to Rome, of Iachimo from Rome to Britain and back again, of Imogen from "Lud's town" to Milford Haven, are the chief of those movements which directly bear on the question of time. The period between the departure of Cloten, with lustful and bloody intents toward Imogen and Posthumus, and his arrival at the cave of Belarius (that is to say, between Scene 5, Act III., and Scene 1, Act IV.) seems to be some ten days or two weeks; at all events, it is supposed to coincide with the time taken to convey from Rome to Lucius in Britain the will of the Emperor touching the levy of troops against the rebellious Cymbeline. (Vide Scene 7, Act III., and Scene 2, Act IV.) Imogen spends this period partly in wandering about,—for directly after Pisanio leaves her she loses her way, and "for two nights together" makes the ground her bed (vide Scene 6, Act III.),—and partly at the cave of Belarius, with him and the two youths, for whose benefit she practices her "neat cookery." Afterward the movement in time seems to be as rapid as may consist with the motion of the per-

sons; and the word of Belarius at the close of the play, which was cited at the beginning of this paragraph, taken in connection with the succession of scenes, makes it not unreasonable to conjecture that the entire time of the action is between six and nine months.

The action of *Pericles* occupies something more than fifteen years. Acts II. and III. together cover one year. Between Acts III. and IV. there is an interval of fourteen years.

I have blundered in putting *Troilus and Cressida* into the third class; its place is in the second. The first and second scenes of the drama introduce the Trojan heroes, Pandarus, Helen, and Cressida, with the chief intent of showing the relations between Troilus, his lady-love, and her go-between uncle. There is then an undetermined interval, which is occupied, in whole or in part, by a "dull and long-continued truce." (Vide the long speech of Æneas, Scene 3, Act I.) After Scene 3, Act I., the entire action of the play consumes parts of three consecutive days, the limits of which are shown with much precision. In this scene Æneas bears to the Greek generals the challenge of Hector, who summons any one of them to meet him in single combat on the following day. The remainder of the day is devoted at the Greek camp to the usual declamatory exercises, to the invention and execution of the scheme to pique Achilles by advancing the fat-witted Ajax, and at night (Scene 3, Act III.) to the discussion and adoption of a plan to send Diomedes to Troy on the following day, in order to exchange the Trojan prisoner Antenor for Cressida, and to bear the responsive challenge of Ajax to Hector. Meanwhile, in Troy, Hector tells the princes of the defiance he has sent, and Pandarus arranges for the night the love-meeting of Troilus and Cressida. The second day begins with Scene 1, Act IV., very early in the morning, within the city,

the princes having just left their beds to greet the messenger, Diomedes. Troilus and Cressida part with mutual vows of faith, and the smooth-tongued, bright-eyed young woman is carried off by Diomed to the Greek camp. The mild and unresulting encounter between Hector and Ajax takes place midway between the walls and the camp at eleven in the forenoon (the exact hour being twice named,—once by Achilles in Scene 2, Act II., and once by Thersites in Scene 3, Act III.). An evening of revelry follows, in which Hector is the guest of Agamemnon, and in which he agrees to fight on the ensuing day with several of the heroes,—with Achilles especially, who, “to-night, all friends,” threatens to meet him “to-morrow, fell as death” (Scene 5, Act IV.). The feasting is kept up to a late hour, but Troilus is led by the amiable Ulysses to a place where he may see his Cressida grossly flirting with Diomedes, and the unhappy youth stays till morning to pour his woe and wrath into the ear of the subtle Ithacan. (Vide the speech of Æneas, Scene 2, Act IV., ad fin.) The third day begins with Scene 3, Act V., and shows much fighting, the death of Hector, and the furious onslaughts of Troilus upon his supplanter, Diomed. Shakespeare's main idea in this closely woven scheme of time is to bring out the character of Cressida in strong relief, and to emphasize the perfidy of her mobile and sensuous nature by separating her love scene with Diomedes from her practical wedding with Troilus by a scant twenty-four hours. If the later Shakespeare is the better authority, Lorenzo, in the Merchant of Venice, was mistaken in supposing that on any moon-shiny night Troilus

“mounted the Trojan walls
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay ;”

or perhaps, in spite of his “twenty-three years,” the hero was still so immature as to be capable of heaving a

sigh for the woman who had wronged him.

The three Roman histories — Julius Cæsar, Coriolanus, and Antony and Cleopatra — and the ten historical plays which are founded upon the lives of English kings have no scheme of time which concerns us here. The shortest period covered by any one of these plays is three years, which is the time of Julius Cæsar. In all of them Shakespeare selects the dramatic incidents of a long career, and crushes these incidents together for his own purposes and after his own fashion. Occasionally the lapse of time is indicated, a few scenes being closely united, and their extent stated or hinted; but as a rule, and as might be supposed, the element of time is disregarded. At the risk of saying what is trite and “out of my part,” I will add that all the English historical dramas, with the exception, perhaps, of King John, are safe as well as vivid teachers both of the order and of the significance of the events which they describe; and that no chronicle of the seething century between 1377 A. D. and 1485 A. D. can be found comparable with that contained in the Shakespearean octology which begins with Richard II. and ends with Richard III.

There now remain for examination only six plays, all of which are tragedies. In three of these, — Macbeth, Timon, and King Lear, — the time of the action is imperfectly or obscurely shown; in the other three, — Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, and Othello, — it is clearly indicated.

Macbeth may perhaps be regarded as a historical play, and at all events it is treated as such by Shakespeare in dealing with the element of time. During the first four scenes of Act I. the action is rapid, as befits a chronicle of war, but the lapse of time is not distinctly shown. In Scene 5, Act I., with Lady Macbeth's reading of her husband's letter, begins the great, the eventful day, big

with the fate of Duncan and of Scotland, of the murderers as well as of the murdered. The succeeding scenes of Act I. and nearly the whole of Act II. are included within this single day and its night, and the end of their continuous action is reached in the early morning of the next day, when Macduff goes to waken Duncan, and finds his king sunk in the sleep which knows no waking. Almost all of Act III. takes place within one day and evening; Banquo's intent to ride in company with his little son "this afternoon," "as far as will fill up the time" till supper, and, if his horse's pace is not of the best, to

"become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain,"

being communicated to Macbeth in the first scene. The preparations for Banquo's assassination are made in this and the following scene, and the deed is done in Scene 3, while "the west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;" and in the fourth scene, at the royal banquet to which he has been so urgently bidden, he returns in awful guise most fearfully to plague the contriver of his death. Outside these two acts no valuable hint is given as to the progress of time. It is perhaps worth while to note that the hour at which Lady Macbeth rings the bell that is her husband's cue for murder is two o'clock in the morning; the "one; two; why, then 't is time to do 't" of her sleep-walking scene being good evidence on the point.

Scarcely a single plain indication of the lapse of time is given in *Timon of Athens*. The movement up to the close of the third act is evidently rapid, for in Scene 2, Act I., Flavius, the faithful steward of Timon, already knows the completeness of his master's ruin and the nearness of the approaching crash. The time of Timon's exile and of his savage life within the forest until his self-inflicted death is not fixed, but the sequence of the scenes appears to imply that the whole period is brief.

King Lear is, in its treatment of time, one of the most puzzling of Shakespeare's non-historical plays. The difficulty with its scheme, however, is not, as with that of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, that it displays any absolute self-inconsistency, but that, in the relations of its parts, it defies the arithmetic of probability. From the beginning of the tragedy to the close of Act III., or a little later, the time seems to be distinctly marked. In Scene 1, Act I., Lear announces his intention of living "by monthly course" with each of his eldest daughters, "by due turn;" and by a remark made by Goneril at the close of the scene, as well as by a speech of Gloucester in the next scene, we know that the King sets off for Goneril's castle on the very night of the day in which he parted his crown in two. On the same day Cordelia and her royal husband depart for France. Scenes 3 and 4 of Act I. are fitted closely together; Goneril, in the former, instructing her steward to slight her father with whatsoever show of "weary negligence" the lackey may choose to put on, and the King's horns are heard as he approaches from the chase, at the close of the scene. In Scene 4, Lear enters upon the "woe that too late repents," and the interval between his dethroning himself and his humiliation at his eldest daughter's hands is fixed in his line,

"What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!"

His first month with Goneril has only half expired in this scene, and Regan, in Scene 4, Act II., desires that "till the expiration of" his "month" he will return and sojourn with her sister. The brief time spent by the King in his journey toward Regan's palace is shown in Scene 2, Act II., where Kent, who has preceded his master to announce the King's visit, has an encounter near Gloucester's castle with the villainous steward of Goneril, and says that it is less than "two days" since he tripped up

that "brazen-faced varlet's" heels before the King, — an incident chronicled in Scene 4, Act I. Straight from his terrible interview with Goneril and Regan, neither of whom he is ever again to see alive, Lear, with wits already beginning to turn, rushes out into the storm and darkness. The marvelous story of the night of his exposure, anguish, and ever-deepening madness is told in the first six scenes of Act III. In Scene 7, Act III., it is the next morning, and Gloster, apprehended by Cornwall and Regan, both for his protection of Lear and for complicity with the designs of France, and deprived of his eyesight, has been turned loose to "smell his way to Dover." At this point, then, — at the end of Scene 1, Act IV., — no more than eighteen days have elapsed since the beginning of the play. Afterward, though few definite indications are given, the action seems to be as rapid as is physically possible up to the very close of the tragedy. The difficulty which was mentioned above lies in the extraordinary swiftness with which the great political and military movements have been made, contemporaneously with the main action of the plot. When but half a month has passed (Scene 1, Act II.), serious differences and "likely wars" between Albany and Cornwall have begun to be discussed; and less than three days later (Scene 1, Act III.) Kent has been informed, partly by a letter from Cordelia herself (vide his last speech in Scene 2, Act III.), that France has already sent a warlike host to England to avenge the wrongs of the King. The gentleman then dispatched by Kent to Dover expects to meet Cordelia there, and is bidden to show her Kent's ring as a token. By the time Scene 3, Act IV., is reached, not only has the army of France landed in England, but the French King, drawn by the urgency of some state affairs, has returned to France, and left his troops and Cordelia

in charge of "the Mareschal of France, Monsieur Le Far." Such swiftness as this would seem to be impossible even in the days of steam and electricity. Viewing the matter in the light afforded by the study of the plays already examined, we may say that in no other of the Shakespearean dramas is there an equal difficulty in reconciling the progress in time of parallel factors of the plot. But the controlling idea is plain enough; armies, letters, and kings may be moved with a speed which outrages probability, and the dramatist expects his auditors to be indifferent to the matter; but he means that every one who sees the play shall know and feel that Lear's eldest daughter grudgingly fulfilled for a bare fortnight the meagre stipulation which she had made in exchange for half a kingdom, and that two days later the royal old man who had "given" his "daughters all" was opposed to "jarring winds" and driving rain, and was "fain to hovel" him "with swine and rogues forlorn in short and musty straw."

In *Romeo and Juliet* the progress of time is shown with exquisite precision, and with a scrupulous care which often extends to the indication of hours. *Per contra*, because of a single unguarded utterance of the Friar, there is perhaps just a little haziness about a matter of two or three hours. But the difficulty is, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, that of making the dramatist's scheme square with his promise; there is no doubt, I think, what his scheme of time actually is. The action of *Romeo and Juliet* occupies portions of five consecutive days. If one care to be very precise, he may even go so far as to say, with sure warrant of the text, that the whole story of the tragedy takes place within a Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of the same week. Shakespeare has also taken pains to inform us that the time of the year is just the middle of July, — it being, in Scene 3, Act I., "a fortnight and odd

days" "to Lammas-tide," which is the first day of August. Scene 1, Act I., begins rather early in the morning, and when Romeo, possessed by the fancy for Rosaline which had driven him forth into the solitary woods more than

"an hour before the worshipped sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,"

greeted his friend Benvolio it has "but new struck nine." The next scene is on the same day, as is evident from Capulet's comment on the Prince's censure, which was to be declared to "both the houses" by "afternoon." (Vide the Prince's long speech in the previous scene.) Here Romeo is persuaded to attend Capulet's "ancient feast," which is to take place "this night," and for which a servant is even now about to distribute the invitations. Scene 3, where the scarcely fourteen-year-old Juliet first appears, begins late on the same afternoon, and the Nurse's garrulousness prolongs the interview until the "guests are come, supper served up," Lady Capulet "called," Juliet "asked for, the Nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity." In Scene 4, Romeo and his party are on their way to Capulet's, and *en passant* Mercutio discourses of dreams and Queen Mab.¹ Scene 5 is at the masked ball, and shows the first meeting of Romeo and Juliet. In Scene 1, Act II., directly after the entertainment, Romeo gives his merry companions the slip, and in Scene 2 he has climbed the wall of Capulet's garden, and stands beneath that balcony the foundations of which are laid deeper in young romantic hearts than those of any other structure that was ever reared. Juliet's foot is very light, as the observing ecclesiastic informs us, but she does not purpose to put the grass to the trouble of growing under it, and her prompt suggestion of "to-morrow" as a suitable date for fix-

ing their wedding day is followed up by an agreement that Romeo shall hear from her "at the hour of nine." With this scene the first day ends. In Scene 3, Act II., it is early the next morning, and Romeo appears at the Friar's cell with his proposal for a secret marriage. In Scene 4, Act II., the Nurse finds Romeo. Her search has been a tedious one, and in Scene 5 the impatient Juliet is chafing over the "three long hours" that have been spent since the Nurse departed, and which have now brought

"the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey."

When at last the old servant is coaxed into telling her news, she bids Juliet, who has "got leave to go to shrift to-day," hie her hence to the Friar's cell to be married. The wedding is celebrated by Friar Laurence in Scene 6, and the lovers part for a few hours. Scene 1, Act III., is in the afternoon of the same day, and shows the death of Mercutio, Romeo's furious revenge, and the Prince's edict of banishment against the slayer of Tybalt. In Scene 2, Act III., it is nearly evening. The Nurse carries to Juliet the news of Tybalt's death and Romeo's sentence, and finally undertakes to go to Romeo to bear him his wife's ring and message. Scene 3 follows at the Friar's. The Nurse appears, and bids Romeo come to her mistress, and when the scene closes "it grows very late." In Scene 4, it is so late as to be nearly morning, and Lady Capulet is instructed to see to it before she goes to bed that Juliet is informed of the marriage arranged for her by her parents with the "County Paris," and that the ceremony is to be on "Thursday next." Morn is just breaking as the newly wedded lovers part in Scene 5, and here the third day begins. Lady Capulet gives her message to Juliet, who goes in desperate haste to the Friar,

¹ "To-night" is used in Shakespeare several times in the sense of last night, but never where the tense of the verb does not make the meaning

plain. So here, Romeo says, "I dreamt a dream to-night:" with which compare Shylock's "I did dream of money-bags to-night."

after vainly seeking comfort of mother and nurse. It is now Tuesday (vide Capulet's speech to Paris in Scene 4, Act III.), and the Friar delivers the potion and his counsel upon the theory that the marriage with Paris is set for Thursday : —

“ Wednesday is to-morrow :

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone ;
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off.”

In the succeeding scene Juliet returns to her home with phrases of obedience on her lips, and her father is so much delighted that he proceeds incontinently to hurry up the marriage, and departs at once — the end of the scene being “near night” — to inform the County that to-morrow, and not Thursday, is to be the joyful day. It thus becomes necessary for Juliet to anticipate the use of the “distilled liquor” by twenty-four hours, and in the following scene (Scene 3, Act IV.) she takes the potent draught. The only scenes which are laid on Wednesday are the two which immediately succeed : in these the bustle of marriage preparation is turned into mourning, the wedding cheer to a sad burial feast, and the bride “in all her best array” is sadly borne to church. Scene 1, Act V., is in Mantua, and opens on the following day, Thursday, with Romeo's presage of peculiar prosperity, derived from “the flattering truth” of his happy dreams ; close upon which enters his servant with the news of Juliet's death and burial. Romeo at once orders post-horses : he will “lie with Juliet” “to-night ;” and in a moment more he has called out the famine-pinched Apothecary and bought the quickly operant poison. Scene 2 returns to Friar Laurence in Verona, who now learns the miscarriage of his letter to Romeo by the return of his messenger, Friar John, after a detention of many hours. When this short scene ends it is night, or almost night, and “within three hours” of the time for “fair Juliet” to “wake.”

With Scene 3, Act V., the tragedy ends, and, after the death of the principals, the talk is continued in a vein very moral and voluminous until — after the mode of progression in long scenes which was considered at the beginning of this article — the day is almost ready to dawn. The one difficulty in this apparently flawless scheme of time remains to be dealt with. When the Friar describes to Juliet the *modus operandi* of his draught, he tells her that in the “borrowed likeness of shrunk death” she shall “*continue two and forty hours.*” Possibly there is no difficulty at all ; for the apparent discrepancy of two or three hours disappears if it is assumed that Juliet took the potion as late as two o'clock on Wednesday morning, and woke from her stupor as early as eight o'clock on Thursday night, — a theory which does not directly defy text. But this explanation seems to strain a point or two, especially as the Friar informs us in the last scene that he came to the tomb “some minute ere the time of” Juliet's “awaking.” One eminent Shakespearean, in discussing the matter, says in substance that the hours are of no consequence ; that Shakespeare, careless as usual of minutiae of this sort, simply follows the old tale upon which his tragedy is founded, and in which the period of the potion's effect is set down as “forty hours.” And the critic adds that the groping commentators who have tried to make the matter right by reading “*thirty hours*” for “two and forty hours” have thrown away their labor. On the last point, certainly, I make no issue. What is needed, if anything is needed, is, on the contrary, a very little lengthening of the time. Juliet's draught is effectual upon her for almost two days, not merely for a little more than one. Upon this hypothesis all the action is explicable, and every scene fits neatly into its place. Fortunately, as often happens in like matters in Shakespeare, the curious are not left to weigh

probabilities. One line, spoken by so humble a person as a First Watchman, in the final scene settles that question definitively :—

“Here lies the County slain ;—
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.”

Whatever the original version of the story may be, it is plain that Shakespeare meant it to be understood that the “distilled liquor” held Juliet in its thrall from late in the night of Tuesday to an hour so late in the night of Thursday that darkness would screen the doings of Romeo and Friar Laurence. *Five* and forty hours would meet all these conditions perfectly, and perhaps we may assume that the kind and “comfortable” Friar committed a bit of justifiable pious fraud in shortening a very little for the sensitive heroine the time of her expected sojourn in a

“nest
Of death, contagion and unnatural sleep.”¹

The lapse of time in Hamlet is shown with as much care as Shakespeare might have taken if he had anticipated the keenness of scrutiny to which the character of his hero was to be subjected. In analyzing the play, I can do little more than follow in the footsteps of the late George Bryant Woods, whose remarkable essay on the same theme is known to many readers of *The Atlantic*. The extent of the time of Hamlet from the beginning to the end of the tragedy is between two and three months. Nearly the whole of this period—more than two months of it, in fact—is included in an interval which occurs between the close of Act I. and the first or second scene of Act II.; and in the middle of Act IV. there is

¹ That most admirable of Shakespeareans, Mr. William J. Rolfe, sustains the thirty-hour theory with great ingenuity, but does not convince me, though he has convinced Mr. Daniell, the noted commentator. My theory has the great support of the text itself; of the Watchman's phrase just quoted, which (although midnight may have been passed and a second day been reached) cannot without great violence be made to apply to a body *not then eighteen hours in the grave*; and of the ex-

another break of about a week. The time really occupied by the action of the piece is therefore only a few days. The movement is indicated in the text, up to the opening of the fifth act, not only with care, but with clearness, simplicity, and exactness. Hamlet the elder died; “within a month,” his widow, before her funeral shoes were old, married with his brother, and the Danish court resolved itself into a mixed condition of mirth and mourning. In Scene 1, Act I., the tragedy begins with the appearance of the Ghost, who has twice before been seen by Marcellus and Bernardo, and now shows himself to the soldiers and Horatio, who decide at once to report the “dreaded sight” unto young Hamlet. The next day—in Scene 2, Act I.—they tell their tale to Hamlet, informing him that they saw the King his father “yesternight;” and Hamlet promises that he will “watch to-night,” and will visit them upon the castle platform “’twixt eleven and twelve.” The moment of the beginning of the tragedy, as well as the time of his father's death and his mother's marriage, is fixed by Hamlet's great soliloquy in the middle of this scene. His father is “but two months dead; nay, not so much,—not two,” and it is less than a month since his mother married with his uncle. In the same scene, Horatio, the Prince's university friend,—whose characteristic modesty has doubtless kept him from intruding earlier upon Hamlet's grief,—tells of coming to court to attend the late King's funeral. Scene 3, in which Laertes, departing for France, takes leave of his father and sister, and Ophelia receives a double caution about

treme improbability that Paris would go to decorate Juliet's tomb between one and two o'clock, A. M. And I submit that all the critics who oppose this scheme fail to note Shakespeare's way of running through many hours in a long scene, which was shown at the beginning of this paper. The final scene of this tragedy might well, according to his custom, begin at nine o'clock at night and end at early dawn.

her relations with Hamlet, takes place either on the same day with Scene 2 or on the following day, — it matters not which. Scene 4, Act I., opens just after midnight, on the platform, and is chiefly devoted to Hamlet's memorable interview with his father's spirit. Act I., therefore, has occupied parts of two successive days. The only long break in the action now occurs. Its extent is a little more than two months, as was said above, and is fixed by a remark of Ophelia in the play scene (Scene 2, Act III.), which will presently be commented upon. Scene 1, Act II., is put near the end of this interval. The opening dialogue of the scene is written simply to show Polonius's sly worldly wisdom in spying upon the pursuits and amusements of his son, Laertes, who is still in Paris. Near its close, Ophelia enters from the encounter with Lord Hamlet in her closet, wherein she "has been so affrighted;" and the expressed intention of Polonius at once to confer with the King and Queen on the subject appears to join this scene closely to that which immediately succeeds. In the following scene the troupe of actors appears, and Hamlet arranges to have "the Murder of Gonzago" played before the King "tomorrow night." The whole of Act III. and the first three scenes of Act IV. take place on the following day and its night. In Scene 1, Act III., Rosencrantz speaks of the piece which "this night" the actors are to play before the Prince, and then follows the famous interview between Hamlet and Ophelia, upon which Polonius and the King enact the parts of "lawful espials." The play scene succeeds (Scene 2, Act III.), and here we fix the time which has elapsed since the end of Act I. Before the performance begins, Hamlet, watching his mother and step-father, says to Ophelia, in an aside, "What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours." To these

"wild and whirling words" Ophelia quietly replies, "Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord." Hamlet's rejoinder is in his antic vein, again, but the maiden's simple word settles the matter definitively. At the opening of the drama it was not quite two months since the elder Hamlet died; it is now "twice two months" since that event, and the interval between Act I. and Act II. is therefore a little more than two months. It is midnight soon after the breaking up of the dramatic performance. (Vide Hamlet's soliloquy at the end of the scene.) The remaining scenes of the act and the first three of Act IV. follow each other closely. In Scene 3, Act III., Polonius reports that Hamlet "is going to his mother's closet;" and in the same scene the Prince finds his step-father at prayer, and comes near ending that unworthy uncle and the tragedy with a single sword-stroke. In Scene 4 Hamlet has his long conversation with his mother, kills Polonius, — again eavesdropping behind the arras, — and receives the second visitation of the Ghost, whose appearance is always between twelve and one o'clock. The first three scenes of Act IV. are short and broken, and run into one another, as if they shared the hurry and excitement of the early hours of the morning, which are occupied chiefly with finding the body of Polonius, with hasty conferences about Hamlet, and finally with his dismissal "for England," to which the King proposes to dispatch him before sunrise. Scene 4, Act IV., takes place, apparently, on the next day, and shows Hamlet on the way to his ship; and here he encounters Fortinbras, Prince of Norway, just setting out on a march of conquest against a part of Poland, and crossing Danish territory by license of the King. (Vide in Scene 2, Act II., the long speech of Voltimand.) The second interval, referred to above, occurs at this point; that is to say, between the fourth and fifth scenes of Act IV. Within this

time, Hamlet sets sail for England with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; Polonius is buried hastily and "in hugger-mugger;" some of the Danes revolt through the influence of Laertes, who has "in secret come from France;" and the fair Ophelia, whose gentle spirit was framed too delicately to live in such tempestuous seas, becomes insane. The length of this interval is not fixed to a day, but is made sufficiently plain for all practical purposes. In Scenes 6 and 7, Act IV., Horatio and the King severally get letters from Hamlet, in which his speedy return is promised. In the letter received by Horatio Hamlet tells of his strange experiences on the ocean, — how, when scarcely "*two days old at sea*," he fell into the hands of pirates, by whom he had been brought back to Denmark; and in his letter to the King he agrees to meet his majesty "to-morrow." The gap of time in the fourth act, therefore, is that which would suffice for Hamlet's embarkation, two days' sail out to sea, his return to Denmark, and the delivery of his letters at the hands of sailors, — a period of perhaps a week or ten days. Everything now moves rapidly on to the close of the play. In Scene 7, Act IV., in which the King receives Hamlet's epistle, the Queen announces the drowning of Ophelia; previous to that, Laertes and the King have worked out their scheme to take the Prince's life. In Scene 1, Act V., Hamlet appears with Horatio, and Ophelia is buried "with maimed rites." The final scene is apparently on the day after the funeral of Ophelia. At all events, the interval between the last two scenes is very short; for in Scene 2 Hamlet is just giving Horatio the particulars of his maritime adventures, and Osric's phrase of greeting, "Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark," indicates the first appearance of the Prince at court since his return. Directly after Hamlet's death Fortinbras enters in

triumph from his expedition to Poland, and English ambassadors arrive with news of the death of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, wrought through the dispatch forged by Hamlet and delivered to the English King by their own hands. A rapid use has been made of the ten practicable days, in the way which we have already seen practiced by Shakespeare. But his scheme of time in Hamlet is absolutely flawless and self-consistent, from the interior point of view.

Attack upon the correctness of this analysis would seem to be vain, and so it is; but several critics have broken a lance against it. Some have undertaken to show, by a fierce citation of a few texts, a suppression of certain other texts, and a misconstruction of various others, that the whole extent of the piece is a few days. Mr. Richard Grant White, on the other hand, a long while ago, declared in print his judgment that the time of the action is from eight to ten years; and he has reiterated this opinion in *The Atlantic* within a few months. His argument is substantially this: that Hamlet was thirty years old in the last act, — which is undeniable, the fact being learned from the First Gravedigger, who had "been sexton, man and boy, thirty years," and who came to the business of grave-making "the very day that young Hamlet was born;" that early in the tragedy he is often spoken of as "young;" and that Ophelia, "in the earlier scenes," discourses of his "unmatched form and feature of blown youth," — all of which "earlier" view of Hamlet Mr. White thinks is inconsistent with the Prince's final weight of thirty years and his fatness and scantness of breath in the fencing scene. It seems as if Mr. White could hardly be serious in using such arguments as these against a proposition which is mathematical. But whatever point there is in his statement is blunted by the suggestions that the frequent designation of Hamlet as "young" (the

First Gravedigger uses the same adjective in the last act; see the passage cited above) plainly results from the circumstance of his father's name and his own having been the same, so that while the former was alive they would naturally be distinguished as the elder Hamlet and "young" Hamlet; that Polonius should regard a man of thirty years as young enough to have strong passions is quite probable; and that Ophelia should be able to speak with admiration of the figure of the Prince whom she loved, even if it were a little too plump for other people's tastes, does not need to be argued. Another point made by Mr. White is in one way of real consequence: when he says, in his own brilliant fashion, that he discerns great changes in Hamlet's character in the course of the tragedy, and that the melancholy Prince ages much in mind and temper before the fatal end is reached, I recognize the clearness of the critic's vision. But to this statement as an argument for Mr. White's view of the time it is a sufficient answer to say that Hamlet's experiences and mental struggles were of a kind which might, even in two months, naturally age any man, and especially one of his sensitive temperament. The fact is that the incidents of the play are fastened together like so many links in a chain of iron. Where in the action does Mr. White propose to insert his eight or ten years? Does he believe that the special mission to Norway, upon which Cornelius and Voltimand are dispatched in Scene 2, Act I., and from which they return in Scene 2, Act II., has occupied them eight or ten years? Does he suppose that Laertes, who departs from Denmark in Act I. and returns in Act IV., had leave of absence in France for a half score of years? Why does he speak of Ophelia's judgment of the elegance of Hamlet's figure as pro-

¹ Here note two, which are both curious and valuable: In the play within the play, the mimic King and Queen have been married *thirty years*, — a time which just sorts with Hamlet's known

nounced "in the earlier scenes"? It was uttered in Scene 1, Act III., the day before her father was killed; a few hours before the Prince was hurried off to England; a little more than three days before the pirates started Hamlet on his brief homeward voyage; and not more than a week, or fortnight at most, before her own death and burial and the end of the play, — according to Shakespeare. For my part, I should be sorry to believe that Ophelia, at the time of her death, was the mature old maid that Mr. White's chronology would make her. There are literally dozens of other citations which might be made to show how minutely consistent with himself Shakespeare is throughout the play.¹ It is vain to set one's wits, even if they are as good as Mr. White's, against the addition tables; and a commentator who has attained such deserved eminence ought not, in the face of the plain-dealing text, to deliver himself of such a tottering proposition as that "all the evidence shows" that Shakespeare "gave not three minutes' thought" to the question whether his tragedy of Hamlet occupied three days, or three months, or three or nine years.

The movement of time in *Othello*, the last play with which I have to deal, is exceedingly interesting. It is also quite clear; a slight obscurity which rests at first upon one of its phases being easily dissipated upon examination. The first act occupies a part of one night; the second act, a portion of one day and night; the third, fourth, and fifth acts take place upon a single day and night. There are two intervals the length of which is not precisely fixed. The interval between the first and second acts is consumed by the voyage of Cassio, Desdemona, and *Othello* from Venice to Cyprus; that between the second and third acts is, apparently, a few weeks in age; and in Scene 7, Act IV., King Claudius tells Laertes of a Normandy gentleman, skillful in fencing, who had visited the Danish court during Laertes' absence, "two months since."

length. Except for these two interruptions, the action of the tragedy moves on without a pause or break. The first act is devoted to the incidents of the evening of the day of Othello's clandestine marriage. The first scene takes place after supper-time, as Brabantio offensively suggests to Roderigo; and when the former leaves the window, at which he has heard from the latter the disagreeable news about Desdemona's elopement, he calls for a taper, and presently appears with torch-bearing servants. Othello, summoned before the magnificoes from the Sagittary inn, to which he has taken his bride, meets "the raised father and his friends" *en route*; and a few minutes later all present themselves at the session of the council, where Othello makes his famous defense, and Desdemona her election, and the Moor is ordered off to Cyprus "to-night." The expedition is so arranged that Othello and his lieutenant, Cassio, set sail that night at the same time, though in separate ships, and Desdemona, accompanied by Iago, the Moor's "ancient," and by Emilia, the ancient's wife, follow in another vessel as soon as is convenient. (Vide Othello's last speech in Scene 3, Act I., and the first speech of Cassio in Scene 1, Act II.) At the close of Act I. Iago first conceives the idea of securing Cassio's place and destroying Othello's peace, by abusing Othello's ear "after some time" "that" the lieutenant is "too familiar with" the general's wife. The first interval then occurs. A great storm, which breaks up the Turkish fleet that has been directed against Cyprus, separates Othello and Cassio "on a dangerous sea," and the several ships reach port one after another in Scene 1, Act II., — Cassio's first, then Desdemona's, and finally Othello's. Near the end of this scene, Iago puts Roderigo up to the idea of affronting Cassio "to-night," after the lieutenant, who is to be officer of the guard, has had one cup of wine "fastened upon him" by the clever ancient.

In Scene 2, Act II., the herald makes proclamation of six hours of general revel and feasting from "this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven." Scene 3 opens at a little before ten o'clock, and between that hour and the early morning, when Iago and Roderigo part, Cassio is made drunk by Iago, is enraged by Roderigo, wounds Montano, is deprived of his office by Othello, and is persuaded by Iago that the way to win his lieutenantcy again is to importune Desdemona for her influence with her husband.

The interval which occurs between Act II. and Act III. requires some careful consideration. At first glance it seems as if Act III. opened upon the very day after the evening of Act II. Cassio, convinced that the way to repair his fortunes lies through the mediation of the general's wife, says, near the close of Act II., "Betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me." Iago, in the soliloquy which ends the act, says, —

"My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay."

When, therefore, in Scene 1, Act III., we find Cassio serenading Othello, begging of Emilia a speedy audience with Desdemona, and telling Iago that he has not been abed inasmuch as "the day had broke before" they "parted," it looks as if Shakespeare meant to separate the acts only by the lapse of a few hours. That he does not mean this, but intends an interval the time of which is not fixed, but which certainly lasts more than one week, and probably continues several weeks, will presently be shown. Almost everywhere else in the plays such a collocation of word and scene as this would indicate close consecutiveness in time; but not everywhere. A like instance occurs in Act I. of *Timon*. At the close of Scene 1, Act I., of that play

the characters are invited by Timon to dinner, and in the following scene they are discovered seated at table; but between these scenes a considerable time has elapsed, within which Ventidius, who had been relieved in his distresses by Timon, has lost his father by death, and has come into a fortune. The hints contained in the immediate dialogue are always to be taken as conclusive in estimating the time of the action, I think, unless, as here, they are directly contradicted by that which follows. In the matter under consideration, as in the case cited from Timon, it is to be noted that the text, though misleading, is not in a single phrase or word inconsistent with the real fact; further than this I shall convince my reader that in certain speeches it points directly at the truth which the context proves. The absurdity of assigning the action of Act III. to the day after that covered by Act II. is self-evident. Even those commentators who rejoice to believe that Shakespeare had neither eyes nor memory, when he contrived his scenes, must stagger at accusing him of the idiocy implied in a forgetfulness of the facts that the night of Act II. was the real wedding night of Othello and Desdemona, and of the double idiocy of having a young wife charged with gross and repeated infidelities before she had been a married woman for a dozen hours. Shakespeare, as usual, is his own best defender. He takes pains to say, both "indirectly and directly too," that a considerable time elapses after the beginning of Desdemona's married life before Iago ventures to make his attack upon her faith. Indirectly, the fact appears in the settled conjugal tone, modest but assured, which Desdemona uses in speaking to or of Othello, after the third act begins. There are scores of her speeches which would be impossible to the mouth of a day-old bride. But we are not left to indirect evidence, interesting and satisfactory as that is in the present case.

In Scene 3, Act III., Iago says, "I lay with Cassio lately;" in Scene 4, Act III., to Emilia's inquiry, "Is not this man jealous?" Desdemona replies, "I ne'er saw this before;" in the scene just named Bianca reproaches Cassio with keeping away from her house *a week*; and again, in Scene 1, Act IV., Cassio, in speaking of the same light woman, says, "I was *the other day* talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes this bauble," etc. Many other equally conclusive texts might be cited. The relations between Cassio and Bianca furnish the best evidence as to the extent of the time; for though intimacy with such a woman might develop rapidly, it is not to be believed that in a very short time she would bring herself to believe that he intended to marry her. It is, then, not unfair to infer that this interval is one of several weeks, perhaps of two or three months. Its period is not very long, however, inasmuch as the news of Cassio's degradation has not had time to travel to Venice and back, and the recalling of Othello is evidently regarded as sudden. (Vide Scene 1, Act IV., ad fin.) It is not hard to imagine how this interim has been employed by the chief characters. Othello and Desdemona have gone on their straightforward way, frankly happy in each other and their mutual love; Iago has found time, in the midst of his increased military duty, to perfect his villainous schemes, trying to make his wife his tool by "wooing" her "a hundred times" to steal the handkerchief spotted with strawberries, which was Othello's first gift to Desdemona, and, we may be sure, steadily pressing upon Cassio the need of Desdemona's friendship and interest. That Cassio paid some or many visits to Desdemona in this interval appears from the conversation between Othello and Emilia, at the opening of Scene 2, Act IV. In these undescribed interviews, the first of which may perhaps have been had, in accord-

ance with Cassio's expressed intent, on the day after his disgrace, the lieutenant's misfortune must have been sympathetically treated by Desdemona; but his native modesty, greatly intensified by his humiliation, may have kept him from urging her active mediation in his behalf. At length the time is ripe. Cassio, with Iago ever at his elbow, makes an earnest appeal to her for her direct interference, and she generously promises it. It is after so long and such an interval that the wonderful Act III. begins. My reader may disregard as much as he pleases of the mere speculations of this paragraph; but I ask him to note the confirmation of the more important of them which is given in the opening pages of the act. Emilia informs Cassio, *before he sees Desdemona*, that "the general and his wife are talking of" his disgrace, "and she" is speaking for him "stoutly." At the beginning of Scene 3, the latter part of the interview between Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia is reported, and Desdemona's tone is distinctly that of one who is an avowed "solicitor" in his behalf; who has already, at his request, begun her intercession; and who now renews her promise of continued effort. With Act III. the final fatal day of the drama begins. It seems at first almost incredible that all the events of the last three acts of the wonderful tragedy should take place within twenty-four consecutive hours; but Shakespeare has been exceedingly careful, in his own way, to display the fact, and, as in the last acts of *As You Like It*, has even indicated the progress of the hours. Act III. opens, as has been shown, early in the morning. Othello, in Scene 2, goes "walking on the works" with some gentlemen. In the great Scene 3 he is brought back by the crafty Iago at just the right instant to see Cassio steal away from an interview with Desdemona, and a few moments later he has drunk the poisons of Iago's "dangerous conceits,"

and they have begun their "act upon" his "blood." The first half of this scene is in the forenoon, and it is interrupted at noon by Desdemona's entrance, with the reminder that Othello is forgetting his dinner and his invited guests. As they go off together she drops her handkerchief, which a few minutes afterward is in the hands of Iago, who purposes "losing" it "in Cassio's lodging." Between Scene 3 and Scene 4 Iago accomplishes this. In Scene 4 Desdemona has just missed her handkerchief, and questions Emilia about it; and Cassio, before the scene ends, shows the fateful web to Bianca, says he has found it in his chamber, and asks her to copy the work upon the napkin "ere it be demanded." Scene 1, Act IV., follows directly on, and in it Bianca returns the handkerchief which Cassio gave her "even now," and a second time invites him to sup with her "to-night." In this scene, Iago, seeing that Othello's passion has now reached a point where the Moor is incapable of concealing it, and, not satisfied with Othello's requirement that Cassio shall be killed "within these three days," or with the general's expressed intention "to furnish" himself "with some swift means of death" against Desdemona, evidently resolves to hurry matters with his utmost force. He resorts to bare-faced, unmitigated lies about Cassio's confessions of improper intimacy with Desdemona, makes a very effective use of Bianca's entrance and conference with Cassio, and so interprets Cassio's laughter, careless talk, and handling of Desdemona's handkerchief that Othello, in an ecstasy of passion, reaches the desired point, and determines to strangle Desdemona "this night." The necessity put upon Iago is plain. The plot must be worked out without pause to its deadly conclusion, or his opportunity is forever lost. Especially, no night, with its privacy and intimacy, may be allowed to intervene: with the Moor's jealousy in a state of uncontrollable

frankness, but not of settled resolve, a night in which Desdemona's gentle truth and honesty should be brought to bear upon him, in the retirement of home, might easily prove the destruction both of the plotter and his plots. The remainder of the time scarcely needs to be sketched. In Scene 1, Act IV., the messengers who arrive from Venice, and inform Othello of his recall, and of the appointment of Cassio at Cyprus in his stead, are invited to sup with Othello. Scene 2 is between the previous scene and supper-time. In Scene 3 the guests have been entertained, Lodovico bids his hostess good-night, and Desdemona makes herself ready for the couch which is to be her death-bed. Scene 1, Act V., is "between midnight and one o'clock," — the hour appointed for Roderigo's assault upon Cassio, who is waylaid as he returns from supping with Bianca. Scene 2 follows immediately, and not far from one o'clock, it must be supposed, Desdemona's gentle life suffers its cruel defeat. There is one drop of negative comfort in the thought that Desdemona was spared the pain of knowing that her match had "proved mortal" to her aged father, and that he had died in Venice of "pure grief." It is also worth while to note that the most complete and accomplished villain ever depicted by human genius is represented as twenty-eight years of age.

If these analyses of the Shakespearean dramas have been correct, my conclusion may well be brief, and in the nature of a summary rather than of an argument. It appears that Shakespeare has no general scheme or theory as to the indica-

tion of time; that in his non-historical pieces he treats the matter with many degrees of attention, which range from scrupulousness to indifference; but that in a fair majority of these plays he has, for nearly the whole of each drama, a definite plan, to which he steadfastly adheres. His method of showing the movement of time is generally through disconnected scraps and bits of text, which easily escape observation, but which cannot be regarded by any sane mind as accidental or insignificant, when, as often happens, they together make a complete band or chain. Not unfrequently his scattered suggestions cannot be so joined, and yet may furnish a clue to the progress of the action, as, in the boy's game of hare and hounds, the general course of the hare is revealed by widely separated fragments of paper, dropped to make a trail. Occasionally, as has appeared in the dramas which have been discussed, — in *All's Well That Ends Well*, for example, in *Cymbeline*, and especially in *King Lear*, — Shakespeare transmits news with miraculous speed, or makes his characters perform impossibilities in locomotion. But as to the many gross inconsistencies and self-contradictions which have been supposed to accompany his schemes of time, they simply do not exist.¹ A *Midsummer Night's Dream* is the only play against which such a charge can be sustained, and the playwright has there erred only by the dropping of a single day. On the other hand, the *Comedy of Errors*, *Tempest*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and nearly the whole of *Troilus and Cressida*, *Measure for Meas-*

¹ I grasp the opportunity of a foot-note to correct a blunder of my former article in the analysis of the *Merchant of Venice*. Portia does *not* follow her husband to Venice "immediately after" his departure. Between Scene 2, Act III., in which Bassanio leaves Belmont, and Scene 4 of the same act, in which Portia follows him, intervenes the dialogue in Venice between Shylock, Antonio, and Salarino, the time of which is fixed by the text as the day before the trial, Bassanio not yet having arrived. Antonio says,

"I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor."

The sequence seems, therefore, to be this: Late on the day but one before the trial Bassanio sets out for Venice; on the following day Portia pursues him at the rate of "twenty miles" per diem, and accomplishes her journey just in season to attend the hearing of the *cause célèbre* of Shylock v. Antonio.

ure, As You Like It, Much Ado About Nothing, Twelfth Night, and Othello, are fitted together in very exact and workmanlike fashion, and constantly show minute care and elaborate pains on the part of the dramatist.

I am aware that what has been written here must stand or fall with students of Shakespeare by its own merits; but I may be permitted to say that the work

has been done patiently and reverently, and with an honest belief that it was well worth doing well. That much of it will be familiar to many of my readers I fear I must believe; that some of it will be new to many of them I dare to hope; if any of it shall prove to be of real value — even though the value be small — in unfolding the thought of the master-poet, I shall be content.

Henry A. Clapp.

PROFESSIONAL POETRY.

IN old times, when, if legends say true, to be a poet was to wander in the guise of a divine beggar amid the isles of Greece, or to ride as a troubadour in the lists of Love's court, or to sit, snowy-bearded, in the minstrel's corner of some baron's hall, following the Muses was rather a sort of angelic gypsying than a profession; or, if the phrase seems light, it was the career merely of a blessed mendicant. In the classical age, manuscripts had already brought about some modifications in the habits of the strollers, and the printing-press at last effectually put an end to all that. Poetry, divorced from song to the popular comprehension, turned into literature; and, with the many changes involved in and accompanying this, it came about that, instead of winning bread perhaps the more readily by waking some familiar strain, now the poet had to make a new song to get a new alms. Publishers, too, took the place of musical instruments as the necessary complement of the text; and, not to speak it profanely, since by common report poets have found them by no means "easier to be played on than a pipe," the calling has no longer that fine indifference to mortal circumstance which gave it character when the favorite of the gods was honored of all men. Yet in the old

notion that the poet was inspired of heaven, and to give him food was an obligation both of religion and courtesy, there was this of truth, — the perception that the high gifts of the spirit have no relation to reputation or livelihood, or any of the respectabilities, the forms and shews, of the world, but are separate and apart; and there was also this of good as well, — that the poets, though the best of them shared in the weakness of our nature, were kept somewhat by this fiction of the *sacer vates* from any degradation of the art to routine uses. But did not Homer sing for his supper, and Spenser for a place at court? — this one for his laurel, that one for the gold beaker, and that other for some laughing Lalage? Let it be so; the old tradition, the idle fancy, serve to set in bolder relief the book-making, money-getting, reputation-sustaining, in a word the professional poets, of the modern time; for, if it be not altogether a new thing, certainly to a greater degree now than ever before do the acknowledged poets, the "kings of song," exercise their power out of mere habit, because they have always made verses and published them at tolerably regular intervals.

The three leading poets of England have this year simultaneously given the

world evidence, one cannot say of their genius, but of their craft; and the three volumes taken together are a fair test of what may be called professionalism in poetry, under the very best circumstances of native talent, cultivated art, and wide knowledge of the affairs of men. Two of the authors are now old men, and the third is no novice in life: with the former, if at all, we might expect

"long experience to attain
To something of prophetic strain."

and with the latter has been associated for many years that power of youth which, in poets, seems independent of time. Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne are names so deeply graved in the memory of men that it would require very excellent work indeed to make them more lasting. It will hardly be expected that these new poems can add to their fame, and therefore none need grudge the friendly liberty if one who is less a critic than a looker-on, in our literary republic, treats them not so much for what they are as for what they illustrate; nor need any find disparagement in comparisons of old with new, odious as such methods of examination are, for to mark a difference will not, in this case, be to suggest a fault. Professionalism in poetry may be worth as frank discussion as professionalism in athletics, for example: it is not in the breed of sporting-men alone that our civilization diverges from that which flowered and seeded in the games of each Olympiad.

On the first pages of Browning's volume¹ there is a difference to be noted. Instead of invoking any Muses or other gods, as in the days when the world was young, our poet, in a wholly modern way, addresses the reader, and hands him a bill of fare, literally speaking. It is a handsome bill of fare, faultless in technique, with a certain piquancy of its own in the way of rhyme, — "Italy"

¹ *Ferishtah's Fancies*. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

with "Spit ally," for instance, — and of a roughened, acrid metre; it is written over, too, with epicure viands, and seems almost to exhale odors of appetizing cookery; in fact, it is a receipt for preparing ortolans (apparently after the manner of the Maison Delapierre, Gressoney St. Jean, Val d'Aosta), and it is used in the old-fashioned scriptural way as a parable, of which the interpretation runs, "Reader, you have in these poems a dish of ortolans *à la Italienne*; if you know how to eat those, you will know how to read these. Robert Browning, *prandens*." We have not dined at Gressoney on the

"some dozen luscious lumps,
Or more or fewer, —
. . . heads by heads and rumps by rumps,
Stuck on a skewer,"

but we understand the similitude, and have read the Fancies by the help of our second-hand knowledge of the ortolan roast, as the poet petitions. This prologue, we thus discovered, was really in excellent taste, — was an artistic necessity, indeed; for Ferishtah, the dervish, whose wisdom is here preserved, poetized, or rather preached, after this manner, in parables, and out of such occupations as eating apples or cherries, or cutting up melons, or sowing "a bean-stripe," drew the honey of sound moral reflections. One might say, if he had the courage to make such a sweeping inference as would seem to denote a member of the Browning Society, that in this prologue the master struck the keynote of these poems by showing how the highest philosophic thought, the eternal lessons of God's being and man's duty, reside in the commonest and most trivial objects and affairs of daily existence. You have but to look at your plate when dining, and lo, there is truth! That suggestion is perhaps a trifle esoteric for these pages: such, however, was Ferishtah's method, and hence there is a propriety in his English sponsor's attempt to do likewise,

though one cannot help thinking he would have orientalized more successfully if he had chosen some simple thing, like a cherry, or an apple, or a melon, as Ferishtah does, rather than an epicure's dish. But indigestibility, after all, seems an essential part of the matter, in both ortolans and verses, to his own stomach. It takes, let us remark in passing, a very sophisticated poet — no warbler of native wood-notes wild — to describe himself, even half in jest, as Apollo's caterer.

In attending thus to the prologue at considerable length we have really been writing with a side glance at the poems themselves. They consist of the moralizing allegories in narrative, familiar as an Eastern form of literature, supplemented by short lyrical pieces, which usually give an emotional echo of the truth which has just been elaborated in a purely rational way. How Browning reasons in verse is well known; since Dryden no one has done it so well, at least in point of intellectual as distinguished from literary form. It is thoroughly understood, too, that his disquisitions are more highly prized by seekers after instruction than by the lovers of mere poetry. The thought is of course conservative, and it deals principally with modern problems (ancient, too, for that matter) of theology and religion: evil, prayer, anthropomorphism, asceticism, truth, and the like. Criticism of the substance of this does not belong under poetry, since there is essentially no appeal to the æsthetic faculty, but only to the reason; and this can be said more unreservedly than is usual even with this author's work, for in his later books there has been none so exclusively intellectual in its interest as is the present one. And here, incidentally, we come upon a feature of professionalism in poetry, — upon what, in default of better terms, we may call a substitution of routine in execution for a living art. So a lawyer has a certain amount of office

work which is dispatched by the help of formulas and legal blanks; or a clergyman writes a sermon, perhaps, when he is tired, by the help of other formulas and theological blanks. The characteristic of such work is that it is done mechanically. A poet, if he has been well trained, has the same resources, not only in the poetical blanks of verse-form, the set terms of his distinctive vocabulary, the fixed style of various manners, dramatic, elegiac, narrative, but more subtly in the very form of his customary thought. To come to the case in hand, Browning has, as a practiced craftsman, obtained a certain command which makes it impossible for him to fall below a definite and high excellence in expression, and thus he is always both facile and sure; but, beyond that, he has also developed habits of reasoning, so that his intellect is a mould, and, no matter what goes into it, always gives out the same form of thought. In other words, there is something fairly to be described as mechanical in his thinking as well as in his handling; there is an intellectual routine in his works, — the hardened, ossified form of what was once a fluid and vital art. Students of his poetry perceive at once that the subjects, the themes, of the present volume are accidental; he would have written as well, as profitably, on any other matter of intellectual interest, and he would have said essentially the same thing. Ferishtah's *Fancies* is, without any disrespect or disparagement, merely a poetic blank filled in. As in the case of other professions, the value lies in the filling in; sometimes its worth is more, sometimes less. What it is in this case will depend largely on the patience and religious prepossessions of the persons to whom the paper comes. Merely as a professional poem, however, Ferishtah's *Fancies* is a fine illustration of routine thinking; and truly, in the present dearth of inspired thought, men have reason to be grateful that it is so excellent, —

to recur to the prologue, "excellent i' faith — you cannot feed capons so."

In Swinburne's collection,¹ the mechanical element, one need hardly say, is limited to the verse-forms, the vocabulary, and the style, and is, in fact, with difficulty to be distinguished from the mere mannerism of his hand. The facility of Swinburne, the flow and sonorousness of his lines, are so overpowering that frequently one has to read them over, and by a distinct and painful effort neglect the emphasis and cadence in order to get at the idea; and in this last volume the double reading is as necessary as ever. The confusion of sense by words, as heretofore, has now and then a comical touch, as, to take a striking example, in the line,

"Your good little glad grave smile;"

or in the attack on the method of modern biography (by means of private letters), that enables all to

"Spy, smirk, sniff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl, and sneer:"

one would as lief read the dictionary as lines like that, so far as poetic charm is concerned. But these are the familiar traits of one who is, notwithstanding, our most passionate and musical poet. The range of his new verses is much more varied than Browning's; but it is curious that the series of lyrics which gives the title to the volume is somewhat similar in form to the parables of Ferishtah, since it consists of a number of descriptions of seaside views, each of which concludes with an emotional echo of the scene in the final stanzas. After this group comes the inevitable ode to Victor Hugo, with a foot-note list of the works alluded to in the text, as if that would make the poem more intelligible to one who was unfamiliar with them beforehand; and the usual variety of elegiac, infantile, and political effusions fills out the book. Swinburne's memorial

stanzas are among the best of his work, and those on Mazzini, in this collection, do not fall below the standard they ought to reach to do honor to such a man. So, too, though he has written more finely of children than in the Nine-Year-Old Ode, and has put forth more stirring political verses than any of these in which he sings the crusade against the peers, — "O Lords, our Gods," — there is a sweetness and freshness in the former, a fervor and scorn in the latter, which show that the force of his genius is by no means spent. The line called out by the Tennyson ennoblement, —

"Stoop, Chaucer, stoop; Keats, Shelley, Burns,
bow down, —

opens with the majesty of one of Milton's sonnets.

Nevertheless, the volume as a whole owes much of the pleasure it gives to the pleasure it recalls. The level of the flight is not so high as it was, though the grace of the movement, the bend downward, the slow circlings, the strong upward soaring, attest the same eagle of song. There has been much aspersion on Swinburne's genius, and some of late in this country particularly; but one might as well deny the beauty of the leopard's skin because of its spots. In remarking, therefore, that this last volume is somewhat tame, in comparison with what has come before from his pen, we do not mean to join in the common censure of him as a mindless, babbling versifier, nor to point even by implication at the fact that the worship of childhood seems to have displaced that of womanhood, in his poetry; but there is a lack of vigor, a lassitude of the imaginative faculty, a paucity even of fancy, in which he was once so affluent. It is seldom, indeed, in these pages that one sees in the way of mere fancy such a faëry touch as in the sonnet *On the Death of Richard Doyle*: —

¹ *A Midsummer Holiday and Other Poems.* By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. New York: R. Worthington. 1884.

"Let waters of the Golden River steep
The rose-roots whence his grave blooms rosy
red;"

though in this one poem there are other lines as delicately done. It is much more seldom that there is any brief lyric burst to recall the chorus singer of the *Atalanta* and the *Erechtheus*. Swinburne's genius depends on the imagination primarily, as Browning's does on the intellect, and the imagination will not work mechanically; even when it seems to do so, as in Moore's oriental poems, or in Young's religious meditations, or in Wordsworth's ecclesiastical sonnets, it is hardly worthy of the name, and the region of its exercise by these poets is far from Swinburne's demesne. It involves a much more severe drain on a man's genius to write imaginative poetry periodically than reflective poetry; and while Swinburne has written as many volumes, perhaps, as Browning, in spite of his fewer years, he has not been able to keep the same level of excellence in his own work that Browning has maintained; and the facility that he has as a master in the profession, instead of assisting his make-believe, has really been of the fatal kind that smooths the *Avernian* descent. If there must be a new book of verses each year, an imaginative poet has little opportunity to select; he must print nearly all he writes that reaches respectability. It is under this necessity that in this volume, as in nearly all the previous ones, is included so much that is not distinctively either good or bad; but in the case of lyrical poetry, not to be excellent is to fail. Professionalism favors mediocrity in a man by cultivating content with what he is usually able to work out day by day, instead of discontent with all save what he can achieve at the full height of his nature in some fortunate moment; and hence for the true lyrist it is a snare. So far as this volume is the utterance of self-stirred genius, it is worthy of the shelf where the *Laus Veneris* is; so far as it is the perfunctory handicraft of a professed poet, it should have straw and stubble for its resting-place. When

Swinburne wishes to write a book merely for the book's sake, let him try his hand at another *Bothwell*.

Tennyson has been so faithful to his art that no one could harbor the thought that he has ever written except from the inner impulse, or published except in the perfectest form of which he was at the time capable. His new drama, *Becket*,¹ is finished with painstaking care, and if it fails of the immortality of *In Memoriam* it will be because the author is not a dramatic poet. In his early verse he gave no sign of having in him the capacities of a playwright, and as his genius rounded out and put forth power in the various provinces of poetry there was no indication of his being one of Elizabeth's men. It was felt to be hazardous when he gave the world *Harold* and *Queen Mary*; and now, though *Becket* is stronger, finer, more instinct with manliness, than were the earlier two, it is not certain that, had he begun thus, he would have won fame by this road. Distinction, certainly, he would have gained, but the three dramas together would never have seated him in the House of Lords; nor any number like them. *Becket* is in a sense a powerful play, with beauty and a touch of humor (so meant, at least), and a certain roughened realism in some of its character details; it has incident, situation, dialogue and monologue, passion and pathos, an extraordinary variety in mood, sentiment, and setting, and yet it does not make on the mind an impression either of character or of poetry at all comparable to the least of Shakespeare's plays, or, in our judgment, to the best of some smaller men than Tennyson, who breathed Shakespeare's air. *Becket* himself is a great subject; there is none finer, and it has attracted poets of large ambition before this; the men, the scene, the events, seem built for the purposes of tragedy.

¹ *Becket*. By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, Poet Laureate. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

But a man of dramatic imagination does not need all this help from history; he can take a nameless Italian *novella*, and make its tale of more consequence to humanity than all the lives of all the Archbishops of Canterbury. Becket is wonderfully perfect in its handling, in its phrase, its contrasts, its subordinations to the essential unity, its management of groups, its strokes of climax, — in all the things that art knows of and can create; and being so perfect as it is in these ways, one wonders why it should not impress the mind as much as some plays infinitely inferior to it in mere construction. Tennyson has mastered the theory of the drama; and we are told that if we do not enjoy his creations in this province of poetry, if we do not value the self-suppression which has not allowed one quotable line to stand out from others, and similar virtues dear to the theorist, we are wrong. Perhaps that is just the trouble. Shakespeare has so spoilt us that we will have no drama that is not romantic, that does not enchain us by a thousand wefts as well as by one main event. If Tennyson were a born dramatist, he would not have cared to inquire whether he fulfilled the academic ideal of what a drama should be. He would have written one, and shamed the schools. Becket has the perfection, the color, composition, and incident of a fine historic painting; it has the dignity of a noble narrative told in tableaux; but it has not the

spirit of the life itself. It is cold, limited, literary. It is presumably a part of the plan that there should be, as we have said, no quotable line, nor any fine passage that sings itself into the memory by its mere beauty. The attention is concentrated upon the action, and hence it may be expected that on the stage and to the eye the drama would be more effective. But this severe simplicity, this merciless pruning of all the graces of poetic expression, require the genius of another race to appreciate it. It was not Shakespeare's way. It is as certain as any such thing can be by internal evidence that Tennyson had no call to write this work except the ambition natural to so finely endowed a mind. Here, if anywhere, will the future trace in him the flawing influence of the poetic calling when followed for ends at variance with those dictated, to use the old phrase, by the god within. To say that Becket is a *tour de force*, as will be commonly said, is to set it entirely apart, in Tennyson's work, from *In Memoriam*, *The Ballads*, and *The Idyls*. There is more of England's heart in the song of Sir Richard Grenville's fight, more of man's life in *Rizpah*, than in the whole of Becket. In the two former the secret is inspiration; in the last, is it, or is it not, professionalism? The consummate excellence of craft, even to the premeditated carelessness in details now and then, is here; is there essentially anything more?

GOSSE'S EDITION OF GRAY'S WORKS.

MR. GOSSE's own prose and verse indicate him as well equipped to undertake the editing of Gray.¹ His finished little monograph on the poet is of course

¹ *The Works of Thomas Gray in Prose and Verse*. Edited by EDMUND GOSSE. In four vol-

the best evidence of his special qualification, but that was not needed to prove his capacity. He belongs, by virtue of his own pursuits, to that class of scholars. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1885.

arly poets of which Gray is an eminent example; and if, by favor of his generation, his scholarship and his poetry are more distinctly made contributory to the public, he is more likely to perceive the conditions under which Gray worked. It is noticeable that those light, airy strains which one hears from a small company of contemporaneous English poets are not the careless pipings of amateur songsters, but that a substantial, if graceful, learning accompanies the poetic gift. Mr. Lang, besides his direct translations, has published a volume of studies in myths, and is already crowned with controversy; Mr. Dobson finds his critical acquaintance with the Queen Anne period called into requisition by the syndics of the Clarendon Press; and Mr. Gosse himself has given abundant evidence of his familiarity with the history of poetry in the special papers which he has prepared for Mr. Ward's anthology, and in the lectures lately delivered in this country.

The conjunction of poetry and criticism is not uncommon; it is indeed natural that the poet should be a very severe critic of himself. Poetry and scholarship also have frequently been joined in one person; for an art which deals in spiritual material and requires such delicate tools of words is pretty sure to find both suggestion and solace in other literary art. The mass of Gray's work before us offers a striking illustration of the subordination of the poet to the scholar. Of the four volumes containing it, one is occupied wholly with notes on Aristophanes and Plato; two are filled with letters, which show the scholar rather than the poet; and the one which contains the distinctly poetical product shares the contents with journals, essays, and a number of purely academic exercises in Latin and Greek verse. The actual quantity of Gray's English verse which Mr. Gosse has scraped together is comprised in less than a hundred and fifty pages.

When one comes to read these few pages, and asks how much is so exclusively Gray's that literature would be positively poorer for its loss, the amount is still further reduced. The Elegy, a few odes, and here and there a line are imperishable. It is an easy prophecy to make that they will always be read. There is scarcely a better witness to the essential virtue of quality as against quantity in art. Here was Gray, a most accomplished man, who had the divine spark. He gently blew upon it, and there blazed up an undying flame; then he let the fire smoulder. It made his own hearth a pleasant one,—that was all he cared for. His critical notes upon literature were clearly for his own amusement. He published hardly any prose, but his admiring friends printed after his death all they could lay hands on. These essays and analyses and notes are just such literary work as a *dilettante* scholar enjoys for its own sake. To read his author, note-book in hand, to indulge in learned little dissertations, and to see his manuscript volumes increase in number is to appease any troublesome literary conscience which may annoy him with suggestions of talents in napkins. Gray was not an intellectual idler; he was an intellectual sybarite. He found a snug corner in a college, and purred.

We cannot wax very enthusiastic over Gray's letters. They are graceful, they are sometimes touched with a gentle playfulness, and they often show a fine insight,—for the poet had a true eye,—but they are after all thin and wearisome. They lack the full flavor which comes with a rich, operative life. Think of the overflow in letters from Walter Scott! They do not show the pensive charm of individuality which makes Cowper's letters touch the sensibilities, and they have not even the wicked cleverness of Walpole's correspondence. Still, they characterize the writer quite completely; for they reflect his easy

saunter through life, and they betray something of that winning grace which made Gray so delightful a companion, and even now attaches one to him as by a fine personal acquaintance.

It was worth while to make a critical edition of Gray, and one feels instinctively the need that he should be treated in any such work with extreme conscientiousness. One does not put a delicate bit of Sevres porcelain or of Spode upon a machine-made corner bracket, and there is a fitness in things which makes it eminently proper that Gray should be fastidiously edited. The reader of these books, therefore, follows Mr. Gosse in his punctilious treatment with a gentle satisfaction. He is not surprised, but well pleased, that Mr. Gosse should have made diligent search for original manuscripts, and should have copied scrupulously every scrap, instead of taking on trust even Mitford's work. He feels a righteous indignation against the profane Mason, and enjoys a mild glow of satisfaction as he watches Mr. Gosse, in his imagination, pounce upon a hitherto unknown pair of verses. Mr.

Gosse is frank in his statement of his work, and does not set up any unreasonable claims. His air is that of a scholar who in his weaker moments might have a passion for bricabrac, a half-amused, sub-conscious sense that the work he is about, while highly desirable, will be regarded somewhat as an idle task. We wonder if the shade of a thought ever crossed his mind that the infinite pains he was bestowing upon the accuracy of the text of Gray's casual prose was more satisfactory to his own critical standard than essential to English literature. However that may be, there is a solid pleasure to the literary student in seeing some one else perform a labor like this with such unfaltering fidelity. To sit with the first of these four volumes in hand, reading Gray's chary lines, and to turn now and then to Mr. Gosse's Gray in the English Men of Letters series for the editor's fine comment and judgment on the several poems, is to repeat in one's own experience the kind of pleasure which we fancy Gray himself would have valued highly.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

AN American history would be incomplete without a mild lament over the injustice done to the Genoese sailor, whose new world was christened, from the name of the Italian pretender, America, instead of Columbia. The unfortunate Norseman, who first of all Europeans led an expedition to this country, four centuries and a half before Columbus was born, has been doomed to a fate even bitterer than his. Buried in oblivion for eight hundred years, the venerable sagas and annals of the Norse expeditions to America were revived only some sixty years ago; and

now, though the memory of the hardy sea-captain is about to be perpetuated with a sculptured fountain in the city of Boston, three quarters of the inhabitants never heard his name, and two of the leading journals are unable to spell it.

The sources of these histories of Norwegian discovery are the Landnama Bok, an Icelandic work similar to the English Doomsday Book, recording the titles of real estate, and the collections of sagas, long songs which were learned by heart and transmitted from one bard to another. These sagas partook of a sacred character, and any alteration was

regarded as second only to a deadly sin. Manuscript copies of these songs were made shortly after the introduction of Christianity into Iceland and Greenland, about 1000: the writing down of the story of Leif must have occurred immediately after its composition. These original authorities are now in the Royal Library at Copenhagen. The best external evidence of the settlement of America — or Vinland, as the sagas call it — by the Norsemen is the fact that in 1112 Pope Paschal II. appointed Erik Upsi Archbishop of Greenland and Vinland.

The Scandinavians were capital sailors, and fearless of the most furious storms. Their viking raids extended from the islands of the Levant to the shores of Greenland. They had a method of calculating the course of the sun and moon, they were able to measure time by the stars, and they are given the credit of having invented sailing on the wind. Their ships, one of which is preserved at the university in Christiania, were admirably fitted for rough weather, and of no mean size or tonnage. The hulk exhibited at Christiania was found in a huge burial-mound. It is rather larger than a Gloucester fishing schooner. One of the old fjord folk would deem it but a small vessel, for the Long Serpent of Olaf Tryggvason was one hundred and forty feet in length, with thirty-four rowing benches and an estimated capacity of nine hundred and forty tons. Cabot, it may be remembered, explored Baffin's Bay in a vessel of thirty tons, and Lord Anson circumnavigated the globe in the *Anna Pink*, sixteen tons.

In 860 Iceland was discovered; Reikjavik was founded in 875; in 985 Eric the Red settled Greenland; and in the same summer Biarne Heriulfsson set out from Iceland to join his father, who had moved with his family to the new settlements in Greenland. Scarcely had he left the harbor when a terrific

gale set in from the north, or, to speak more correctly, as the Norseman's points of the compass do not exactly correspond with ours, from the northeast. Before this they were driven they knew not whither; and after the wind had abated they sailed on aimlessly through the heavy fogs, which concealed everything from view. At last the fogs lifted, and, stretching along the line of the western horizon, there appeared a densely wooded country rising from the coast to hills in the interior. These wooded hills are supposed to have been either the coast of Massachusetts Bay, — in which case Boston may lay claim to having been the first point of the New World sighted by a European, — or, more probably, some portion of Maine.

This land, however, was evidently not Greenland, and the sagacious Biarne, fully aware of the enormous distance he had been blown out of his course, sheered off, and, without landing, sailed away, keeping land off the port side, and with the sheet towards the land. A strong breeze bore them swiftly on, and in two days and nights they again saw land, very low and wooded, — Nova Scotia. Although his men were bitterly opposed to remaining so long at sea, Biarne refused to set foot ashore, and, driven by a wind from the southwest, after three days and nights again came in sight of land. The third land was high, with snowy mountains, and a voyage along the coast convinced them that it was an island, — Newfoundland. Again they turned away, still steering northwards, the favoring breeze which impelled them increasing to a gale. It even became necessary to take in every reef, so great was the strain on the rigging. Three days and nights they drove before the wind, and on the fourth day reached the extreme southern point of Greenland, where, at Heriulfness, Biarne's father had settled.

Such is the saga of Biarne, son of Heriulf. Too domestic for a seafaring

life, he never even landed on the shores he had seen, and the task was left for another.

Leif, the son of Eric the Red, settler of Greenland, was a traveler of no mean experience. He had visited Norway in 999, and, converted by King Olaf Tryggvason, had embraced Christianity. He it was who brought priests to Greenland from Norway, the old Scandinavian kingdom gaining possession of the western settlements of her children in 1003. The colony was abandoned, however, in the middle of the fifteenth century, the last bishop appointed being Andrew, in 1408. The stone ruins of the Norse settlements in Greenland are still standing.

Leif, a young and adventurous spirit, was eager to see and settle these fine new lands which his countryman had just discovered in the western ocean; so he purchased Biarne's vessel, put a crew of thirty-five men aboard, and almost prevailed upon his vigorous old father, Eric, to go with them. This was in the year 1000 A. D.

The first land descried was the island last seen by Biarne. There were snowy hills in the interior, and a broad, level expanse of snow extended from them to the water. Leif landed, but finding few attractions sailed away, after christening the country Helluland (from Hella, a flat stone, numbers of which exist in Labrador and Newfoundland). The second land Leif found was low and overgrown with woods, with long strips of white sand dividing the forests from the sea. Again Leif landed, and from the woods called the country Markland. Putting straight to sea, they again saw land after two days and nights. This, they found, was an island lying to the north of the mainland, and, sailing through a strait between the island and a cape which jutted out towards the north, they doubled the cape, and continued their course towards the westward.

To the earlier students of the subject

this description was one of the most puzzling passages in the saga. The locality ought to be in the vicinity of Cape Cod, but the topography does not at all correspond. An easy and simple explanation is in Mr. Otis's pamphlet, *Discovery of an Ancient Ship on Cape Cod*. The north of the Norsemen, as has been mentioned, had a strong easterly slant, and when Isle Nawset and Point Gilbert, which existed in the time of Captain John Smith and of Gosnold, are again raised from the ocean off the eastern coast of Cape Cod the difficulty no longer exists.

From this point they sailed westward till they came to "a river flowing out of a lake." This "river" was so affected by the tide that it was necessary for them to wait till flood tide before they were able to tow their vessel up over the shoals. Here they went ashore, and built a house in which to pass the winter. A reference to the map easily identifies the lake with Mt. Hope Bay, and the river with Seaconnet Passage and Pocasset River. The wooden huts, or booths, were probably erected near the site of Fall River.

The winter, in comparison with Greenland, was remarkably mild and pleasant, — probably much milder than the prevailing climate of the same part of the country at the present day. There were plenty of salmon to be caught, both in the river and the lake. The days and nights were more nearly equal than in either Iceland or Greenland; the shortest day extending from half past seven in the morning until half past four in the afternoon. This duration of daylight cannot of course be given with exactness, but the hours mentioned are calculated as closely as possible from the Scandinavian method of reckoning time. According to this estimate, the latitude of Leif's settlement was $41^{\circ} 43' 10''$, — about that north of Mt. Hope Bay.

The crew was divided into two par-

ties, and alternately they explored the country. Tyrker, a native of Continental Europe, probably a German, who accompanied one of these expeditions, strayed from his companions, and the returning party reported him missing. Leif, greatly disturbed, was about to set out in search of him, when the missing man appeared, half crazy with delight over a new discovery. His adopted tongue for the moment forsook him, and he jabbered enthusiastically in his own language. At last he recovered his senses sufficiently to tell his shipmates that he had discovered vines and grapes, from which he had been debarred ever since he left his native country for the North. These grapes were discovered growing wild in great profusion, and Leif named the country from them, Vinland.

Leif found the country rather lonesome, however, and as none of the men had brought their wives there was no chance of a permanent settlement; so he returned to Greenland with a cargo of lumber in the spring of 1002. When not far from home he rescued a shipwrecked crew of fifteen men, and from this fortunate occurrence, as well as from his discoveries, he was known ever afterwards as Leif the Lucky. He never returned to Vinland, for his father, Eric, died shortly after his son's return to Greenland, and Leif was left at the head of the colony. His brother Thorwald, the Icelandic Thorfinn Karlsefne, and the Norwegians Helge and Finboge followed after to the coasts where he had led; but their settlements, it is recorded, were all unsuccessful, on account of the hostility of the natives.

Such is the story of Leif Ericson the Greenlander, the only one among a host of contestants who can establish a claim fairly well proven to have landed first of all Europeans upon the shores of America before Columbus.

— I have recently fallen in love — vehemently, as in love at first sight —

with a certain virtue or grace which, as it seems to me, is all too little recognized and honored; indeed, it is doubtful whether the popular vote would ever elect to the congress of virtues the trait which I have in mind, and which, in default of a better characterization, shall be called the virtue of generous reciprocity, — further defined as the complement of generous giving. The pleasing problem has three quantities, — giver, gift, and gifted, the last being not least in bringing the solution; for every wise giver knows that his gift would return to him void, if the receiver were unwilling or apathetic.

I question curiously why, upon sundry occasions, we should find it so difficult to accept favors from those who, we have every reason to believe, neither expect nor desire us to make return. Why should I be so devoured with zeal to discharge my obligation (with handsome interest thereon), or why persist in calling that obligation which my friend knows by a name quite different? — improved opportunity. I keenly suspect that my feeling in the matter would not bear rigid analysis: if I *suffer* under my friend's liberality, do not I in effect accuse him of being somewhat less magnanimous than myself, who, if our relations were reversed, would never account him beholden to me? I find the position of benefited person an uncomfortable one, yet I own that I should have no compunction at seeing my friend in that position; moreover, I should think him a most captious and irritable fellow if he chafed under my achieved kindness.

Montaigne tosses this question of giving and receiving into his scales, and weighs it in the following fashion: "If, in the friendship of which I speak, one could give to the other, the receiver of the benefit would be the man that obliged his friend; for each of them studying above all things how to be useful to the other, he that affords the oc-

Jan. 1, 1885.

casion is the generous man, in giving his friend the satisfaction of doing that which he does most desire." Possibly, this argument is addressed a little above the level of average friendship: the precept It is more blessed to give than to receive has long been in acceptance with us, but the blessedness of giving occasion to the giver is a subtlety in the case dative, which we are much slower to master. Shall we always hear praise of the easy creditor, and never a word approving the amiable character of the easy debtor? — him who receives liberally, thereby obliging the liberal bestower; who can even lend his imagination to taste the pleasure which the bestower has; who detracts not from that pleasure by a loath and grudging acceptance; whose gratitude is largely mingled with grace, and is payable in some light, pleasant, and commodious tender that oppresses not. If any one wishes to be instructed in the duties of the favorer to the favored, the Roman general Flaminius, as Plutarch describes him, would be an admirable example for imitation: "For the persons whom he had obliged he ever retained a kind regard, as if, instead of receiving, they had conferred a favor; and considering them as his greatest treasure, he was always ready to protect and to promote them."

It occurs to me that some such forms as the following might be employed to advantage by giver and receiver: "Accept these which thou art pleased to call my favors, with these my thanks for opportunity afforded." To which the reply is, "I accept, with open and grateful heart, thy favors, and remain — until to these thou addest desired opportunity — Thy Easy Debtor."

— *Place aux dames!* The following letter and notice explain themselves. They are printed *verbatim et literatim* from the manuscript of the writer, whose name and address are for obvious reasons withheld: —

Dear Gentlemen; Will you not be so kind as to do me a favor? I am a Bachelor & want a Wife. In the City of Boston it is said there 20 thousand more Females than Males & no doubt in the country, in many places, in the old States the females are in excess of the males; here — there are about ten men for every Woman. Many of these men have homes & want wives, but where will they get them? Not here for they are not to be found in this country, — they must come from some where else. It is likely that many of these females are without parents & have no homes, & are compelled to hire out for to make a living & little or no prospect of laying up something for the future. If we Bachelors had them here we could furnish them with homes that would be better than living in other peoples houses & being sevens. We would be more happy & so would they. A good Woman is a great blessing to any man — yea a fortune — if she has nothing but the clothes she has on. The favor I had reference to in the commencement of this letter & which I am going to ask of you is to be so kind & condescending as to publish in your paper — if you publish one & if not in some other paper — the notice found in this letter. If I had known the name of any paper printed in Boston I could have sent it direct, but I know the name of none. I hope Gentlemen you will do me this favor — every body is pleased with matrimony & almost any one will aid in marriage. I was much pleased & thankful for the favor you did me, I will be equally so for this.

Your Friend, — — —.

NOTICE.

TO UNMARRIED WOMEN.

I am a Bachelor, living alone & lonely — 5 feet & 7 inches high — weight 150 — gray eyes — light complexioned — dark hair — not wealthy —

out of debt — own 91 acres of land on the — River — Local Minister of the Gospel in the M. E. Church — Want a Wife — good domestic Woman — not under 40 — one never been married much preferred — if a widow must have no children — good character — healthy — kind and affectionate — chunky made

— Religious or Religiously inclined. Will answer all letters received, unless too numerous. Let me hear from you Ladies I am in earnest. My address is —, —, County, —

Other papers will please copy.

Your obedient

— — —

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Morals and Theology. Every-Day Life and Every-Day Morals, by George L. Chaney (Roberts), is a collection of Sunday evening talks on such subjects as the press, the stage, juvenile literature, and art. The author is forcible and sensible, and often fresh and suggestive. — Notes on Ingersoll, by Rev. L. A. Lambert. (Buffalo Catholic Publication Co.) These notes are in a conversational form, Mr. Ingersoll's writings furnishing the basis for his side of the talk. Mr. Lambert answers him with patience and dexterity. — Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and as Paganizer, by William C. Wilkinson. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Mr. Wilkinson gives less attention to the literary than to the philosophical side of Mr. Arnold's work, but he pursues his investigation into the diction with characteristic detective minuteness. His discussion of the philosophic standing of Buddhism is vigorous. We do not profess to say it is not conclusive, but it strikes us at the outset as illustrating the great difficulty which a thoroughly Occidental mind has in measuring Oriental thought. — The Elements of Moral Science, Theoretical and Practical, by Noah Porter. (Scribners.) This is primarily a text-book, but the frequent reference, in the text itself, to other works bearing on the subjects discussed makes the book a convenient one for any who wish to form for themselves a clear conception of the grounds of human rights and duties. It is a curious commentary on the present treatment of ethics to find the President of Yale College ironically defending himself for taking the New Testament as an authority as much to be deferred to as Spencer, Aristotle, Cicero, or Butler. — Daily Thoughts, selected from the writings of Charles Kingsley by his wife (Macmillan), is in form a birthday book, with regard also to holy days. As Kingsley was above all a moralist, his earnest writings easily afford specimens of birthday wisdom, whether taken from his novels, from his sermons, or from his poems. — Ecclesiology, a treatise on the church and kingdom of God on earth, by Edward D. Morris (Scribners): a volume prepared from lectures delivered to theological students. Dr. Morris takes a view which precludes organic oneness, or rather subordinates it wholly to spiritual unity. His treatment is

historical and philosophical, and the tendency of his thought is to the final merging of the church and humanity. — Letters on Spiritual Subjects in Answer to Inquiring Souls, by W. H. Holcombe (Porter & Coates): an attempt to develop the thought of the spiritual presence of Jesus Christ in the world as interpreted by a disciple of Swedenborg.

Education and Text-Books. Education in its Relation to Manual Industry, by Arthur MacArthur. (Appleton.) Mr. MacArthur expends little time in demonstrating the value of introducing a system of rudimental science and manual art into the lower grade of schools. He gives most of his space to an interesting *précis* of what has actually been accomplished in different countries in this direction, and his narrative easily attracts to itself the forcible presentation of the views held by those who have inspired or managed the various rudimentary technical schools. His book becomes thus a weighty argument in favor of the system and a pretty clear statement of its practical workings. — Der Neue Leitfadern beim Unterricht in der Deutschen Sprache, by Gottlieb Heness. (Holt.) This book proceeds by easy and natural gradations, according to the system which Mr. Heness has helped make popular, in the conversational method, ending with a few selections from literature. — The forty-third annual report of the trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind is made interesting by the details which are presented of this very valuable charity. The department of music receives special attention. The list of books which the blind may read and enjoy to their fingers' ends is a curious one, in which old-fashioned piety and modern science are mixed in queer proportions. The rather effusive sentiment of the report might lead one to fear that the pupils of the school would be put upon a too extended course of self-pity. — The Human Body, a Beginner's Text-Book of Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, by H. N. and H. C. Martin (Holt), is a volume in the elementary course of the American Science series. It is, the authors say, essentially a school-book of personal hygiene, and is devoted for the most part to matters which are usually within the easy control of

each individual. The book seems to keep well within reasonable limits, and we like its treatment of the alcohol question. — *Elements of Analytic Geometry*, by Simon Newcomb (Holt): one of a series by this author. It is adapted both to those who do and those who do not desire to make a special study of advanced mathematics. It belongs naturally in a college course. — Putnam's Sons have issued, in three very neat volumes, *Representative British Orations*, with introductions and explanatory notes by Charles K. Adams. Mr. Adams, who has done his work with great care and thoroughness, gives us selections from fifteen orators, beginning with Sir John Eliot and ending with William Ewart Gladstone. Mr. Adams's illustrative notes at the end of each volume are especially valuable. — *The Nutshell Series* (Putnam's Sons) is the title of six diminutive volumes, containing wise, witty, and poetical quotations, selected and arranged by Helen Kendrick Johnson. The booklets are neatly packed in a case. — *A Popular Manual of English Literature*, by Maude Gillette Phillips (Harpers), is the title of a work in two portly volumes, in which the author, not content with showing her unfitness for writing about the literature of her own land, presents some rather remarkable "outlines" of the literature of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. If other worlds than ours have any literature, it has fortunately escaped the attention of Maude Gillette Phillips. — *Representative American Orations*, edited, with introductions, by Alexander Johnson (Putnam's Sons), is an excellent work of its kind. It is issued in three handy volumes, uniform with *British Orations and Prose Masterpieces for Modern Essayists*, by the same publishers. — *The Centenary of Leicester Academy* is the title of a thick pamphlet (Charles Hamilton, Worcester, Mass.) devoted to the exercises held at Leicester, Mass., in the fall of 1884. There were an historical address by Hon. W. W. Rice, a Poem by Thomas Hill, from whom poetry is not usually looked for, and various speeches made at the dinner. The address is fully annotated. It is always interesting to see, by such occasions, how many persons of distinction took their first strong steps in an academy upon some windy New England hill. — *The Sixth and Seventh Books of Herodotus* have been edited by A. C. Merriam (Harpers), who also furnishes a *life of Herodotus*, an epitome of his history, a summary of the dialect, and explanatory notes. Perhaps there are more text-books on the Second Book, but that book certainly is the most attractive to young students, and to our minds most valuable as a starting-point for historical work. — Two recent issues of *School Bulletin Publications* (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse) are *Normal Language Lessons*, by S. J. Sornberger, and *Calisthenic and Disciplinary Exercises*, by E. V. De Graff. The former is rather an accompaniment to larger books than a substitute for them; the latter is a manual of exercises. — *Webster's Condensed Dictionary* (Iverson) is a very compact volume of 800 pages. An immense amount of matter is packed into the space by the omission of illustrative examples, by the use of a type too fine for ordinary purposes, and by collecting all the direct derivatives of words

under the root word. Mechanically the work is admirably done, but we pity the compositors who set it and the proof-readers who read it.

Literary History and Criticism. Personal Traits of British Authors, edited by Edward T. Mason. (Scribners.) The two volumes of this series so far published contain sketches of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Hunt, Procter, Byron, Shelley, Moore, Rogers, Keats, Southey, and Landor. Mr. Mason's plan is to give extracts, chiefly from contemporary critics and narrators, by which the portrait of each author is sketched in a free fashion. Foot-notes explain or carry farther references in the text, and a chronological table gives in each case the leading facts in the author's career. One is furnished with the personal characteristics of the subject rather than with his intellectual qualities, and as a great variety of witnesses are called one is obliged also to pay some attention to the personal equation of the narrators. However, as books of amiable gossip, they are creditably edited, and if taken in small quantities will not greatly impair intellectual digestion, though a meal of such reading would be apt to bring on dyspepsia. — *Proceedings at the Presentation of a Portrait of John Greenleaf Whittier to Friends' School, Providence, R. I., Tenth Month, 24th, 1884.* (Riverside Press.) It is a pity that a copy of the portrait by Parker could not have been given as a frontispiece. The pamphlet otherwise has pleasant tributes to the poet, to whom Friends very properly have a preëmptive claim. — *One Hundred Years of Publishing, 1785-1885.* (Lea Brothers & Co.) The change in style from Henry C. Lea's Sons to Lea Brothers & Co. occurs just a hundred years after Matthew Carey founded the business, which has continued by very direct family descent to the present day, having branched also into the house of Henry Carey Baird. The narrative is an interesting one, and forms a curious illustration of the changes which have come over Philadelphia as a publishing city. This firm, once the most literary firm in the country, has now become specialized in medicine and industrial works. — *Stops, or How to Punctuate*, a practical handbook for writers and students, by Paul Allardyce. (George H. Buchanan & Co., Philadelphia.) As a preparation for this little book, the title-page has no stop at all, and only one dash. The rules given strike us as reasonable, and, if followed, likely to put some check upon intemperance in punctuation.

Poetry. The poems of the Marquis de Leuville (American News Co.) show that he has a lyrical gift, of which he has not made the most. — *An Irish Garland*, by Sarah M. B. Piatt. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The themes of these poems are either suggested by Ireland, or spring from Mrs. Piatt's residence there. The domestic feeling, the half-shrinking touch, the clear sense of realities, and the melodious form commend the book to lovers of verse. — *No Sect in Heaven*, by Mrs. E. H. J. Cleveland (George H. Buchanan & Co., Philadelphia): a neat little edition of a poem which has won popularity by its easy, familiar expression of a favorite sentiment. The doggerel is forgiven for the sake of the sense, and like many

rude doggerels helps many to remember the ideas. — *A Heart's Life, Sarpedon and other Poems*, by Ella Sharpe Youngs. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) It is difficult to read patiently a volume of poetry when the reader stumbles over unmusical lines. — *Hero and Leander*, a poem by Carl Robert Zache. (The Author, New York.) Here is imagination and some strong phrase. The form is not always smooth, and we are glad of it, for it helps us to believe that the author has stuff in him for poetry. — *Songs in all Seasons*, by James B. Kenyon (Cupples, Upham & Co.): a volume of some force, of a rather untrained character, but with no very wide range of theme. The poems have somewhat the air of practice verses, and the form, though varied, does not show perfect mastery by any means. — The reader will find a very valuable compendium of German poetry in *Representative German Poems*, ballad and lyrical, edited, with notes, by Karl Kuortz. (Henry Holt & Co.) The translations, which are made by various hands, are accompanied by the original text, — an admirable arrangement. — The authors of the charming little book of verse called *The Children Out-of-Doors* (Robert Clarke & Co.) are, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Piatt. Though their names do not appear on the title-page, their work is too characteristic to pass unrecognized.

Biography. The first volume has been published of Leslie Stephen's *Dictionary of National Biography*. (Macmillan.) When the last will be published the buyer of the first will be at least a dozen years older. Fifty volumes are promised, and there ought to be no difficulty in making up the number when the first, beginning with Abbadie, gets no farther than Anne. The names are drawn exclusively from English history, and do not include living persons. All persons whose names begin with A and who die before Z is reached will have a chance to be gathered into a supplementary volume. According to a nice calculation, if the editor lives ten years he loses a chance to go into his own dictionary in the proper place. The authors of the several articles are in many cases specialists, and the work bears the mark of thoroughness. Yet there is a tendency among the writers to treat the subjects as if they were prepared for a weekly paper intended for immediate reading. When one reads under Amherst, for example, "The history of this episode of the rebellion of Pontiac has been ably described by an American historian," he knows that Mr. Parkman is referred to, but an encyclopædia has no business to make allusions of this sort. It should say frankly who the American historian is. There is a curious bit of Anglicism, by the way, in this reference to the "rebellion" of Pontiac. Pray, who was Pontiac's lawful king? The notes at the end of many articles giving authorities are useful to the student. The editor appears to intend making the book as local as possible. Everybody, of course, who speaks the English language wishes to read about Englishmen, but who wants to know so much about so be-stated an Englishman as Prince Albert, who was after all not an Englishman at all? — *Women of the Day*, a biographical dictionary of notable contemporaries, by Frances Hays. (Lippincott.)

This is of English origin, though American names are not omitted. It differs from the dictionary last named in having no dead names, and it is a little startling to find so many frank disclosures as to age. Not even a woman, however, could find out some dates, and there is a teasing silence about certain names. The articles are generally judicious in their close attention to facts, yet what a melancholy thing it is to see this further attempt to erect womanhood into a specific class! — The latest number of the *American Statesmen* series is *John Marshall*, by Allan B. Magruder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Although Marshall's fame rests upon his judicial service, he was made Chief Justice because of the eminent ability he had shown in other fields than that of the bench, and this volume is especially interesting because it reminds the reader how wide and diversified were the gifts of the men who formed the statesmen of the earlier period. The time had not come for the specialists of a later day. Marshall, like Jay, was Chief Justice; they might either of them have been President so far as qualification and training went. — *Harriet Martineau*, by Mrs. J. Fenwick Miller, is the latest volume in the *Famous Women* series. (Roberts.) Mrs. Miller has availed herself of some material not used by Miss Martineau's biographer, but she showed poor taste in depreciating Mrs. Chapman's work, especially as she makes statements which only the dead can verify.

History. The *Divine Origin of Christianity*, indicated by its historical effects, by R. S. Storrs. (Randolph.) Dr. Storrs has published ten lectures delivered by him in New York, Boston, and Brooklyn, and has added as much more matter in the shape of illustrative material in an appendix. His lectures attempt the difficult task of separating the leaven from the lump, and of differentiating Christianity and civilization. The richness of the book is at once its argument and its snare. One is borne along upon a full tide to a conclusion which was evident from the beginning, and yet the color and exuberance in the style might easily mislead a careless reader into thinking that he was following a merely rhetorical exhibition. In point of fact, Dr. Storrs has an admirable faculty in selecting and grouping historical material so as to give it a cumulative force. The book will be a treasury to many minds, and the glow of its pages will doubtless attract some who would be indifferent under a colder, more unimpassioned treatment. — *Egypt and Babylon, from sacred and profane sources*, by George Rawlinson. (Scribners.) The profane sources are used largely to reinforce the sacred, and the book becomes a useful commentary on parts of the Old Testament. — The *American Historical Association*, organized last summer, has already issued two papers (Putnams): one being a report of the organization and proceedings; the other a paper by President A. D. White, on studies in general history and the history of civilization. — *Greece in the Times of Homer*, by T. T. Timagenis (Appleton), is an account of the life, customs, and habits of the Greeks during the Homeric period. The book complements the author's history of Greece, and is a not very critical or exhaustive treatment of the subject. Indeed, one

might call it commonplace without laying himself open to the charge of being hypercritical.

Fiction. Wensley and other Stories, by Edmund Quincy, edited by his son, Edmund Quincy. (Osgood.) We are delighted to welcome a possible collection of Mr. Quincy's stories, for he was a rare humorist in his way. The quiet grace of his style ought to be grateful to many readers, and Wensley carries with it also so charming a picture of rustic life and Harvard gentility that no one who loves good literature of a New England flavor should miss it. Here was a man who had in him the stuff of a famous author, and if ever his letters are printed people will wonder why they never heard more of him. — Mr. Lathrop's *An Echo of Passion* has been issued in cheaper form in paper covers. (Scribners.) — *The Mystery of the Locks*, by E. W. Howe (Osgood), has scarcely the singular attraction of *The Story of a Country Town*. The oddities of the former book have been toned down, but the author scarcely relies on his native strength; he has recourse to conventional humor and conventional mysteries and crimes. Still, something of the quaintness which made one smile before is in this second book. When the author says, "I will go over and hear what he says," Dorris replied promptly, putting on his hat, 'You can go along if you like,' we are puzzled to say just why that little introduction of the hat should strike us as a serious bit of drollery. — *Addie's Husband* (Appleton) is a story of misunderstanding and wretchedness in married life, made appalling by mystery and crime, but cleared away at last. The reader is invited to see the innocent, suffering wife laid under the daisies, but just as he gets out his handkerchief a few dots intervene, the story jumps a year or two, and everything is as right as a trivet, nobody dead, and sympathy all wasted. The whole is told in short conversations, for the writer is alarmed at the least possibility of being dull. — *My Lady Pokahontas* is the supposititious narrative of one Anas Todkill, whom Mr. J. Esten Cooke vouches for. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The conceit is very cleverly carried out, and Mr. Cooke has preserved the verisimilitude of an old chronicle without being dull or pedantic. He has set the Pokahontas legend in a quaint and appropriate frame. — *The Crime of Christmas Day*, a tale of the Latin Quarter (Appleton): a story modeled apparently on Gaboriau. — *Roslyn's Fortune*, by Christian Reid (Appleton): a story, the scene of which is laid in the South without taking on any specially local coloring. The author tells us that we are in the South, but characters and incidents belong to the land of fiction mainly. — *Tarantella*, a Romance, by Mathilde Blind. (Roberts Brothers.) The romance here is in the language, also, which is charged with a good deal of perfume. — Recent numbers of the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are *Ichabod*, by Bertha Thomas; *The Wearing of the Green*, by Basil; *The Crime of Christmas Day*; *Tie and*

Trick, by Hawley Smart; *Under Which King?* by Compton Reade; and *The White Witch*. — *The Author of Beltraffio*, by Henry James (Osgood & Co.), is the title of the chief story in a collection of five tales, which are still fresh in the minds of conscientious magazine readers. The pieces in question are *Pandora*, *Georgina's Reasons*, *The Path of Duty*, *Four Meetings*, and the initial story. — *The Money-Makers*, a Social Parable (Appleton & Co.), is a novel of very unequal merit. At its best it just misses being exceedingly clever. The author's incessant use of cheap French words and phrases is exasperating. — The ninth volume of *Stories by American Authors* (Scribner's Sons) contains *Marse Chan*, by T. N. Page; *Mr. Bixby's Christmas Visitor*, by C. S. Gage; *Eli*, by C. H. White; *Young Strong of the Clarion*, by M. W. Shinn; *How Old Wiggins Wore Ship*, by R. T. Coffin; and — mas has Come, by Leonard Kip. — *La Duchesse Martin*, *Comédie en un Acte*, par Henry Meilhac (Carl Schoenhof, Boston), is the first of a series of modern French plays and novels to be issued under the supervision of Mr. Jules Lévy, the editor of *Le Français*, an admirable little journal, which ought to be familiar to every reader of French. The grammatical and explanatory notes which Mr. Lévy has added to M. Meilhac's comedy are, like all Mr. Lévy's work in this kind, of the highest critical value. — Mark Twain's new book for young folks, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (C. L. Webster & Co.), is in some sense a sequel to *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, though each of the two stories is complete in itself. *Huckleberry Finn*, Tom Sawyer's old comrade, is not only the hero but the historian of his adventures, and certainly Mr. Clemens himself could not have related them more amusingly. The work is sold only by subscription.

Science. *A Popular Exposition of Electricity*, with sketches of some of its discoveries, by Rev. Martin S. Brennan. (Appleton.) The author has aimed at a simple presentation, with as little technicality as may be, and with abundant use of illustration from personal experiences. — *Diluvium, or the End of the World*, by George S. Pidgeon (Commercial Printing Co., St. Louis), is a consideration of the probable results to be expected from the conversion of Sahara into an inland sea. We are to have another Flood, and this time no local puddle, but a universal one, which will wash the world away altogether. Mr. Pidgeon believes in his theory, and shows a calmness under his knowledge which leads us to believe that he has got his ark finished, and is sitting on the doorstep. — The forty-eighth number of the *International Scientific Series* (Appleton) is *Origin of Cultivated Plants*, by Alphonse de Candolle. The subject is one closely connected with the history of human life, and the author has drawn upon a great store of narratives of travel for his facts. It would be a capital book to put into the hands of a wide-awake teacher of geography.